

THE
THIRTIETH VOLUME
OF THE
ENGLISH POETS;
CONTAINING
ADDISON.

VOL. XXX.

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THE
WORKS
OF THE
ENGLISH POETS.
WITH
PREFACES,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,
BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE THIRTIETH.

L O N D O N:

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THE
P O E M S
OF
JOSEPH ADDISON.

VOL. XXX.

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TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE JAMES CRAGGS, ESQ.

HIS MAJESTY'S PRINCIPAL SECRETARY OF STATE.

DEAR SIR,

I CANNOT wish that any of my writings should last longer than the memory of our friendship; and, therefore, I thus publicly bequeath them to you, in return for the many valuable instances of your affection.

That they may come to you with as little disadvantage as possible, I have left the care of them to one *, whom, by the experience of some years, I know well qualified to answer my intentions. He has already the honour and happiness of being under your protection; and, as he will very much stand in need of it, I cannot wish him better, than that he may continue to deserve the favour and countenance of such a patron.

I have no time to lay out in forming such compliments, as would but ill suit that familiarity between us, which was once my greatest pleasure, and will be my greatest honour hereafter. Instead of them, accept of my hearty wishes, that the great reputation you have acquired so early, may

* Mr. Tickell.

increase more and more : and that you may long serve your country with those excellent talents, and unblemished integrity, which have so powerfully recommended you to the most gracious and amiable Monarch that ever filled a throne. May the frankness and generosity of your spirit continue to soften and subdue your enemies, and gain you many friends, if possible, as sincere as yourself. When you have found such, they cannot wish you more true happiness than I, who am, with the greatest zeal,

Dear SIR,

Your most entirely affectionate friend,

and faithful obedient servant,

June 4, 1719.

J. ADDISON.

P O E M S

B Y

M R. A D D I S O N.

TO MR. DRYDEN.

HOW long, great Poet, shall thy sacred lays
Provoke our wonder, and transcend our praise!
Can neither injuries of time, or age,
Damp thy poetic heat, and quench thy rage?
Not so thy Ovid in his exile wrote,
Grief chill'd his breast, and check'd his rising thought:
Pensive and sad, his drooping Muse betrays
The Roman genius in its last decays.

Prevailing warmth has still thy mind possess'd,
And second youth is kindled in thy breast;
Thou mak'st the beauties of the Romans known,
And England boasts of riches not her own;
Thy lines have heighten'd Virgil's majesty,
And Horace wonders at himself in thee.
Thou teachest Persius to inform our isle
In smoother numbers, and a clearer style;
And Juvenal, instructed in thy page,
Edges his satire, and improves his rage.

Thy copy casts a fairer light on all,
And still out-shines the bright original.

Now Ovid boasts th' advantage of thy song,
And tells his story in the British tongue ;
Thy charming verse, and fair translations, show
How thy own laurel first began to grow :
How wild Lycaon, chang'd by angry gods,
And frighted at himself, ran howling through the woods.

O may'st thou still the noble task prolong,
Nor age, nor sickness, interrupt thy song :
Then may we wondering read, how human limbs
Have water'd kingdoms, and dissolv'd in streams ;
Of those rich fruits that on the fertile mold
Turn'd yellow by degrees, and ripen'd into gold :
How some in feathers, or a ragged hide,
Have liv'd a second life, and different natures try'd.
Then will thy Ovid, thus transform'd, reveal
A nobler change than he himself can tell.

Magd. College, Oxon.

June 2, 1693.

The Author's age 22.

A P O E M
TO
H I S M A J E S T Y*.

PRESENTED TO THE LORD KEEPER.

TO
THE RIGHT HON. SIR JOHN SOMERS,
LORD KEEPER OF THE GREAT SEAL,
1695.

IF yet your thoughts are loofe from ſtate affairs,
Nor feel the burden of a kingdom's cares;
If yet your time and actions are your own;
Receive the preſent of a Muſe unknown:
A Muſe that, in adventurous numbers, ſings
The rout of armies, and the fall of Kings,
Britain advanc'd, and Europe's peace reſtor'd,
By Somers' counſels, and by Naſſau's ſword.
To you, my Lord, theſe daring thoughts belong
Who help'd to raiſe the ſubject of my ſong;
To you the hero of my verſe reveals
His great deſigns, to you in council tells
His inmoſt thoughts, determining the doom
Of towns unſtorm'd, and battles yet to come.

* King William.

And well could you, in your immortal strains,
Describe his conduct, and reward his pains :
But, since the state has all your cares engross'd,
And poetry in higher thoughts is lost,
Attend to what a lesser Muse indites,
Pardon her faults, and countenance her flights.

On you, my Lord, with anxious fear I wait,
And from your judgement must expect my fate,
Who, free from vulgar passions, are above
Degrading envy, or misguided love ;
If you, well pleas'd, shall smile upon my lays,
Secure of fame, my voice I'll boldly raise,
For next to what you write, is what you praise.

}

TO THE KING.

WHEN now the business of the field is o'er,
 The trumpets sleep, and cannons cease to roar,
 When every dismal echo is decay'd,
 And all the thunder of the battle laid;
 Attend, auspicious prince; and let the Muse
 In humble accents milder thoughts infuse.

Others, in bold prophetic numbers skill'd,
 Set thee in arms, and led thee to the field;
 My Muse expecting on the British strand
 Waits thy return, and welcomes thee to land:
 She oft has seen thee pressing on the foe,
 When Europe was concern'd in every blow;
 But durst not in heroic strains rejoice;
 The trumpets, drums, and cannons, drown'd her voice:
 She saw the Boyne run thick with human gore,
 And floating corps lie beating on the shore;
 She saw thee climb the banks, but try'd in vain
 To trace her Hero through the dusty plain,
 When through the thick embattled lines he broke,
 Now plung'd amidst the foes, now lost in clouds of
 smoke.

O that some Muse, renown'd for lofty verse,
 In daring numbers would thy toils rehearse!
 Draw thee belov'd in peace, and fear'd in wars,
 Inur'd to noon-day sweats, and mid-night cares!
 But still the God-like man, by some hard fate,
 Receives the glory of his toils too late;

Too late the verse the mighty act succeeds,
One age the hero, one the poet breeds.

A thousand years in full succession ran,
Ere Virgil rais'd his voice, and sung the man
Who, driven by stress of fate, such dangers bore
On stormy seas, and a disastrous shore,
Before he settled in the promis'd earth,
And gave the empire of the world its birth.

Troy long had found the Grecians bold and fierce,
Ere Homer muster'd up their troops in verse;
Long had Achilles quell'd the Trojans' lust,
And laid the labour of the gods in dust,
Before the towering Muse began her flight,
And drew the hero raging in the fight,
Engag'd in tented fields and rolling floods,
Or slaughtering mortals, or a match for gods.

And here, perhaps, by fate's unerring doom,
Some mighty bard lies hid in years to come,
That shall in William's god-like acts engage,
And with his battles warm a future age;
Hibernian fields shall here thy conquests show,
And Boyne be sung, when it has ceas'd to flow;
Here Gallic labours shall advance thy fame,
And here Seneffe shall wear another name.
Our late posterity, with secret dread,
Shall view thy battles, and with pleasure read
How, in the bloody field too near advanc'd,
The guiltless bullet on thy shoulder glanc'd.

The race of Nassau was by Heaven design'd
To curb the proud oppressors of mankind,

To bind the tyrants of the earth with laws,
And fight in every injur'd nation's cause,
The world's great patriots; they for justice call;
And, as they favour, kingdoms rise or fall.
Our British youth, unus'd to rough alarms,
Careless of fame, and negligent of arms,
Had long forgot to meditate the foe,
And heard unwarm'd the martial trumpet blow;
But now inspir'd by thee, with fresh delight,
Their swords they brandish, and require the fight,
Renew their ancient conquests on the main,
And act their fathers' triumphs o'er again;
Fir'd, when they hear how Agincourt was strow'd
With Gallic corps, and Cressi swam in blood,
With eager warmth they fight, ambitious all
Who first shall storm the breach, or mount the wall.
In vain the thronging enemy by force
Would clear the ramparts, and repel their course;
They break through all, for William leads the way,
Where fires rage most, and loudest engines play.
Namur's late terrors and destruction show,
What William, warm'd with just revenge, can do:
Where once a thousand turrets rais'd on high
Their gilded spires, and glitter'd in the sky,
An undistinguish'd heap of dust is found,
And all the pile lies smoking on the ground.

His toils, for no ignoble ends design'd,
Promote the common welfare of mankind;
No wild ambition moves, but Europe's fears,
The cries of orphans, and the widow's tears:

Opprest Religion gives the first alarms,
And injur'd Justice sets him in his arms;
His conquests freedom to the world afford,
And nations bless the labours of his sword.

Thus when the forming Muse would copy forth
A perfect pattern of heroic worth,
She sets a man triumphant in the field,
O'er giants cloven down, and monsters kill'd,
Reeking in blood, and smear'd with dust and sweat,
Whilst angry gods conspire to make him great.

Thy navy rides on seas before unprest,
And strikes a terror through the haughty East:
Algiers and Tunis from their sultry shore
With horror hear the British engines roar;
Fain from the neighbouring dangers would they run,
And wish themselves still nearer to the sun.
The Gallic ships are in their ports confin'd,
Deny'd the common use of sea and wind,
Nor dare again the British strength engage;
Still they remember that destructive rage
Which lately made their trembling host retire,
Stunn'd with the noise, and wrapt in smoke and fire;
The waves with wide unnumber'd wrecks were strow'd,
And planks, and arms, and men, promiscuous flow'd.

Spain's numerous fleet, that perish'd on our coast,
Could scarce a longer line of battle boast;
The winds could hardly drive them to their fate,
And all the ocean labour'd with the weight.

Where-e'er the waves in restless errors roll,
The sea lies open now to either pole:

Now may we safely use the northern gales,
And in the polar circle spread our sails :
Or, deep in southern climes, secure from wars,
New lands explore, and sail by other stars :
Fetch uncontrol'd each labour of the sun,
And make the product of the world our own.

At length, proud prince, ambitious Lewis, cease
To plague mankind, and trouble Europe's peace ;
Think on the structures which thy pride has ras'd,
On towns unpeopled, and on fields laid waste ;
Think on the heaps of corps and streams of blood,
On every guilty plain and purple flood,
Thy arms have made ; and cease an impious war,
Nor waste the lives intrusted to thy care.
Or, if no milder thought can calm thy mind,
Behold the great avenger of mankind,
See mighty Nassau through the battle ride,
And see thy subjects gasping by his side :
Fain would the pious prince refuse th' alarm,
Fain would he check the fury of his arm ;
But, when thy cruelties his thoughts engage,
The hero kindles with becoming rage,
Then countries stol'n, and captives unrestor'd,
Give strength to every blow, and edge his sword.
Behold with what resistless force he falls
On towns besieg'd, and thunders at thy walls !
Ask Villeroy, (for Villeroy beheld
The town surrender'd, and the treaty seal'd)
With what amazing strength the forts were won,
Whilst the whole power of France stood looking on.

But stop not here: behold where Berkeley stands,
And executes his injur'd King's commands;
Around thy coast his bursting bombs he pours
On flaming citadels and falling towers;
With hissing streams of fire the air they streak,
And hurl destruction round them where they break,
The skies with long ascending flames are bright,
And all the sea reflects a quivering light.

Thus *Ætna*, when in fierce eruptions broke,
Fills heaven with ashes, and the earth with smoke:
Here crags of broken rocks are twirl'd on high,
Here molten stones and scatter'd cinders fly:
Its fury reaches the remotest coast,
And strows the Asiatic shore with dust.

Now does the sailor from the neighbouring main
Look after Gallic towns and forts in vain;
No more his wonted marks he can descry,
But sees a long unmeasur'd ruin lie;
Whilst, pointing to the naked coast, he shows
His wondering mates where towns and steeples rose,
Where crowded citizens he lately view'd,
And singles out the place where once *St. Maloes* stood.

Here *Ruffel's* actions should my Muse require;
And, would my strength but second my desire,
I'd all his boundless bravery rehearse,
And draw his cannons thundering in my verse;
High on the deck should the great leader stand,
Wrath in his look, and lightning in his hand;
Like *Homer's Hector* when he flung his fire
Amidst a thousand ships, and made all Greece retire.

But who can run the British triumphs o'er,
And count the flames dispers'd on every shore?
Who can describe the scatter'd victory,
And draw the reader on from sea to sea?
Else who could Ormond's God-like acts refuse,
Ormond the theme of every Oxford Muse?
Fain would I here his mighty worth proclaim,
Attend him in the noble chace of fame,
Through all the noise and hurry of the fight,
Observe each blow, and keep him still in fight.
Oh, did our British peers thus court renown,
And grace the coats their great fore-fathers won!
Our arms would then triumphantly advance,
Nor Henry be the last that conquer'd France.
What might not England hope, if such abroad
Purchas'd their country's honour with their blood:
When such, detain'd at home, support our state
In William's stead, and bear a kingdom's weight,
The schemes of Gallic policy o'erthrow,
And blast the counsels of the common foe;
Direct our armies, and distribute right,
And render our Maria's loss more light.
But stop, my Muse, th' ungrateful sound forbear,
Maria's name still wounds each British ear:
Each British heart Maria still does wound,
And tears burst out unbidden at the sound;
Maria still our rising mirth destroys,
Darkens our triumphs, and forbids our joys.

But see, at length, the British ships appear!
Our Nassau comes! and as his fleet draws near,

The rising masts advance, the sails grow white,
And all his pompous navy floats in fight.
Come, mighty Prince, desir'd of Britain, come!
May Heaven's propitious gales attend thee home!
Come, and let longing crowds behold that look,
Which such confusion and amazement struck
Through Gallic hosts: but, oh! let us descry
Mirth in thy brow, and pleasure in thine eye;
Let nothing dreadful in thy face be found,
But for a while forget the trumpet's sound:
Well-pleas'd, thy people's loyalty approve,
Accept their duty, and enjoy their love.
For as, when lately mov'd with fierce delight,
You plung'd amidst the tumult of the fight,
Whole heaps of death encompass'd you around,
And steeds o'er-turn'd lay foaming on the ground;
So crown'd with laurels now, where-e'er you go,
Around you blooming joys and peaceful blessings
flow.

A TRANSLATION
OF ALL
VIRGIL'S FOURTH GEORGIC,
EXCEPT THE STORY OF ARISTÆUS.

ETHEREAL sweets shall next my Muse engage,
And this, Mæcenas, claims your patronage.
Of little creatures wondrous acts I treat,
The ranks and mighty leaders of their state,
Their laws, employments, and their wars relate.
A trifling theme provokes my humble lays :
Trifling the theme, not so the poet's praise,
If great Apollo and the tuneful Nine
Join in the piece, and make the work divine.

}

First, for your bees a proper station find,
That's fenc'd about and shelter'd from the wind ;
For winds divert them in their flight, and drive
The swarms, when loaden homeward, from their hive.
Nor sheep, nor goats, must pasture near their stores,
To trample under foot the springing flowers ;
Nor frisking heifers bound about the place,
To spurn the dew-drops off, and bruise the rising grass :
Nor must the lizard's painted brood appear,
Nor wood-pecks, nor the swallow harbour near.
They waste the swarms, and as they fly along
Convey the tender morsels to their young.

Let purling streams, and fountains edg'd with moss,
And shallow rills, run trickling through the grass;
Let branching olives o'er the fountain grow,
Or palms shoot up, and shade the streams below;
That when the youth, led by their princes, shun
The crowded hive, and sport it in the sun,
Refreshing springs may tempt them from the heat,
And shady coverts yield a cool retreat.

Whether the neighbouring water stands or runs,
Lay twigs across, and bridge it o'er with stones;
That if rough storms, or sudden blasts of wind,
Should dip, or scatter those that lag behind,
Here they may settle on the friendly stone,
And dry their reeking pinions at the sun.
Plant all the flowery banks with lavender,
With store of savory scent the fragrant air,
Let running betony the field o'erspread,
And fountains soke the violet's dewy bed.

Though barks or plaited willows make your hive,
A narrow inlet to their cells contrive;
For colds congeal and freeze the liquors up,
And, melted down with heat, the waxen buildings drop:
The bees, of both extremes alike afraid,
Their wax around the whistling crannies spread,
And suck out clammy dews from herbs and flowers,
'To smear the chinks, and plaister up the pores:
For this they hoard up glew, whose clinging drops,
Like pitch, or birdlime, hang in stringy ropes.
They oft, 'tis said, in dark retirements dwell,
And work in subterraneous caves their cell;

At other times th' industrious insects live
In hollow rocks, or make a tree their hive.

Point all their chinky lodgings round with mud,
And leaves must thinly on your work be strow'd;
But let no baleful yew-tree flourish near,
Nor rotten marshes send out steams of mire;
Nor burning crabs grow red, and crackle in the fire:
Nor neighbouring caves return the dying sound,
Nor echoing rocks the doubled voice rebound.
Things thus prepar'd ———

When th' under-world is seiz'd with cold and night,
And summer here descends in streams of light,
The bees through woods and forests take their flight.
They rifle every flower, and lightly skim
The crystal brook, and sip the running stream:
And thus they feed their young with strange delight,
And knead the yielding wax, and work the slimy sweet.
But when on high you see the bees repair,
Borne on the wind, through distant tracts of air,
And view the winged cloud all blackening from afar;
While shady coverts and fresh steams they chuse,
Milfoil and common honey-suckles bruise,
And sprinkle on their hives the fragrant juice.
On brazen vessels beat a tinkling sound,
And shake the cymbals of the goddess round;
Then all will hastily retreat, and fill
The warm resounding hollow of their cell.

If once two rival kings their right debate,
And factions and cabals embroil the state,
The people's actions will their thoughts declare;
All their hearts tremble, and beat thick with war;

Hoarse broken sounds, like trumpet's harsh alarms,
Run through the hive, and call them to their arms;
All in a hurry spread their shivering wings,
And fit their claws, and point their angry stings :
In crowds before the king's pavilion meet,
And boldly challenge out the foe to fight ;
At last, when all the heavens are warm and fair,
They rush together out, and join ; the air
Swarms thick, and echoes with the humming war. }
All in a firm round cluster mix, and strow
With heaps of little corps the earth below ;
As thick as hail-stones from the floor rebound,
Or shaken acorns rattle on the ground.
No sense of danger can their kings control,
Their little bodies lodge a mighty soul :
Each obstinate in arms pursues his blow,
Till shameful flight secures the routed foe.
This hot dispute and all this mighty fray
A little dust flung upward will allay.

But when both kings are settled in their hive,
Mark him who looks the worst, and lest he live
Idle at home in ease and luxury,
The lazy monarch must be doom'd to die ;
So let the royal insect rule alone,
And reign without a rival in his throne.

The kings are different : one of better note,
All speckt with gold, and many a shining spot,
Looks gay, and glitens in a gilded coat ;
But love of ease, and sloth in one prevails,
That scarce his hanging paunch behind him trails :

The people's looks are different as their kings;
Some sparkle bright, and glitter in their wings;
Others look loathsome and diseas'd with sloth,
Like a faint traveller whose dusty mouth
Grows dry with heat, and spits a maukish froth.

The first are best——

From their o'erflowing combs, you'll often press
Pure luscious sweets that mingling in the glass
Correct the harshness of the racy juice,
And a rich flavour through the wine diffuse.
But when they sport abroad, and rove from home,
And leave the cooling hive, and quit th' unfinish'd comb;
Their airy ramblings are with ease confin'd,
Clip their king's wings, and if they stay behind
No bold usurper dares invade their right,
Nor sound a march, nor give the sign for flight.
Let flowery banks entice them to their cells,
And gardens all perfum'd with native smells;
Where carv'd Priapus has his fix'd abode,
The robber's terror, and the scare-crow god.
Wild thyme and pine-trees from their barren hill
Transplant, and nurse them in the neighbouring soil.
Set fruit-trees round, nor e'er indulge thy sloth,
But water them, and urge their shady growth.

And here, perhaps, were not I giving o'er,
And striking sail, and making to the shore,
I'd shew what art the gardener's toils require,
Why rosy Pæstum blushes twice a year:
What streams the verdant succory supply,
And how the thirsty plant drinks rivers dry;

What with a chearful green does partly grace,
And writhes the bellying cucumber along the twisted
grafs ;

Nor would I pass the soft acanthus o'er,
Ivy nor myrtle-trees that love the shore ;
Nor daffodils, that late from earth's flow womb
Unrumple their swoln buds, and show their yellow
bloom.

For once I saw in the Tarentine vale,
Where flow Galefus drencht the washy soil,
An old Corycian yeoman, who had got
A few neglected acres to his lot,
Where neither corn nor pasture grac'd the field,
Nor would the vine her purple harvest yield ;
But savory herbs among the thorns were found,
Vervain and poppy-flowers his garden crown'd, }
And drooping lilies whiten'd all the ground.
Blest with these riches he could empires slight,
And when he rested from his toils at night,
The earth unpurchas'd dainties would afford,
And his own garden furnish out his board :
The spring did first his opening roses blow,
First ripening autumn bent his fruitful bough.
When piercing colds had burst the brittle stone,
And freezing rivers stiffen'd as they run,
He then would prune the tenderest of his trees,
Chide the late spring, and lingering western breeze :
His bees first swarm'd, and made his vessels foam
With the rich squeezing of the juicy comb.
Here lindons and the sappy pine increas'd ;
Here, when gay flowers his smiling orchard drest,

As many blossoms as the spring could show,
 So many dangling apples mellow'd on the bough.
 In rows his elms and knotty pear-trees bloom,
 And thorns ennobled now to bear a plumb,
 And spreading plane-trees, where supinely laid
 He now enjoys the cool, and quaffs beneath the shade.
 But these for want of room I must omit,
 And leave for future poets to recite.

Now I'll proceed their natures to declare,
 Which Jove himself did on the bees confer;
 Because, invited by the timbrel's sound,
 Lodg'd in a cave th' almighty babe they found,
 And the young god nurs'd kindly under-ground.

}

Of all the wing'd inhabitants of air,
 These only make their young the public care;
 In well-dispos'd societies they live,
 And laws and statutes regulate their hive;
 Nor stray, like others, unconfin'd abroad,
 But know set stations, and a fix'd abode.
 Each provident of cold in summer flies
 Through fields, and woods, to seek for new supplies,
 And in the common stock unlades his thighs.
 Some watch the food, some in the meadows ply,
 Taste every bud, and suck each blossom dry;
 Whilst others, labouring in their cells at home,
 Temper Narcissus' clammy tears with gum,
 For the first ground-work of the golden comb;
 On this they found their waxen works, and raise
 The yellow fabric on its glewy base.
 Some educate the young, or hatch the seed
 With vital warmth, and future nations breed;

}

}

Whilst others thicken all the slimy dews,
And into purest honey work the juice ;
Then fill the hollows of the comb, and swell
With luscious nectar every flowing cell.
By turns they watch, by turns with curious eyes
Survey the heavens, and search the clouded skies
To find out breeding storms, and tell what tempests rise. }
By turns they ease the loaden swarms, or drive
The drone, a lazy insect, from their hive.
The work is warmly ply'd through all the cells,
And strong with thyme the new-made honey smells.

So in their caves the brawny Cyclops sweat,
When with huge strokes the stubborn wedge they beat, }
And all th' unshapen thunder-bolt compleat ;
Alternately their hammers rise and fall ;
Whilst griping tongs turn round the glowing ball.
With puffing bellows some the flames increase,
And some in waters dip the hissing mass ;
Their beaten anvils dreadfully resound,
And Ætna shakes all o'er, and thunders under ground.

Thus, if great things we may with small compare,
The busy swarms their different labours share.
Desire of profit urges all degrees ;
The aged insects, by experience wise,
Attend the comb, and fashion every part,
And shape the waxen fret-work out with art :
The young at night, returning from their toils,
Bring home their thighs clog'd with the meadows spoils.
On lavender and saffron-buds they feed,
On bending osiers, and the balmy reed :

From purple violets and the teile they bring
Their gather'd sweets, and rifle all the spring.

All work together, all together rest.

The morning still renews their labours past ;
Then all rush out, their different tasks pursue,
Sit on the bloom, and suck the ripening dew ;
Again when evening warns them to their home, }
With weary wings, and heavy thighs they come, }
And crowd about the chink, and mix a drowsy hum. }
Into their cells at length they gently creep, }
There all the night their peaceful station keep, }
Wrapt up in silence, and dissolv'd in sleep.

None range abroad when winds and storms are nigh,
Nor trust their bodies to a faithless sky,
But make small journeys, with a careful wing,
And fly to water at a neighbouring spring ;
And, lest their airy bodies should be cast
In restless whirls, the sport of every blast,
They carry stones to poise them in their flight,
As ballast keeps th' unsteady vessel right.

But of all customs that the bees can boast,
'Tis this may challenge admiration most ;
That none will Hymen's softer joys approve,
Nor waste their spirits in luxurious love,
But all a long virginity maintain,
And bring forth young without a mother's pain.
From herbs and flowers they pick each tender bee,
And cull from plants a buzzing progeny ;
From these they choose out subjects, and create
A little monarch of the rising state ;

Then build wax kingdoms for the infant prince,
And form a palace for his residence.

But often in their journeys, as they fly,
On flints they tear their silken wings, or lie
Groveling beneath their flowery load, and die. }
Thus love of honey can an insect fire,
And in a fly such generous thoughts inspire.
Yet by repeopling their decaying state,
Though seven short springs conclude their vital date,
Their ancient stocks eternally remain,
And in an endless race their children's children reign.

No prostrate vassal of the East can more
With slavish fear his mighty Prince adore;
His life unites them all; but when he dies,
All in loud tumults and distractions rise;
They waste their honey, and their combs deface,
And wild confusion reigns in every place.
Him all admire, all the great guardian own,
And crowd about his courts, and buzz about his throne.
Oft on their backs their weary prince they bear, }
Oft in his cause embattled in the air,
Pursue a glorious death, in wounds and war.

Some from such instances as these have taught,
"The bees extract is heavenly; for they thought
"The universe alive; and that a soul,
"Diffus'd throughout the matter of the whole,
"To all the vast unbounded frame was given,
"And ran through earth, and air, and sea, and all
"the deep of heaven;
"That this first kindled life in man and beast,
"Life that again flows into this at last.

“ That no compounded animal could die,
 “ But when dissolv’d, the spirit mounted high,
 “ Dwelt in a star, and settled in the sky.”

}

Whene’er their balmy sweets you mean to seize,
 And take the liquid labours of the bees,
 Spurt draughts of water from your mouth, and drive
 A loathsome cloud of smoke amidst their hive.

Twice in the year their flowery toils begin,
 And twice they fetch their dewy harvest in;
 Once when the lovely Pleiades arise,
 And add fresh lustre to the summer skies:
 And once when hastening from the watery sign
 They quit their station, and forbear to shine.

The bees are prone to rage, and often found
 To perish for revenge, and die upon the wound;
 Their venom’d sting produces aking pains,
 And swells the flesh, and shoots among the veins.

When first a cold hard winter’s storms arrive,
 And threaten death or famine to their hive,
 If now their sinking state and low affairs
 Can move your pity, and provoke your cares,
 Fresh burning thyme before their cells convey,
 And cut their dry and husky wax away;
 For often lizards seize the luscious spoils,
 Or drones that riot on another’s toils:
 Oft broods of moths infest the hungry swarms,
 And oft the furious wasp their hive alarms,
 With louder hums, and with unequal arms;
 Or else the spider at the entrance sets
 Her snares, and spins her bowels into nets.

}

When sickness reigns (for they as well as we
Feel all th' effects of frail mortality)
By certain marks the new disease is seen,
Their colour changes, and their looks are thin,
Their funeral rites are form'd, and every bee
With grief attends the sad solemnity ;
The few diseas'd survivors hang before
Their sickly cells, and droop about the door,
Or slowly in their hives their limbs unfold,
Shrunk up with hunger, and benumb'd with cold ;
In drawling hums the feeble insects grieve,
And doleful buzzes echo through the hive,
Like winds that softly murmur through the trees,
Like flames pent up, or like retiring seas.
Now lay fresh honey near their empty rooms,
In troughs of hollow reeds, whilst frying gums
Cast round a fragrant mist of spicy fumes. }
Thus kindly tempt the famish'd swarm to eat,
And gently reconcile them to their meat.
Mix juice of galls, and wine, that grow in time
Condens'd by fire, and thicken to a slime ;
To these dry'd roses, thyme, and centaury join,
And raisins ripen'd on the Pisythian vine.

Besides there grows a flower in marshy ground,
Its name Amellus, easy to be found ;
A mighty spring works in its root, and cleaves
The sprouting stalk, and shews itself in leaves ;
The flower itself is of a golden hue,
The leaves inclining to a darker blue ;

The leaves shoot thick about the flower, and grow
Into a bush, and shade the turf below :
The plant in holy garlands often twines
The altars' posts, and beautifies the shrines ;
Its taste is sharp, in vales new-thorn it grows,
Where Mella's stream in watry mazes flows.
Take plenty of its roots, and boil them well
In wine, and heap them up before the cell.

But if the whole stock fail, and none survive ;
To raise new people, and recruit the hive,
I'll here the great experiment declare,
That spread th' Arcadian shepherd's name so far.
How bees from blood of slaughter'd bulls have fled,
And swarms amidst the red corruption bred.

For where th' Egyptians yearly see their bounds
Refresh'd with floods, and sail about their grounds,
Where Persia borders, and the rolling Nile
Drives swiftly down the swarthy Indians' soil,
Till into seven it multiplies its stream,
And fattens Egypt with a fruitful slime :
In this last practice all their hope remains,
And long experience justifies their pains.

First then a close contracted space of ground,
With straiten'd walls and low-built roof they found ;
A narrow shelving light is next assign'd
To all the quarters, one to every wind ;
Through these the glancing rays obliquely pierce :
Hither they lead a bull that's young and fierce,
When two-years growth of horn he proudly shows ;
And shakes the comely terrors of his brows :

His nose and mouth, the avenues of breath,
They muzzle up, and beat his limbs to death.
With violence to life and stifling pain
He flings and spurns, and tries to snort in vain,
Loud heavy mows fall thick on every side,
'Till his bruised bowels burst within the hide.
When dead, they leave him rotting on the ground,
With branches, thyme, and cassia, strow'd around.
All this is done when first the western breeze
Becalms the year, and smooths the troubled seas;
Before the chattering swallow builds her nest,
Or fields in spring's embroidery are dress'd.
Mean while the tainted juice ferments within,
And quickens as it works: and now are seen
A wondrous swarm, that o'er the carcase crawls,
Of shapeless, rude, unfinish'd animals:
No legs at first the insect's weight sustain,
At length it moves its new-made limbs with pain;
Now strikes the air with quivering wings, and tries
To lift its body up, and learns to rise;
Now bending thighs and gilded wings it wears
Full grown, and all the bee at length appears;
From every side the fruitful carcase pours
Its swarming brood, as thick as summer showers,
Or flights of arrows from the Parthian bows,
When twanging strings first shoot them on the foes.
Thus have I sung the nature of the bee;
While Cæsar, towering to divinity,
The frighted Indians with his thunder aw'd,
And claim'd their homage, and commenc'd a god;

I flourish'd all the while in arts of peace,
 Retir'd and shelter'd in inglorious ease :
 I who before the songs of shepherds made,
 When gay and young my rural lays I play'd,
 And set my Tityrus beneath his shade.

}

A S O N G,

FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY, AT OXFORD.

I.

CECILIA, whose exalted hymns
 With joy and wonder fill the blest,
 In choirs of warbling seraphims
 Known and distinguish'd from the rest;
 Attend, harmonious faint, and see
 Thy vocal sons of harmony ;
 Attend, harmonious faint, and hear our prayers ;
 Enliven all our earthly airs,
 And, as thou sing'st thy God, teach us to sing of thee :
 Tune every string and every tongue,
 Be thou the Muse and subject of our song.

II.

Let all Cecilia's praise proclaim,
 Employ the echo in her name.
 Hark how the flutes and trumpets raise,
 At bright Cecilia's name, their lays ;
 The organ labours in her praise.

Cecilia's name does all our numbers grace,
From every voice the tuneful accents fly,
In soaring trebles now it rises high,
And now it sinks, and dwells upon the base.
Cecilia's name through all the notes we sing,
The work of every skilful tongue,
The sound of every trembling string,
The sound and triumph of our song.

III.

For ever consecrate the day,
To Music and Cecilia;
Music, the greatest good that mortals know,
And all of heaven we have below.
Music can noble hints impart,
Engender fury, kindle love;
With unsuspected eloquence can move,
And manage all the man with secret art.
When Orpheus strikes the trembling lyre,
The streams stand still, the stones admire;
The listening savages advance,
The wolf and lamb around him trip,
The bears in aukward measures leap,
And tigers mingle in the dance.
The moving woods attended as he play'd,
And Rhodope was left without a shade.

IV.

Music religious heats inspires,
It wakes the soul, and lifts it high,
And wings it with sublime desires,
And fits it to bespeak the Deity.

Th' Almighty listens to a tuneful tongue,
And seems well-pleas'd and courted with a song.

Soft moving sounds and heavenly airs
Give force to every word, and recommend our prayers.

When time itself shall be no more,
And all things in confusion hurl'd,
Music shall then exert its power,
And sound survive the ruins of the world :

Then fairs and angels shall agree
In one eternal jubilee :

All heaven shall echo with their hymns divine,
And God himself with pleasure see
The whole creation in a chorus join.

C H O R U S.

Consecrate the place and day
To music and Cecilia,
Let no rough winds approach, nor dare
Invade the hallow'd bounds,
Nor rudely shake the tuneful air,
Nor spoil the fleeting sounds.
Nor mournful sigh nor groan be heard,
But gladness dwell on every tongue ;
Whilst all, with voice and strings prepar'd,
Keep up the loud harmonious song,
And imitate the blest above,
In joy, and harmony, and love.

A N A C C O U N T
OF THE
GREATEST ENGLISH POETS.
TO
MR. HENRY SACHEVERELL,
APRIL 3, 1694.

SINCE, dearest Harry, you will needs request
A short account of all the Muse-poffest,
That, down from Chaucer's days to Dryden's times,
Have spent their noble rage in British rhymes;
Without more preface, writ in formal length,
To speak the undertaker's want of strength,
I'll try to make their several beauties known,
And show their verses worth, though not my own.

Long had our dull forefathers slept supine,
Nor felt the raptures of the tuneful Nine;
'Till Chaucer first, a merry bard, arose,
And many a story told in rhyme and prose.
But age has rusted what the Poet writ,
Worn out his language, and obscur'd his wit:
In vain he jests in his unpolish'd strain,
And tries to make his readers laugh in vain.

Old Spenser next, warm'd with poetic rage,
In ancient tales amus'd a barbarous age;

An age that yet uncultivate and rude,
Where-e'er the poet's fancy led, pursued
Through pathless fields, and unfrequented floods,
To dens of dragons, and enchanted woods.
But now the mystic tale, that pleas'd of yore,
Can charm an understanding age no more;
The long-spun allegories fulsome grow,
While the dull moral lies too plain below.
We view well-pleas'd at distance all the fights,
Of arms and palfries, battles, fields, and fights,
And damsels in distress, and courteous knights. }
But when we look too near, the shades decay,
And all the pleasing landskip fades away.

Great Cowley then (a mighty genius) wrote,
O'er-run with wit, and lavish of his thought:
His turns too closely on the reader press:
He more had pleas'd us, had he pleas'd us less.
One glittering thought no sooner strikes our eyes
With silent wonder, but new wonders rise.
As in the milky-way a shining white
O'erflows the heavens with one continued light;
That not a single star can shew his rays,
Whilst jointly all promote the common blaze.
Pardon, great Poet, that I dare to name
Th' unnumber'd beauties of thy verse with blame;
Thy fault is only wit in its excess:
But wit like thine in any shape will please.
What Muse but thine can equal hints inspire,
And fit the deep-mouth'd Pindar to thy lyre:

Pindar, whom others in a labour'd strain,
And forc'd expression, imitate in vain?
Well-pleas'd in thee he soars with new delight, [flight,
And plays in more unbounded verse, and takes a nobler

Blest man! whose spotless life and charming lays
Employ'd the tuneful prelate in thy praise;
Blest man! who now shall be for ever known,
In Sprat's successful labours and thy own.

But Milton next, with high and haughty stalks,
Unfetter'd in majestic numbers walks:
No vulgar hero can his Muse engage;
Nor earth's wide scene confine his hallow'd rage.
See! see! he upwards springs, and towering high
Spurns the dull province of mortality,
Shakes heaven's eternal throne with dire alarms,
And sets th' Almighty thunderer in arms.
Whate'er his pen describes I more than see,
Whilst every verse, array'd in majesty,
Bold and sublime, my whole attention draws,
And seems above the critics nicer laws.
How are you struck with terror and delight,
When angel with arch-angel copes in fight!
When great Messiah's out-spread banner shines,
How does the chariot rattle in his lines!
What sound of brazen wheels, what thunder, scare,
And stun the reader with the din of war!
With fear my spirits and my blood retire,
To see the seraphs sunk in clouds of fire;
But when, with eager steps, from hence I rise,
And view the first gay scenes of Paradise;

What tongue, what words of rapture can express
A vision so profuse of pleasantness !
Oh had the Poet ne'er profan'd his pen,
To varnish o'er the guilt of faithless men ;
His other works might have deserv'd applause !
But now the language can't support the cause ;
While the clean current, though serene and bright,
Betrays a bottom odious to the sight.

But now, my Muse, a softer strain rehearse,
Turn every line with art, and smoothe thy verse ;
The courtly Waller next commands thy lays :
Muse, tune thy verse, with art, to Waller's praise.
While tender airs and lovely dames inspire
Soft melting thoughts, and propagate desire :
So long shall Waller's strains our passion move,
And Saccharissa's beauty kindle love.
Thy verse, harmonious bard, and flattering song,
Can make the vanquish'd great, the coward strong.
Thy verse can show ev'n Cromwell's innocence,
And compliment the storm that bore him hence.
Oh had thy Muse not come an age too soon,
But seen great Nassau on the British throne !
How had his triumphs glitter'd in thy page,
And warm'd thee to a more exalted rage !
What scenes of death and horror had we view'd,
And how had Boyne's wide current reek'd in blood !
Or if Maria's charms thou wouldst rehearse,
In smooother numbers and a softer verse ;
Thy pen had well describ'd her graceful air,
And Gloriana would have seem'd more fair.

Nor must Roscommon pass neglected by,
That makes ev'n rules a noble poetry :
Rules whose deep sense and heavenly numbers show
The best of critics, and of poets too.
Nor, Denham, must we e'er forget thy strains,
While Cooper's Hill commands the neighbouring plains.

But see where artful Dryden next appears,
Grown old in rhyme, but charming ev'n in years.
Great Dryden next, whose tuneful Muse affords
The sweetest numbers, and the fittest words.
Whether in comic sounds or tragic airs
She forms her voice, she moves our smiles or tears.
If satire or heroic strains she writes,
Her hero pleases, and her satire bites.
From her no harsh unartful numbers fall,
She wears all dresses, and she charms in all.
How might we fear our English poetry,
That long has flourish'd, should decay with thee ;
Did not the Muses' other hope appear,
Harmonious Congreve, and forbid our fear :
Congreve ! whose fancy's unexhausted store
Has given already much, and promis'd more.
Congreve shall still preserve thy fame alive,
And Dryden's Muse shall in his friend survive.

I'm tir'd with rhyming, and would fain give o'er,
But justice still demands one labour more :
The noble Montague remains unnam'd,
For wit, for humour, and for judgment fam'd ;
To Dorset he directs his artful Muse,
In numbers such as Dorset's self might use.

How negligently graceful he unreins
His verse, and writes in loose familiar strains;
How Nassau's godlike acts adorn his lines,
And all the hero in full glory shines!
We see his army set in just array,
And Boyne's dy'd waves run purple to the sea.
Nor Simois chok'd with men, and arms, and blood;
Nor rapid Xanthus' celebrated flood,
Shall longer be the Poet's highest themes,
Though gods and heroes fought promiscuous in their
streams.

But now, to Nassau's secret councils rais'd,
He aids the hero, whom before he prais'd.

I've done at length; and now, dear friend, receive
The last poor present that my Muse can give.
I leave the arts of poetry and verse
To them that practise them with more success.
Of greater truths I'll now prepare to tell,
And so at once, dear friend and Muse, farewell.

A LETTER FROM ITALY,

TO THE

RIGHT HON. CHARLES LORD HALIFAX,

IN THE YEAR MDCCI.

“ Salve magna parens frugum Saturnia tellus,
 “ Magna virûm ! tibi res antiquæ laudis & artis
 “ Aggredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes.”

VIRG. Georg. ii.

WHILE you, my Lord, the rural shades admire,
 And from Britannia's public posts retire,
 Nor longer, her ungrateful sons to please,
 For their advantage sacrifice your ease ;
 Me into foreign realms my fate conveys,
 Through nations fruitful of immortal lays,
 Where the soft season and inviting clime
 Conspire to trouble your repose with rhyme.

For wheresoe'er I turn my ravish'd eyes,
 Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects rise,
 Poetic fields incompass me around,
 And still I seem to tread on classic ground ;
 For here the Muse so oft her harp has strung,
 That not a mountain rears its head unsung,
 Renown'd in verse each shady thicket grows,
 And every stream in heavenly numbers flows.

How am I pleas'd to search the hills and woods
 For rising springs and celebrated floods !

To view the Nar, tumultuous in his course,
And trace the smooth Clitumnus to his source,
To see the Mincio draw his watery store,
Through the long windings of a fruitful shore,
And hoary Albula's infected tide
O'er the warm bed of smoking sulphur glide.

Fir'd with a thousand raptures, I survey
Eridanus through flowery meadows stray,
The king of floods ! that, rolling o'er the plains,
The towering Alps of half their moisture drains,
And proudly swoln with a whole winter's snows,
Distributes wealth and plenty where he flows.

Sometimes, misguided by the tuneful throng,
I look for streams immortaliz'd in song,
That lost in silence and oblivion lie,
(Dumb are their fountains and their channels dry)
Yet run for ever by the Muse's skill,
And in the smooth description murmur still.

Sometimes to gentle Tiber I retire,
And the fam'd river's empty shores admire,
That destitute of strength derives its course
From thrifty urns and an unfruitful source ;
Yet sung so often in poetic lays,
With scorn the Danube and the Nile surveys ;
So high the deathless Muse exalts her theme !
Such was the Boyne, a poor inglorious stream,
That in Hibernian vales obscurely stray'd,
And unobserv'd in wild meanders play'd ;
Till by your lines and Nassau's sword renown'd,
Its rising billows through the world resound,

Where'er the Hero's godlike acts can pierce,
Or where the fame of an immortal verse.

Oh could the Muse my ravish'd breast inspire
With warmth like yours, and raise an equal fire,
Unnumber'd beauties in my verse should shine,
And Virgil's Italy should yield to mine !

See how the golden groves around me smile,
That shun the coast of Britain's stormy isle,
Or, when transplanted and preserv'd with care,
Curse the cold clime, and starve in northern air.
Here kindly warmth their mountain juice ferments
To nobler tastes, and more exalted scents :
Ev'n the rough rocks with tender myrtle bloom,
And trodden weeds send out a rich perfume.
Bear me, some God, to Baia's gentle seats,
Or cover me in Umbria's green retreats ;
Where western gales eternally reside,
And all the seasons lavish all their pride :
Blossoms, and fruits, and flowers together rise,
And the whole year in gay confusion lies.

Immortal glories in my mind revive,
And in my soul a thousand passions strive,
When Rome's exalted beauties I descry
Magnificent in piles of ruin lie.
An amphitheatre's amazing height
Here fills my eye with terror and delight,
That on its public shows unpeopled Rome,
And held, uncrowded, nations in its womb :
Here pillars rough with sculpture pierce the skies,
And here the proud triumphal arches rise,

Where the old Romans deathless acts display'd,
Their base degenerate progeny upbraid :
Whole rivers here forsake the fields below, [flow.
And wondering at their height through airy channels
Still to new scenes my wandering Muse retires,
And the dumb show of breathing rocks admires ;
Where the smooth chisel all its force has shown,
And soften'd into flesh the rugged stone.
In solemn silence, a majestic band,
Heroes, and Gods, and Roman consuls stand,
Stern tyrants, whom their cruelties renown,
And emperors in Parian marble frown ;
While the bright dames, to whom they humbly sued,
Still show the charms that their proud hearts subdued.
Fain would I Raphael's godlike art rehearse,
And show th' immortal labours in my verse,
Where from the mingled strength of shade and light
A new creation rises to my sight,
Such heavenly figures from his pencil flow,
So warm with life his blended colours glow.
From theme to theme with secret pleasure tost,
Amidst the soft variety I'm lost :
Here pleasing airs my ravish'd soul confound
With circling notes and labyrinths of sound ;
Here domes and temples rise in distant views,
And opening palaces invite my Muse.
How has kind heaven adorn'd the happy land,
And scatter'd blessings with a wasteful hand !
But what avail her unexhausted stores,
Her blooming mountains, and her sunny shores,

With all the gifts that heaven and earth impart,
The smiles of nature, and the charms of art,
While proud oppression in her valleys reigns,
And tyranny usurps her happy plains?
The poor inhabitant beholds in vain
The reddening orange and the swelling grain :
Joyless he sees the growing oils and wines,
And in the myrtle's fragrant shade repines :
Starves, in the midst of nature's bounty curst,
And in the loaden vineyard dies for thirst.

Oh Liberty, thou goddess heavenly bright,
Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight !
Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,
And smiling plenty leads thy wanton train ;
Eas'd of her load subjection grows more light,
And poverty looks chearful in thy sight ;
Thou mak'st the gloomy face of nature gay,
Giv'st beauty to the sun, and pleasure to the day.

Thee, goddess, thee, Britannia's isle adores ;
How has she oft exhausted all her stores,
How oft in fields of death thy presence sought,
Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly bought !
On foreign mountains may the sun refine
The grape's soft juice, and mellow it to wine,
With citron groves adorn a distant soil,
And the fat olive swell with floods of oil :
We envy not the warmer clime, that lies
In ten degrees of more indulgent skies,
Nor at the coarseness of our heaven repine,
Though o'er our heads the frozen Pleiads shine :

'Tis Liberty that crowns Britannia's isle, [smile.
And makes her barren rocks and her bleak mountains

Others with towering piles may please the sight,
And in their proud aspiring domes delight ;
A nicer touch to the stretcht canvas give,
Or teach their animated rocks to live :

'Tis Britain's care to watch o'er Europe's fate,
And hold in balance each contending state,
To threaten bold presumptuous kings with war,
And answer her afflicted neighbour's prayer.
The Dane and Swede, rous'd up by fierce alarms,
Bless the wise conduct of her pious arms :
Soon as her fleets appear, their terrors cease,
And all the northern world lies hush'd in peace.

Th' ambitious Gaul beholds with secret dread
Her thunder aim'd at his aspiring head,
And fain her godlike sons would disunite
By foreign gold, or by domestic spite :
But strives in vain to conquer or divide,
Whom Nassau's arms defend and counsels guide.

Fir'd with the name, which I so oft have found
The distant climes and different tongues resound,
I bridle-in my struggling Muse with pain,
That longs to launch into a bolder strain.

But I've already troubled you too long,
Nor dare attempt a more adventurous song.
My humble verse demands a softer theme,
A painted meadow, or a purling stream ;
Unfit for Heroes : whom immortal lays,
And lines like Virgil's, or like yours, should praise.

MILTON'S STYLE IMITATED,

IN A TRANSLATION OF

A STORY OUT OF THE THIRD ÆNEID.

LOST in the gloomy horror of the night,
 We struck upon the coast where Ætna lies,
 Horrid and waste, its entrails fraught with fire,
 That now casts out dark fumes and pitchy clouds,
 Vast showers of ashes hovering in the smoke;
 Now belches molten stones and ruddy flame
 Incenst, or tears up mountains by the roots,
 Or flings a broken rock aloft in air.
 The bottom works with smother'd fire, involv'd
 In pestilential vapours, stench and smoke.

'Tis said, that thunder-struck Enceladus
 Groveling beneath th' incumbent mountain's weight,
 Lies stretch'd supine, eternal prey of flames;
 And when he heaves against the burning load,
 Reluctant, to invert his broiling limbs,
 A sudden earthquake shoots through all the isle,
 And Ætna thunders dreadful under ground,
 Then pours out smoke in wreathing curls convolv'd,
 And shades the sun's bright orb, and blots out day.

Here in the shelter of the woods we lodg'd,
 And frighted heard strange sounds and dismal yells,
 Nor saw from whence they came; for all the night
 A murky storm deep louring o'er our heads
 Hung imminent, that with impervious gloom
 Oppos'd itself to Cynthia's silver ray,

And shaded all beneath. But now the sun
With orient beams had chac'd the dewy night
From earth and heaven; all nature stood disclos'd:
When looking on the neighbouring woods we saw
The ghastly visage of a man unknown,
An uncouth feature, meagre, pale, and wild;
Affliction's foul and terrible dismay
Sat in his looks, his face impair'd and worn
With marks of famine, speaking sore distress;
His locks were tangled, and his shaggy beard
Matted with filth; in all things else a Greek.

He first advanc'd in haste; but when he saw
Trojans and Trojan arms, in mid career
Stopt short, he back recoil'd as one surpriz'd:
But soon recovering speed, he ran, he flew
Precipitant, and thus with piteous cries
Our ears assail'd: "By heaven's eternal fires,
"By every God that sits inthron'd on high,
"By this good light, relieve a wretch forlorn,
"And bear me hence to any distant shore,
"So I may shun this savage race accurst.
"'Tis true I fought among the Greeks that late
"With sword and fire o'erturn'd Neptunian Troy,
"And laid the labour of the Gods in dust;
"For which, if so the sad offence deserves,
"Plung'd in the deep, for ever let me lie
"Whelm'd under seas; if death must be my doom,
"Let man inflict it, and I die well pleas'd."

He ended here, and now profuse of tears
In suppliant mood fell prostrate at our feet;
We bade him speak from whence, and what he was,

And how by stress of fortune sunk thus low ;
Anchises too with friendly aspect mild
Gave him his hand, sure pledge of amity,
When, thus encourag'd, he began his tale.

I'm one, says he, of poor descent, my name
Is Achæmenides, my country Greece,
Ulysses' sad compeer, who, whilst he fled
The raging Cyclops, left me here behind
Disconsolate, forlorn ; within the cave
He left me, giant Polypheme's dark cave ;
A dungeon wide and horrible, the walls
On all sides furr'd with mouldy damp, and hung
With clots of ropy gore, and human limbs,
His dire repast : himself of mighty size,
Hoarse in his voice, and in his visage grim,
Intractable, that riots on the flesh
Of mortal men, and swills the vital blood.
Him did I see snatch up with horrid grasp
Two sprawling Greeks, in either hand a man :
I saw him when with huge tempestuous sway
He dash'd and broke them on the grundfil edge ;
The pavement swam in blood, the walls around
Were spatter'd o'er with brains. He lapt the blood,
And chew'd the tender flesh still warm with life,
That swell'd and heav'd itself amidst his teeth
As sensible of pain. Not less mean while
Our chief incens'd, and studious of revenge,
Plots his destruction, which he thus effects :
The giant, gorg'd with flesh, and wine, and blood,
Lay stretcht at length and snoring in his den,
Belching raw gobbets from his maw, o'ercharg'd

With purple wine and cruddled gore confus'd.
We gather'd round, and to his single eye,
The single eye that in his forehead glar'd
Like a full moon, or a broad burnish'd shield,
A forky staff we dextrously apply'd,
Which, in the spacious socket turning round,
Scoop out the big round jelly from its orb.
But let me not thus interpose delays :
Fly, mortals, fly this curst detested race :
A hundred of the same stupendous size,
A hundred Cyclops live among the hills,
Gigantic brotherhood, that stalk along
With horrid strides o'er the high mountains tops,
Enormous in their gait ; I oft have heard
Their voice and tread ; oft seen them as they past,
Sculking and scouring down, half dead with fear.
Thrice has the moon wash'd all her orb in light,
Thrice travel'd o'er in her obscure sojourn,
The realms of night inglorious, since I've liv'd
Amidst these woods, gleaning from thorns and shrubs
A wretched sustenance. As thus he spoke,
We saw descending from a neighbouring hill
Blind Polypheme ; by weary steps and slow
The groping giant with a trunk of pine
Explor'd his way : around his woolly flocks
Attended grazing : to the well-known shore
He bent his course, and on the margin stood,
A hideous monster, terrible, deform'd ;
Full in the midst of his high front there gap'd
The spacious hollow where his eye-ball roll'd,

A ghastly orifice ; he rins'd the wound,
And wash'd away the strings and clotted blood
That cak'd within ; then stalking through the deep
He fords the ocean ; while the topmost wave
Scarce reaches up his middle side : we stood
Amaz'd, be sure ; a sudden horror chill
Ran through each nerve, and thrill'd in every vein,
Till, using all the force of winds and oars,
We sped away ; he heard us in our course,
And with his out-stretch'd arms around him grop'd,
But, finding nought within his reach, he rais'd
Such hideous shouts that all the ocean shook.
Ev'n Italy, though many a league remote,
In distant echoes answer'd ; Ætna roar'd,
Through all its inmost winding caverns roar'd.

Rous'd with the sound, the mighty family
Of one-eyed brothers hasten to the shore,
And gather round the bellowing Polypheme,
A dire assembly : we with eager haste
Work every one, and from afar behold
A host of giants covering all the shore.

So stands a forest tall of mountain oaks
Advanc'd to mighty growth : the traveller
Hears from the humble valley where he rides
The hollow murmurs of the winds that blow
Amidst the boughs, and at the distance sees
The shady tops of trees unnumber'd rise,
A stately prospect, waving in the clouds.

T H E C A M P A I G N,

A P O E M,

T O

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH,

1705.

“ —Rheni pacator et Iftri.

“ Omnis in hoc uno variis discordia cessit

“ Ordinibus ; lætatur eques, plauditque senator,

“ Votaque patricio certant plebeia favori.”

CLAUD. de Laud. Stilic.

“ Esse aliquam in terris gentem quæ suâ impensâ, suo labore ac

“ periculo, bella gerat pro libertate aliorum. Nec hoc fini-

“ timis, aut propinquæ vicinitatis hominibus, aut terris con-

“ tinenti junctis præstet. Maria trajiciat : ne quod toto

“ orbe terrarum injustum imperium fit, et ubique jus, fas,

“ lex, potentissima sint.” LIV. Hist. lib. 33.

W H I L E crowds of princes your deserts proclaim,

Proud in their number to enrol your name ;

While emperors to you commit their cause,

And Anna's praises crown the vast applause ;

Accept, great leader, what the Muse recites,

That in ambitious verse attempts your fights.

Fir'd and transported with a theme so new,

Ten thousand wonders opening to my view

Shine forth at once ; sieges and storms appear,
And wars and conquests fill th' important year :
Rivers of blood I see, and hills of slain,
An Iliad rising out of one campaign.

The haughty Gaul beheld, with towering pride,
His ancient bounds enlarg'd on every side ;
Pyrene's lofty barriers were subdued,
And in the midst of his wide empire flood ;
Aufonia's states, the victor to restrain,
Oppos'd their Alps and Apennines in vain,
Nor found themselves, with strength of rocks immur'd,
Behind their everlasting hills secur'd ;
The rising Danube its long race began,
And half its course through the new conquests ran ;
Amaz'd and anxious for her sovereign's fates,
Germania trembled through a hundred states ;
Great Leopold himself was seiz'd with fear ;
He gaz'd around, but saw no succour near ;
He gaz'd, and half-abandon'd to despair
His hopes on heaven, and confidence in prayer.

To Britain's queen the nations turn their eyes,
On her resolves the western world relies,
Confiding still, amidst its dire alarms,
In Anna's councils, and in Churchill's arms.
Thrice happy Britain, from the kingdoms rent,
To sit the guardian of the continent !
That sees her bravest son advanc'd so high,
And flourishing so near her prince's eye ;
Thy favourites grow not up by fortune's sport,
Or from the crimes or follies of a court ;

On the firm basis of desert they rise,
From long-try'd faith, and friendship's holy ties :
Their sovereign's well-distinguish'd smiles they share,
Her ornaments in peace, her strength in war ;
The nation thanks them with a public voice ;
By showers of blessings heaven approves their choice ;
Envy itself is dumb, in wonder lost,
And factions strive who shall applaud them most.

Soon as soft vernal breezes warm the sky,
Britannia's colours in the zephyrs fly ;
Her chief already has his march begun,
Crossing the provinces himself had won,
Till the Moselle, appearing from afar,
Retards the progress of the moving war.
Delightful stream, had nature bid her fall
In distant climes far from the perjur'd Gaul ;
But now a purchase to the sword she lies,
Her harvests for uncertain owners rise,
Each vineyard doubtful of its master grows,
And to the victor's bowl each vintage flows.
The discontented shades of slaughter'd hosts,
That wander'd on her banks, her heroes ghosts
Hop'd, when they saw Britannia's arms appear,
The vengeance due to their great deaths was near.

Our godlike leader, ere the stream he past,
The mighty scheme of all his labours cast,
Forming the wondrous year within his thought ;
His bosom glow'd with battles yet unfought.
The long laborious march he first surveys,
And joins the distant Danube to the Maese,

Between whose floods such pathless forests grow,
Such mountains rise, so many rivers flow :
The toil looks lovely in the hero's eyes,
And danger serves but to enhance the prize.

Big with the fate of Europe, he renews
His dreadful course, and the proud foe pursues !
Infected by the burning Scorpion's heat,
The sultry gales round his chaf'd temples beat,
Till on the borders of the Maine he finds
Defensive shadows, and refreshing winds.
Our British youth, with in-born freedom bold,
Unnumber'd scenes of servitude behold,
Nations of slaves, with tyranny debas'd,
(Their Maker's image more than half defac'd)
Hourly instructed, as they urge their toil,
To prize their queen, and love their native soil.

Still to the rising sun they take their way
Through clouds of dust, and gain upon the day.
When now the Neckar on its friendly coast
With cooling streams revives the fainting host,
That cheerfully his labours past forgets,
The mid-night watches, and the noon-day heats.

O'er prostrate towns and palaces they pass
(Now cover'd o'er with woods, and hid in grass),
Breathing revenge ; whilst anger and disdain
Fire every breast, and boil in every vein :
Here shatter'd walls, like broken rocks, from far
Rise up in hideous views, the guilt of war,
Whilst here the vine o'er hills of ruin climbs,
Industrious to conceal great Bourbon's crimes.

At length the fame of England's hero drew
Eugenio to the glorious interview.
Great souls by instinct to each other turn,
Demand alliance, and in friendship burn;
A sudden friendship, while with stretch'd-out rays
They meet each other, mingling blaze with blaze.
Polish'd in courts, and harden'd in the field,
Renown'd for conquest, and in council skill'd,
Their courage dwells not in a troubled flood
Of mounting spirits, and fermenting blood;
Lodg'd in the soul, with virtue over-rul'd,
Inflam'd by reason, and by reason cool'd,
In hours of peace content to be unknown,
And only in the field of battle shown:
To souls like these, in mutual friendship join'd,
Heaven dares intrust the cause of human-kind.

Britannia's graceful sons appear in arms,
Her harrafs'd troops the hero's presence warms,
Whilst the high hills and rivers all around
With thundering peals of British shouts resound:
Doubling their speed, they march with fresh delight,
Eager for glory, and require the fight.
So the stanch hound the trembling deer pursues,
And smells his footsteps in the tainted dews,
The tedious track unraveling by degrees:
But when the scent comes warm in every breeze,
Fir'd at the near approach he shoots away
On his full stretch, and bears upon his prey.

The march concludes, the various realms are past;
Th' immortal Schellenberg appears at last:

Like hills th' aspiring ramparts rise on high,
Like valleys at their feet the trenches lie;
Batteries on batteries guard each fatal pass,
Threatening destruction; rows of hollow brass,
Tube behind tube, the dreadful entrance keep,
Whilst in their wombs ten thousand thunders sleep:
Great Churchill owns, charm'd with the glorious fight,
His march o'er-paid by such a promis'd fight.

The western sun now shot a feeble ray,
And faintly scatter'd the remains of day:
Ev'ning approach'd; but oh what host of foes
Were never to behold that evening close!
Thickening their ranks, and wedg'd in firm array,
The close-compacted Britons win their way;
In vain the cannon their throng'd war defac'd
With tracts of death, and laid the battle waste;
Still pressing forward to the fight, they broke
Through flames of sulphur, and a night of smoke,
Till slaughter'd legions fill'd the trench below,
And bore their fierce avengers to the foe.

High on the works the mingling hosts engage;
The battle, kindled into tenfold rage,
With showers of bullets and with storms of fire
Burns in full fury; heaps on heaps expire,
Nations with nations mix'd confus'dly die,
And lost in one promiscuous carnage lie.

How many generous Britons meet their doom,
New to the field, and heroes in the bloom!
Th' illustrious youths, that left their native shore
To march where Britons never march'd before,

(O fatal love of fame! O glorious heat,
Only destructive to the brave and great!)
After such toils o'ercome, such dangers past,
Stretch'd on Bavarian ramparts breathe their last.
But hold, my Muse, may no complaints appear,
Nor blot the day with an ungrateful tear :
While Marlborough lives, Britannia's stars dispense
A friendly light, and shine in innocence.
Plunging through seas of blood his fiery steed
Where-e'er his friends retire, or foes succeed ;
Those he supports, these drives to sudden flight,
And turns the various fortune of the fight.

Forbear, great man, renown'd in arms, forbear
To brave the thickest terrors of the war,
Nor hazard thus, confus'd in crowds of foes,
Britannia's safety, and the world's repose ;
Let nations anxious for thy life abate
This scorn of danger, and contempt of fate :
Thou liv'st not for thyself; thy Queen demands
Conquest and peace from thy victorious hands ;
Kingdoms and empires in thy fortune join,
And Europe's destiny depends on thine.

At length the long-disputed pass they gain,
By crowded armies fortify'd in vain ;
The war breaks in, the fierce Bavarians yield,
And see their camp with British legions fill'd.
So Belgian mounds bear on their shatter'd sides
The sea's whole weight increas'd with swelling tides ;
But if the rushing wave a passage finds,
Enrag'd by watery moons, and warring winds,

The trembling peasant sees his country round
Cover'd with tempests, and in oceans drown'd.

The few surviving foes dispers'd in flight,
(Refuse of swords, and gleanings of a fight)
In every rustling wind the victor hear,
And Marlborough's form in every shadow fear,
Till the dark cope of night with kind embrace
Befriends the rout, and covers their disgrace.

To Donavert, with unresisted force,
The gay victorious army bends its course.
The growth of meadows, and the pride of fields,
Whatever spoils Bavaria's summer yields
(The Danube's great increase), Britannia shares,
The food of armies and support of wars :
With magazines of death, destructive balls,
And cannon doom'd to batter Landau's walls,
The victor finds each hidden cavern stor'd,
And turns their fury on their guilty Lord.

Deluded prince ! how is thy greatness crost,
And all the gaudy dream of empire lost,
That proudly set thee on a fancy'd throne,
And made imaginary realms thy own !
Thy troops, that now behind the Danube join,
Shall shortly seek for shelter from the Rhine,
Nor find it there ! Surrounded with alarms,
Thou hop'st the assistance of the Gallic arms ;
The Gallic arms in safety shall advance,
And crowd thy standards with the power of France,
While, to exalt thy doom, th' aspiring Gaul
Shares thy destruction, and adorns thy fall.

Unbounded courage and compassion join'd,
Tempering each other in the victor's mind,
Alternately proclaim him good and great,
And make the Hero and the Man compleat.
Long did he strive th' obdurate foe to gain
By proffer'd grace, but long he strove in vain;
Till, fir'd at length, he thinks it vain to spare
His rising wrath, and gives a loose to war.
In vengeance rous'd, the soldier fills his hand
With sword and fire, and ravages the land,
A thousand villages to ashes turns,
In crackling flames a thousand harvests burns.
To the thick woods the woolly flocks retreat,
And mixt with bellowing herds confus'dly bleat;
Their trembling lords the common shade partake,
And cries of infants found in every brake:
The listening soldier fixt in sorrow stands,
Loth to obey his leader's just commands;
The leader grieves, by generous pity sway'd,
To see his just commands so well obey'd.

But now the trumpet terrible from far
In shriller clangors animates the war;
Confederate drums in fuller concert beat,
And echoing hills the loud alarm repeat:
Gallia's proud standards, to Bavaria's join'd,
Unfurl their gilded lilies in the wind;
The daring prince his blasted hopes renews,
And, while the thick embattled host he views
Stretcht out in deep array, and dreadful length,
His heart dilates, and glories in his strength.

The fatal day its mighty course began,
That the griev'd world had long desir'd in vain;
States that their new captivity bemoan'd,
Armies of martyrs that in exile groan'd,
Sighs from the depth of gloomy dungeons heard,
And prayers in bitterness of soul preferr'd,
Europe's loud cries, that Providence assail'd,
And Anna's ardent vows at length prevail'd;
The day was come when heaven design'd to show
His care and conduct of the world below.

Behold in awful march and dread array
The long extended squadrons shape their way!
Death, in approaching terrible, imparts
An anxious horror to the bravest hearts;
Yet do their beating breasts demand the strife,
And thirst of glory quells the love of life.
No vulgar fears can British minds control:
Heat of revenge, and noble pride of soul,
O'erlook the foe, advantag'd by his post,
Lessen his numbers, and contract his host;
Though fens and floods possess the middle space,
That unprovok'd they would have fear'd to pass;
Nor fens nor floods can stop Britannia's bands,
When her proud foe rang'd on their borders stands.

But O, my Muse, what numbers wilt thou find
To sing the furious troops in battle join'd!
Methinks I hear the drums tumultuous sound
The victors shouts and dying groans confound,
The dreadful burst of cannon rend the skies,
And all the thunder of the battle rise.

'Twas then great Marlborough's mighty soul was
That, in the shock of charging hosts unmov'd, [prov'd,
Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
Examin'd all the dreadful scenes of war :
In peaceful thought the field of death survey'd,
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,
Inspir'd repuls'd battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
So when an angel by divine command
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past,
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast ;
And, pleas'd th' Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.

But see the haughty household-troops advance !
The dread of Europe, and the pride of France.
The war's whole art each private soldier knows,
And with a General's love of conquest glows ;
Proudly he marches on, and void of fear
Laughs at the shaking of the British spear :
Vain insolence ! with native freedom brave,
The meanest Briton scorns the highest slave ;
Contempt and fury fire their souls by turns,
Each nation's glory in each warrior burns ;
Each fights, as in his arm th' important day
And all the fate of his great monarch lay :
A thousand glorious actions, that might claim
Triumphant laurels, and immortal fame,
Confus'd in crowds of glorious actions lie,
And troops of heroes undistinguish'd die.

O Dormer, how can I behold thy fate,
And not the wonders of thy youth relate!
How can I see the gay, the brave, the young,
Fall in the cloud of war, and lie unfung!
In joys of conquest he resigns his breath,
And, fill'd with England's glory, smiles in death.

The rout begins, the Gallic squadrons run,
Compell'd in crowds to meet the fate they shun;
Thousands of fiery steeds with wounds transfix'd,
Floating in gore, with their dead masters mixt,
'Midst heaps of spears and standards driven around,
Lie in the Danube's bloody whirl-pools drown'd.
Troops of bold youths, born on the distant Soane,
Or founding borders of the rapid Rhône,
Or where the Seine her flowery fields divides,
Or where the Loire through winding vineyards glides,
In heaps the rolling billows sweep away,
And into Scythian seas their bloated corps convey.
From Blenheim's towers the Gaul, with wild affright,
Beholds the various havock of the fight;
His waving banners, that so oft had stood
Planted in fields of death and streams of blood,
So wont the guarded enemy to reach,
And rise triumphant in the fatal breach,
Or pierce the broken foe's remotest lines,
The hardy veteran with tears resigns.

Unfortunate Tallard! Oh, who can name
The pangs of rage, of sorrow, and of shame,
That with mixt tumult in thy bosom swell'd,
When first thou saw'st thy bravest troops repell'd,

Thine only son pierc'd with a deadly wound,
Chok'd in his blood, and gasping on the ground,
Thyself in bondage by the victor kept!
The chief, the father, and the captive, wept.
An English Muse is touch'd with generous woe,
And in th' unhappy man forgets the foe!
Greatly distress'd! they loud complaints forbear,
Blame not the turns of fate, and chance of war;
Give thy brave foes their due, nor blush to own
The fatal field by such great leaders won,
The field whence fam'd Eugenio bore away
Only the second honours of the day.

With floods of gore that from the vanquish'd fell
The marshes stagnate, and the rivers swell.
Mountains of slain lie heap'd upon the ground,
Or 'midst the roarings of the Danube drown'd;
Whole captive hosts the conqueror detains
In painful bondage, and inglorious chains;
Ev'n those who 'scape the fetters and the sword,
Nor seek the fortunes of a happier lord,
Their raging King dishonours, to compleat
Marlborough's great work, and finish the defeat.

From Memminghen's high domes, and Augsburg's
The distant battle drives th' insulting Gauls; [walls,
Freed by the terror of the victor's name
The rescu'd States his great protection claim;
Whilst Ulme th' approach of her deliverer waits,
And longs to open her obsequious gates.

The hero's breast still swells with great designs,
In every thought the towering genius shines:

If to the foe his dreadful course he bends,
O'er the wide continent his march extends;
If sieges in his labouring thoughts are form'd,
Camps are assaulted, and an army storm'd;
If to the fight his active soul is bent,
The fate of Europe turns on its event.
What distant land, what region, can afford
An action worthy his victorious sword?
Where will he next the flying Gaul defeat,
To make the series of his toils compleat?

Where the swollen Rhine rushing with all its force
Divides the hostile nations in its course,
While each contracts its bounds, or wider grows,
Enlarg'd or straiten'd as the river flows,
On Gallia's side a mighty bulwark stands,
That all the wide-extended plain commands;
Twice, since the war was kindled, has it try'd
The victor's **rage**, and twice has chang'd its side;
As oft whole armies, with the prize o'erjoy'd,
Have the long summer on its walls employ'd.
Hither our mighty chief his arms directs,
Hence future triumphs from the war expects;
And though the dog-star had its course begun,
Carries his arms still nearer to the sun:
Fixt on the glorious action, he forgets
The change of seasons, and increase of heats;
No toils are painful that can danger show,
No climes unlovely, that contain a foe.

The roving Gaul, to his own bounds restrain'd,
Learns to incamp within his native land,

But soon as the victorious host he spies,
From hill to hill, from stream to stream he flies :
Such dire impressions in his heart remain
Of Marlborough's sword, and Hochstet's fatal plain :
In vain Britannia's mighty chief besets
Their shady coverts, and obscure retreats ;
They fly the conqueror's approaching fame,
That bears the force of armies in his name.

Austria's young monarch, whose imperial sway
Sceptres and thrones are destin'd to obey,
Whose boasted ancestry so high extends
That in the pagan gods his lineage ends,
Comes from afar, in gratitude to own
The great supporter of his father's throne :
What tides of glory to his bosom ran,
Clasp'd in th' embraces of the godlike man !
How were his eyes with pleasing wonder fixt
To see such fire with so much sweetness mixt,
Such easy greatness, such a graceful port,
So turn'd and finish'd for the camp or court !

Achilles thus was form'd with every grace,
And Nireus shone but in the second place ;
Thus the great father of almighty Rome
(Divinely flush'd with an immortal bloom,
That Cytherea's fragrant breath bestow'd)
In all the charms of his bright mother glow'd.

The royal youth by Marlborough's presence charm'd,
Taught by his counsels, by his actions warm'd,
On Landau with redoubled fury falls,
Discharges all his thunder on its walls,

O'er mines and caves of death provokes the fight,
And learns to conquer in the hero's fight.

The British chief, for mighty toils renown'd,
Increas'd in titles, and with conquests crown'd,
To Belgian coasts his tedious march renews,
And the long windings of the Rhine pursues,
Clearing its borders from usurping foes,
And blest by rescued nations as he goes.
Treves fears no more, freed from its dire alarms;
And Traerbach feels the terror of his arms;
Seated on rocks her proud foundations shake,
While Marlborough presses to the bold attack.
Plants all his batteries, bids his cannon roar,
And shows how Landau might have fall'n before.
Scar'd at his near approach, great Louis fears
Vengeance reserv'd for his declining years,
Forgets his thirst of universal sway,
And scarce can teach his subjects to obey;
His arms he finds on vain attempts employ'd,
Th' ambitious projects for his race destroy'd,
The works of ages sunk in one campaign,
And lives of millions sacrific'd in vain.

Such are th' effects of Anna's royal cares:
By her, Britannia, great in foreign wars,
Ranges through nations, wheresoe'er disjoin'd,
Without the wonted aid of sea and wind.
By her th' unfetter'd Ister's states are free,
And taste the sweets of English liberty:
But who can tell the joys of those that lie
Beneath the constant influence of her eye!

Whilst in diffusive showers her bounties fall
Like heaven's indulgence, and descend on all,
Secure the happy, succour the distressed,
Make every subject glad, and a whole people blest.

Thus would I fain Britannia's wars rehearse,
In the smooth records of a faithful verse ;
That, if such numbers can o'er time prevail,
May tell posterity the wondrous tale.
When actions, unadorn'd, are faint and weak,
Cities and countries must be taught to speak ;
Gods may descend in factions from the skies,
And rivers from their oozy beds arise ;
Fiction may deck the truth with spurious rays,
And round the hero cast a borrow'd blaze.
Marlborough's exploits appear divinely bright,
And proudly shine in their own native light ;
Rais'd of themselves, their genuine charms they boast,
And those who paint them truest praise them most.

COWLEY'S EPITAPH ON HIMSELF.

TRANSLATED BY MR. ADDISON.

FROM life's superfluous cares enlarg'd,
His debt of human toil discharg'd,
Here Cowley lies ! beneath this shed,
To every worldly interest dead ;
With decent poverty content,
His hours of ease not idly spent ;
To fortune's goods a foe profess'd,
And hating wealth by all carest.
'Tis true he's dead ; for oh ! how small
A spot of earth is now his all :
Oh ! wish that earth may lightly lay,
And every care be far away ;
Bring flowers ; the short-liv'd roses bring,
To life deceas'd, fit offering :
And sweets around the poet strow,
Whilst yet with life his ashes glow.

P O E M A T A.

INAUGURATIO REGIS GULIELMI*,
1689.

Tityrus. **H**ic inter corylos, umbrosa cacumina, densas,
Nos cantare pares quoniam convenimus
ambo,

Dicamus laudes heroum (ut, Mopse, solemus)
Tempora transibunt sic læta canentibus, & nunc
Dic age, quos nostro celebrari carmine fumes.

Mopsus. Tityre, nunc reddantur eis pia munera
laudum,

Otia qui dederint nobis placidamque quietem;
Scilicet illorum resonent encomia sylvæ,
Qui dignabantur regni fulcire ruinas.

T. Tanta haud conveniunt humili tenuique cicutæ;
Sed quoniam in magnis, dicunt, voluisse fat esse;
Ipse tuas, Gulielme, canam laudesque Mariæ;
Nam, quos junxit amor, nemo sejungere debet.

M. Tunc mihi Phœbe fave, Musæque favete canenti,
Ne culpa ingenii illorum minuantur honores.

* These verses occasioned Mr. Addison's being elected into
Magdalen College.

T. Ast ego nec Phœbum curo, Phœbive sorores,
Carmina namque mihi cedit nunc lemma canenti.

M. Sint licet illustri proavorum stemmate clari,
Sunt magis ornati propriis virtutibus ambo.

T. Si Rex est regit immanes qui pectoris æstus;
Tum quot Regna tenet Gulielmus! quotque Maria!

M. Inclytus hic Mavors, sapiens hæc altera Pallas,
Vulnerat ille armis, forma sed vulnerat illa.

T. Quando vias Pelagi tentârunt, mole superbum
Sustulit ad nubes mare se, fastuque tumebat.

M. Quando tellurem tetigerunt, Arcades omnes
Pani Deo Arcadiæ tenerum maſtavimus agnum.

T. Tunc iterum totus resonat modulamine campus,
Miscent pastores iterum nymphæque choreas.

M. Lætus gramineis lufit tunc agnus in agris,
Floribus atque novis hædi infilueret petulci.

T. Quantus erat victor Gulielmus, quando popelli
Vicit corda, hostes vicit, vicitque feipſum!

M. Participat ſponſi virtutem & regna Maria,
Digna tribus Regnis, & tanto digna Marito.

T. Primus hic imperio, nulli eſt virtute ſecundus,
Sic ſol, quam ſtellæ, majori luce refulget.

M. Sed qualis ſtellas micat inter luna minores,
Talis, cum cincta eſt ſociis, Regina videtur.

T. At quæ nos illis nunc, Tityre, digna precemur,
Ludere qui pecori, pecoriſque dedere magiſtris?

M. Æternam inveniam, quam donavere, quietem!

T. Et ſero cœlos exornet ſidus utrumque!

JOSEPHUS ADDISON, *Commenſalis è Coll. Reg.*

ON THE

RETURN OF KING WILLIAM FROM IRELAND,

AFTER THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE*.

CUM Domini impatiens excussit Ierna catenas,
 Tota ruens in Martem, intestinosque labores,
 Integri quicunque graves vidère tumultus
 (Constitit heu! tanti virtus) in vincula missi,
 Exosam luctuque trahunt et carcere vitam.
 Latè agri dumis horrescunt, aspera rura
 Luxuriant fegete spinarum, autumnus Iernæ
 Nullus adest, cultorque deest quærentibus arvis.
 Passim turba dolis instat peregrina secundis,
 Nativamque premit lasciva potentia plebem;
 In lacrymas Gens omnis abit, manifestat ubique
 Communes luctus, vultuque laborat in uno.

Præceps in tardas sic crevit Hibernia pœnas,
 Et sic venturæ maturuit illa ruinæ:
 Facta esset tanto nequaquam vindice digna,
 Si minor horrendas Gulielmi fenserat iras.

Anglia in ignavam dudum resoluta quietem,
 Imperiis rediviva tuis, Nassove, veternum
 Excutit, et longum sopitos fuscitat ignes.

* From the "Academiae Oxoniensis Gratulatio pro exoptato serenissimi Regis Gulielmi ex Hibernia reditu. Oxoniæ, è Theatro Sheldoniano, Anno Dom. 1690."

Te duce quas fecit strages ! quæ prælia movit !
 Dum fervet cædes, et campo sanguis inundat,
 Assiduæ sudant peragendo pensa sorores,
 Et stipata gemit sub pondere cymba Charontis.
 Terga premens Cæsar fugientia corripit hostes
 Vindex, atque trahit partem sua quamque ruina :
 Plumbea tempestas hanc obruit, eminùs illa
 Glande cadit, frustra que evitat missile ferrum.
 Altera dum pœnas differt fugiendo sequaces,
 Infidæ sese credit moritura paludi.
 His gradibus longo se solvit Hibernia luctu,
 Imperium expulsi tandem indignata tyranni
 Nobiliora petit vincla, optatasque catenas
 Induit, atque jugo Gulielmi ornata superbit.

Gens nimium dilecta Deo ! nimiumque Britanni
 Felices ! hæc si exundantia gaudia nullus
 Frænâsset dolor, et Ducis * haud ignobile fatum
 Lætitiæ nimios non castigaverat æstus.
 Ille triumphato toties securus ab hoste,
 Exulibus Dîs ille, ille aris fidus avitis
 Ah ! tandem occubuit pietate insignis et armis.
 Hei mihi ! quale jaces venerandâ mole cadaver !
 Qualis honor vultûs ! et frontis læta senectus !
 Heu pietas ! heu prisca fides ! et bellica virtus
 Quando habitura parem !

Musa, tamen taceas intempestiva dolores,
 Melpomene, taceas ; non hoc sine numine Divûm

* The great duke of Schomberg, whose death has been lamented by many of our poets.

Evenisse puto : Senis aspera fata triumphi
Famam auxêre Tui, victor Gulielme, nec ulla
Æmula divisos virtus partitur honores.

I, decus, i, nostrum ! agnoscat fera Gallia dextram
Victricem, et quæ Te vidit prima arma gerentem,
Sentiat expletas maturo in corpore vires.

Sed caveas, dum Te in bellum rapit impetus ardens,
O caveas, nimio ne Marte impulsus in hostes
Irrueres, latamque darent tria regna ruinam.

Infano tandem parce indulgere labori,
Parce, Jacobe, ultra Lodöici innitier armis.
Discerptos frustra nunc lugens frontis honores ;
Sera sibi veniunt tandem suspiria, serò
Nunc quereris, quanquam, nisi mens tibi læva fuisset,
Et nisi credideras fallaci uxorius arti,
Jam lætus poteras placidis dare jura Britannis,
Et rexisse gregem, fato meliore, paternum ;
Sed nunc Parcæ obstant, et non revocabilis ordo.

Jos. ADDISON, è *Coll. Magd.*

HONORATISSIMO VIRO
 CAROLO MONTAGUE, ARMIGERO,
 SCACCARII CANCELLARIO, ÆRARIÏ PRÆFECTO,
 REGI à SECRETIORIBUS CONSILIIS, &c.

CUM tanta auribus tuis obstrepat vatum nequissimorum turba, nihil est cur queraris aliquid inusitatum tibi contigisse, ubi præclarum hoc argumentum meis etiam numeris violatum conspexeris. Quantum virtute bellica præstant Britanni, recens ex rebus gestis testatur gloria; quam vero in humanioribus pacis studiis non emineamus, indicio sunt quos nuper in lucem emisimus versiculi. Quod si CONGREVIUS ille tuus divino, quo solet, furore correptus materiam hanc non exornasset, vix tanti esset ipse pax, ut illa lætaremur tot perditissimis poetis tam misere decantata. At, dum alios insector, mei ipsius oblitus fuisse videor, qui haud minores forsan ex Latinis tibi molestias allaturus sum, quam quas illi ex vernaculis suis carminibus attulerunt; nisi quod inter ipsos cruciatus lenimentum aliquod dolori tribuat tormenti varietas. Nec quidem unquam adduci possem, ut poema patrio sermone conscriptum oculis tuis subjicerem, qui ab istis conatibus cæteros omnes scribendo non minus deterres, quam favendo excitaveris.

HUMANITATIS TUÆ

CULTOR DEVOTISSIMUS,

Magd. Coll.
 Oxon. 1697.

JOSEPHUS ADDISON.

PAX GULIELMI AUSPICIIS EUROPÆ
REDDITA, 1697.

POSTQUAM ingens clamorque virûm, strepitusque
tubarum,

Atque omnis belli cecidit fragor; aspice Cæsar,
Quæ tibi foliciti, turba importuna, poetæ
Munera deducunt: generosæ a pectore flammæ,
Diræque armorum effigies, simulachraque belli
Tristitia diffugiant: O tandem absiste triumphis
Expletus, penitusque animo totum excute Martem.

Non ultra ante oculos numerofo milite campi
Mifcentur, folito nec fervent arva tumultu;
Stat circum alter quies, curvoque innixus aratro
Defertas fossas, et castra minantia castris
Rufticus invertit, tacita formidine luftrans
Horroremque loci, et funeftos ftragibus agros.
Jamque fuper vallum et munimina longa virefcit
Expectata feges, jam propugnacula rident
Vere novo; infuetos mirabitur incola culmos,
Luxuriemque foli, et turgentem a fanguine mellefem.

Aspicias ut toto excitus venit advena mundo
Bellorum invifens fedem, et confufa ruinis
Oppida, et everfos flammarum turbine muros!
Ut trepidos rerum Annales, triftemque laborum
Inquit feriem, attonitis ut fpectat ocellis
Semirutas turres, et adhuc polluta cruore
Flumina, famofosque Ormondi volnere campos!

Hic, ubi faxa jacent disperſo infecta cerebro,
 Atque interruptis hiſcunt divortia muris,
 Vexillum intrepidus * fixit, cui tempora dudum
 Budenſes palmæ, peregrinaque laurus obumbrat.
 Ille ruens aciem in mediam, qua ferrea grando
 Sparſa fuerit circum, et plumbi denſiſſimus imber,
 Sulphuream noctem, tetraſque bitumine nubes
 Ingreditur, crebroque rubentem fulgure fumum.
 Ut vario anfractu, et diſjectis undique faxis
 Mœnia diſcedunt, ſcopulisque immane minantur
 Deſuper horrificis, & formidabile pendent!

Hic peſtem occultam, & fœcundas ſulphure moles
 Cernere erat, magno quas inter mota tumultu
 Prælia fervebant; ſubito cum clauſtra fragore
 Horrendum diſrupta tonant, ſemiuſtaque membra,
 Fumantesque artus, laniataque corpora lethum
 Corripit informe, et rotat ater in æthere turbo.

Sic, poſtquam Enceladi dejecit fulmine fratres
 Cœlicolûm pater, et vetuit contemnere divos:
 Divulſam terræ faciem, ingentesque ruinas
 Mortales ſtupuere; altum hinc mirantur abeſſe
 Pelion, invertique imis radicibus Oſſam:
 Hic fluvium moles inter confuſaque faxa
 Reptare, atque aliis diſcentem currere ripis.
 Stant dubii, et notos montes umbrasque requirunt,
 Errore ambiguo eluſi, et novitate locorum.

Nempe hic Auriaci nuper vexilla ſecutæ
 Confluxere acies, hic, aſpera corda, Britanni,
 Germanusque ferox, et juncto fœdere Belga;

* Honoratiſſimus D. Dominus Cutts, Baro de Gowran, &c.

Quique truci Boreæ, et cœlo damnatus iniquo
Vitam agit in tenebris; et qui dudum ore perusto
Decolor admoti prodit vestigia Phœbi:
Undique conveniunt, totum conscripta per orbem
Agmina, Nassovique latus socialibus armis
Circumfusa tegunt, fremitusque et murmura miscent,
Tam vario disjuncta situ, tot dissona linguis.

Te tamen e mediis, * Ductor Fortissime, turmis
Exere. Tu vitam (si quid mea carmina possunt)
Accipies, populique encomia fera futuri,
Quem varias edoctum artes, studiisque Minervæ
Omnibus ornatum, Marti Rhedycina furenti
Credidit invita, et tanto se jactat alumno.
Hunc nempe ardorem, atque immensos pectoris æstus
Non jubar Arctoïum, aut nostri penuria cœli,
Sed plaga torridior, qua sol intentius omnes
Effundit radios, totique obnoxia Phœbo
India progenuit, tenerisque incoxit ab annis
Virtutem immodicam, et generosæ incendia mentis.

Jam quoque torpentem qui infelix suspicit Arcton,
Brumamque æternam frigusque perambulat, ursæ
Horridus exuviis, Gulielmi ingentia facta
Describit fociis, pugnataque in ordine bella
Attentus numerat, neque brumam aut frigora curat.
En! vastos nivium tractus et pallida regna
Deserit, imperio extremum † qui subjicit orbem,
Indigenasque hyemes, Britonumque Heroa pererrat

* Infig. Dom. Christoph. Codrington, unus ex Regii Satelliti Præfectis.

† Moscoviæ Imperator.

Luminibus tacitis; subeunt nunc fusa Namurcæ
 Mœnia, nunc tardo quæ sanguine plurima fluxit
 Boinia, nunc dubii palma indiscreta Senefsi.
 Quæ facies, et quanta viri! quo vertice in auras
 Assurgit! quali firmat vestigia gressu,
 Majestate rudi, et torvo spectabilis ore!

Sic olim Alcides, immania membra Leonis
 Infratus spoliis, vasta se mole ferebat,
 Evandri amplexus dextramque adjungere dextræ
 Cum peteret, tectisque ingens succederet hospes.

Dum pugnas, Gulielme, tuas, camposque cruentes
 Accipit, in venis ebullit vividus humor,
 Corda micant crebro, et mentem ferit æmulus ardor.
 Non jam Riphæos hostis populabitur agros
 Impune, aut agitabit inultas Sarmata prædas.

Quis tamen ille procul fremitus! Quæ murmura vulgi
 Nassovium ingeminant! video cava littora circum
 Fervere remigibus, subitisque albescere velis.
 Anglia solve metus, et inanes mitte querelas,
 Nassovi secura tui, desiste tumentes
 Prospicere in fluctus animo suspensa, trucesque
 Objurgare notos, tardamque requirere puppim:
 Optatus tibi Cæsar adest, nec ut ante videbis
 Sollicitum belli studiis, fatalia Gallo
 Consilia et tacitas versantem in pectore pugnas.
 Olli grata quies et pax tranquilla verendum
 Composuit vultum, lætosque afflavit honores.

Ut denso circum se plurimus agmine miles
 Agglomerat lateri! ut patriam veteresque penates
 Respicit exultans! juvat ostentare recentes

Ore cicatrices, et vulnera cruda, notasque
Mucronum insignes, afflataque sulphure membra,
Chara stupet conjux, reducisque incerta mariti
Vestigat faciem; trepida formidine proles
Stat procul, et patrios horrescit nescia vultus.
Ille graves casus, duri et discrimina belli
Enumerat, tumidisque instaurat prælia verbis.
Sic, postquam in patriam fœcunda heroibus Argo
Phryxeam attulerat pellem, lanamque rigentem
Exposuit Graiis, et tortile velleris aurum,
Navita terrificis infamia littora monstris
Describit, mixto spirantem incendia fumo
Serpentem, vigilesque feras, plaustroque gementes
Infolito tauros, et anhelos igne juvencos.

Te tamen, O quantis Gulielme erepte periculis,
Accipimus reducem: tibi Diva Britannia fundit
Plebemque et procures: medias quacunque per urbes
Ingredieris, crebræ confurgunt undique pompæ,
Gaudiaque et plausus: mixto ordine vulgus euntem
Circumstat fremitu denso: Tibi Jupiter annum
Seriùs invertit, luces mirata serenas
Ridet Hyems, festoque vacat cœlum omne triumpho.

Jamque * Nepos tibi parvus adest, lætoque juvenatæ
Incessu, et blando testatur gaudia risu.
Ut patrius vigor atque elati gratia vultus
Cæsareum spirant, majestatemque verendam
Infundunt puero! ut mater formosa serenat
Augustam frontem, et sublimia temperat ora!
Agnosco faciem ambiguum, mixtosque parentes.

* Celsissimus Princeps Dux Glocestrensis.

Ille tuas, Gulielme, acies, et tristia bella,
Pugnasque innocua dudum sub imagine lufit.
Nunc indignanti similis fugitiva pufillæ
Terga premit turmæ, et falſis terroribus implet,
Sternitque exiguum ficto cognomine Gallum.
Nunc ſimulat turres, et propugnacula parva
Nominibus ſignat variis; ſubitoque tumultu
Sedulus infirmas arces, humilemque Namurcam
Diruit: interea generosæ in pectore flammæ
Affurgunt ſenſim juveni, notat ignis honeſtas
Purpureo fervore genas, et amabilis horror.

Quis tamen Auguſtæ immenſas in carmine pompas
Inſtruet, in luteos ubi vulgo effuſa canales
Vina rubent, variatque infectas purpura ſordes?
Quis lapſus referet ſtellarum, et fictile cœlum,
Qua laceram oſtendunt redolentia compita chartam,
Sulphuris exuvias, tubuloſque bitumine caſſos?

En procul attonitam video clareſcere noctem
Fulgore inſolito! ruit undique lucidus imber,
Flagrantesque hyemes; crepitantia ſidera paſſim
Scintillant, totoque pluunt incendia cœlo.
Nec minus id terris Vulcanus mille figuras
Induit, ignivomasque feras, et fulgida monſtra,
Terribiles viſu formas! hic membra Leonis
Hiſpida mentitur, tortiſque comantia flammis
Colla quatit, rutilasque jubas; hic lubricus Anguem
Ludit, ſubſiliens, et multo ſibilat igne.

Lætitiâ ingentem atque effuſa hæc gaudia civis
Jam tandem ſecurus agit, poſitoque timore
Exercet ventos, claſſemque per ultima mundi

Impune educit, pelagoque licentius errat :
Seu constricta gelu, mediisque horrentia Cancri
Mensibus arva videt ; seu turgida malit olenti
Tendere vela noto, qua thurea flamina miscet
Æolus, et placidis perfundit odoribus auras.

Vos animæ illustres heroum, umbræque recentes,
Quarum trunca jacent et adhuc stillantia crudis
Corpora vulneribus, quibus hæc optabilis orbi
Parta quies, nondum Nassovo abducite vestro
Fida satellitia, at solitis stipate catervis
Ductorem, et tenues circum diffundite turmas.
Tuque Maria, tuos non unquam oblita Britannos,
O Diva, O patiens magnum expectare maritum,
Ne terris Dominum invidas, quanquam amplius illum
Detineant, longamque agitent sub vindice pacem.

BAROMETRI DESCRIPTIO.

QUA penetrat fossor terræ cæca antra, metallo
Fœcunda informi, rudibusque nitentia venis ;
Dum stupet occultas gazas, nummosque futuros,
Eruit argenti latices, nitidumque liquorem ;
Qui nullo effusus prodit vestigia tractu,
Nec terram signo revolubilis imprimit udo,
Sed fractus sparsim in globulos formam usque rotundam
Servat, et in teretes lapsans se colligit orbes.

Incertum qua sit natura, an negligat ultra
Perficier, jubar et maturus inutile temnat ;
An potius solis vis imperfecta relinquat

Argentum male coctum, divitiasque fluentes;
Quicquid erit, magno se jactat nobilis usu;
Nec Deus effulsit magis aspectabilis olim,
Cum Danaën flavo circum pretiosus amictu
Ambiit, et gratam suadente libidine formam,
Depluit irriguo liquefactum Numen in Auro.

Quin age, fume tubum fragilem, cui densior aër
Exclusus; fundo vitri subsidat in imo
Argenti stagnum; ut pluvia impendente metallum
Mobile descendat, vel contra, ubi postulat ætas,
Prodeat hinc liquor emergens, et rursus inane
Occupet ascensu, tubulumque excurrat in omnem.

Jam cœli faciem tempestatesque futuras
Conscia lympha monet, brumamque et frigora narrat,
Nam quoties liquor insurgit, vitreoque canali
Sublatum nequeunt ripæ cohibere priores;
Tum lætos sperare dies licet, arva fatentur
Æstatem, et large diffuso lumine rident.
Sin sese immodicum attollens argenteus humor,
Et nimium oppressus, contendat ad ardua vitri,
Jam sitiunt herbæ, jam succos flamma feraces
Excoquit, et languent consumto prata virore.

Cum vero tenues nebulas spiracula terræ
Fundunt, et madidi fluitant super æquora fumi,
Pabula venturæ pluviae; tum fusile pondus
Inferiora petit; nec certior ardea cœlos
Indicat humentes, medias quando ætheris oras
Tranando, crassa fruitur sublimius aura,
Discutit et madidis rorantia nubila pennis.
Nunc guttæ agglomerant, dispersas frigora stipant

Particulas, rarusque in nimbum cogitur humor :
Prata virent, fegetem fœcundis imbris æther
Irrigat, et bibulæ radici alimenta ministrat.
Quin ubi plus æquo descendens uda metalli
Fundum amat, impatiens pluviae, metuensque pro-
cellam,

Agricolæ caveant ; non hoc impune colonus
Aspicit ; ostendet mox fœta vaporibus aura
Collectas hyemes, tempestatemque sonoram.
At licet argentum mole incumbente levatum
Subsidat, penitusque imo se condat in alveo,
Cætera quæque tument ; everfis flumina ripis
Expatiata ruunt, spumantibus æstuat undis
Diluvium, rapidique effusa licentia ponti.

Nulla tacet secreta poli mirabile vitrum,
Quin varios cœli vultus et tempora prodit,
Ante refert, quando tenui velamine tutus
Incedes, quando sperabis frigidus ignem.

Augurio hoc fretus, quanquam atri nubila cœli
Dirumpunt obscura diem, pluviasque minantur ;
Machina si neget, et sudum promittat apertum,
Audax carpat iter nimbo pendente viator ;
Nec metuens imbrem, poscentes messor aristas
Prosternat : terræ jam bruma incumbit inermis,
Frigoraque haud nocitura cadunt, feriuntque paratos.

ΠΥΓΜΑΙΟ-ΓΕΡΑΝΟΜΑΧΙΑ,

SIVE

PRÆLIUM INTER PYGMÆOS
ET GRUES COMMISSUM.

PENNATAS acies, et lamentabile bellum
 Pygmæadum refero: parvas tu, Musa, cohortes
 Instrue; tu gladios, mortemque minantia rostra,
 Offensosque Grues, indignantesque pusillam
 Militiam celebra; volucrumque hominumque tumultus.

Heroum ingentes animos et tristia bella
 Pieridum labor exhaustit, versuque sonoro
 Jussit et æterna numerorum assurgere pompa:
 Quis lectos Graiûm juvenes, et torva tuentem
 Thesea, quis pedibus velocem ignorat Achillem?
 Quem dura Æneæ certamina, quem Gulielmi
 Gesta latent? Fratres Thebani, et flebile fatum
 Pompeii quem non delassavere legentem?
 Primus ego intactas acies, gracilemque tubarum
 Carmine depingam sonitum, nova castra secutus;
 Exiguosque canam pugiles, Gruibusque malignos
 Heroas, nigrisque ruentem è nubibus hostem.

Qua solis tepet ortu, primitiisque diei
 India læta rubet, medium inter inhospita saxa
 (Per placidam vallem, et paucis accessâ vireta)

Pygmæum quondam steterat, dum fata sinebant,
Imperium. Hinc varias vitam excoluere per artes
Seduli, et assiduo fervebant arva popello.
Nunc si quis dura evadat per faxa viator,
Desertosque lares, et valles ossibus albas
Exiguis videt, et vestigia parva stupefcit.
Desolata tenet victrix impune volucris
Regna, et securo crepitat grus improba nido :
Non sic, dum multos stetit insuperabilis annos
Parvula progenies ; tum, si quis cominus ales
Congredi, et immixtæ auderet se credere pugnæ,
Miles atrox aderat, sumptisque feroculus armis
Sternit humi volucrem moribundam, humerisque reportat
Ingentem prædam ; cæsoque epulatur in hoste.
Sæpe improvisas mactabat, sæpe juvabat
Diripere aut nidum, aut ulcisci in prole parentem.
Nempe larem quoties multa construxerat arte,
Aut uteri posuisset onus, volucremque futuram ;
Continuo vultu spirans immane minaci
Omnia vastaret miles, fœtusque necaret
Immeritos, vitamque abrumperet imperfectam,
Cum tepido nondum maturuit hostis in ovo.

Hinc causæ irarum, bella hinc, fatalia bella,
Atque acies letho intentæ, volucrumque virûmque
Commisâ strages, confusaque mortis imago.
Non tantos motus, nec tam memorabile bellum,
Mæonius quondam sublimi carmine vates
Lusit ; ubi totam strepituque armisque paludem
Miscuit : hic (visu miserabile !) corpora murum
Sparsa jacent juncis transfixa, hic gutture rauco

Rana dolet, pedibusque abscisso poplite ternis
Reptat humi, solitis nec sese saltibus effert.

Jamque dies Pygmæo aderat, quo tempore cæsi
Pœnituit fœtus, intactaque maluit ova.
Nam super his accensa graves exarsit in iras
Grus stomachans; omnesque simul, quas Strymonis unda,
Aut stagnum Mareotidis, imi aut uda Cæystri
Prata tenent, adsunt; Scythicaque excita palude,
Et conjurato volucris descendit ab Istro.
Stragesque immensas et vulnere cogitat absens,
Exacuitque unguis ictum meditata futurum,
Et rostrum parat acre, fugæque accommodat alas.
Tantus amor belli, et vindictæ arrecta cupido.
Ergo ubi ver nactus proprium, suspensus in alto
Aëre concussis exercitus obstrepat alis,
Terræque immensos tractus, semotaque longe
Æquora despiciunt, Boreamque et nubila tranant
Innumeri: crebro circum ingens fluctuat æther
Flamine, et assiduus miscet cœlum omne tumultus.

Nec minor in terris motus, dum bella faceffit
Impiger, instituitque agmen, firmatque phalangas,
Et furit arreptis animosus homuncio telis:
Donec turma duas composta excurrat in alas,
Ordinibusque frequens, et marte instructa perito.

Jamque acies inter medias sese arduus infert
Pygmædum ductor, qui majestate verendus
Incessuque gravis reliquos supereminet omnes
Mole gigantea, mediamque assurgit in ulnam.
Torvior aspectu (hostilis nam insculpserat unguis
Ore cicatrices) vultuque ostentat honesta

Rostrorum signa, et crudos in pectore morsus.
Immortali odio, æternisque exercuit iris
Alituum gentem, non illum impune volucris
Aut ore, aut pedibus peteret confusus aduncis.
Fatalem quoties Gruibus distrinxerat ensem,
Truncavitque alas, celerique fugam abstulit hosti:
Quot fecit strages! quæ nudis funera pullis
Intulit, heu! quoties implevit Strymona fletu!

Jamque procul sonus auditur, piceamque volantum
Prospectant nubem bellumque hostesque ferentem.
Crebrescit tandem, atque oculis se plurimus offert
Ordinibus structus variis exercitus ingens
Alituum, motisque eventilat æra pennis.
Turba polum replet, specieque immanis obumbrat
Agmina Pygmæorum, et densa in nubibus hæret:
Nunc densa, at patriis mox reddita rarior oris.
Belli ardent studio Pygmæi, et lumine sævo
Suspiciunt hostem; nec longum tempus, et ingens
Turba Gruum horrifico sese super agmina lapsu
Præcipitat gravis, et bellum sperantibus infert:
Fit fragor; avulsæ volitant circum æra plumæ.
Mox defessa iterum levibus sese eripit alis,
Et vires reparata iterum petit impete terras.
Armorum pendet fortuna: hic fixa volucris
Cuspide, sanguineo sese furibunda rotatu
Torquet agens circum, rostrumque intendit in hostem
Imbelle, et curvos in morte recolligit ungues.
Pygmæi hic stillat lentus de vulnere sanguis,
Singultusque ciet crebros, pedibusque pusillis
Tundit humum, et moriens unguem execratur acutum.

Æstuat omne solum strepitu, tepidoque rubescit
Sanguine, sparguntur gladii, sparguntur et alæ,
Unguesque et digiti, commistaque rostra lacertis.

Pygmæadum sævit, mediisque in millibus ardet
Ductor, quem late hinc atque hinc pereuntia cingunt
Corpora fusa Gruum; mediaque in morte vagatur,
Nec plausu alarum, nec rostri concidit ictu.
Ille Gruum terror, illum densissima circum
Miscetur pugno, et bellum omne laborat in uno:
Cum, subito appulsus (sic Dî voluere) tumultu
Ex inopino ingens et formidabilis ales
Comprendit pedibus pugnantem; et (triste relatu)
Sustulit in cœlum; bellator ab unguibus hæret
Pendulus, agglomerat strepitu globus undique densus
Alituum; frustra Pygmæi lumine mœsto
Regem inter nubes lugent, solitoque minorem
Heroem aspiciunt gruibus plaudentibus escam.

Jamque recrudescit bellum, grus desuper urget
Pygmæum rostro, atque hostem petit ardua morfu;
Tum fugit alta volans; is fursùm brachia jactat
Vulneris impatiens, et inanes sævit in auras.
Talis erat belli facies, cum Pelion ingens
Mitteret in cœlum Briareus, folioque tonantem
Præcipitem excuteret; sparguntur in æthere toto
Fulminaque scopulique: flagrantia tela deorsum
Torquentur Jovis acta manu, dum vasta gigantum
Corpora fusa jacent, semiustaque sulphure fumant.

Viribus absumptis penitus Pygmeïa tandem
Agmina languescunt; ergo pars vertere terga
Horribili perculsa metu, pars tollere vocem

Exiguam ; late populus cubitalis oberrat.
 Instant à tergo volucres, lacerantque trahuntque
 Immites, certæ gentem extirpare nefandam.

Sic Pygmæa domus multos dominata per annos,
 Tot bellis defuncta, gruum tot læta triumphis,
 Funditus interiit : nempe exitus omnia tandem
 Certus regna manet, sunt certi denique fines,
 Quos ultra transire nefas : sic corruit olim
 Assyriæ imperium, sic magnæ Perfidis imis
 Sedibus eversum est, et majus utroque Latinum.
 Elysi valles nunc agmine lustrat inani,
 Et veterum Heroum miscetur grandibus umbris
 Plebs parva : aut, si quid fidei mereatur anilis
 Fabula, pastores per noctis opaca pusillas
 Sæpe vident umbras, Pygmæos corpore cassos.
 Dum secura gruum, et veteres oblita labores,
 Lætiæ penitus vacat, indulgetque choreis,
 Angustosque terit calles, viridesque per orbes
 Turba levis salit, et lemurum cognomine gaudet.

R E S U R R E C T I O

D E L I N E A T A

A D A L T A R E C O L . M A G D . O X O N .

E G R E G I O S fuci tractus, calamique labores,
 Surgentesque hominum formas, ardentiaque ora
 Judicis, et simulachra modis pallentia miris,
 Terribilem visu pompam, tu carmine Musa
 Pande novo, vatique sacros accende furores.

Olim planitiem (quam nunc fœcunda colorum
Insignit pictura) inhonesto et simplice cultu
Vestit albedo, sed ne rima ulla priorem
Agnoscat faciem, mox fundamenta futuræ
Substravit pictor tabulæ, humoremque sequacem
Per muros traxit; velamine mœnia crasso
Squallent obducta, et rudioribus illita fucis.

Utque (polo nondum stellis fulgentibus apto)
Ne spatio moles immensa dehiscat inani,
Per cava cœlorum, et convexa patientia late
Hinc atque hinc interfusus fluitaverat æther;
Mox radiante novum torrebat lumine mundum
Titan, et pallens alienos mitius ignes
Cynthia vibrabat; crebris nunc confitus astris
Scintillare polus, nunc fulgor Lacteus omne
Diffluere in cœlum, longoque albescere tractu.

Sic, operis postquam ludit primordia pictor,
Dum fordet paries, nullumque fatetur Apellem,
Cautius exercet calamos, atque arte tenacem
Confundit viscum, succosque attemperat, omnes
Inducit tandem formas; apparet ubique
Muta cohors, et picturarum vulgus inane.

Aligeris muri vacat ora suprema ministris,
Sparsaque per totam cœlestis turba tabellam
Raucos inspirat lituos, buccasque tumentes
Inflat, et attonitum replet clangoribus orbem.
Defunctis sonus auditur, tabulamque per imam
Picta gravescit humus, terris emergit apertis
Progenies rediviva, et plurima surgit imago,

Sic, dum fœcundis Cadmus dat semina fulcis,
Terra tumet prœgnans, animataque gleba laborat,
Luxuriatur ager segete spirante, calefcit
Omne solum, crescitque virorum prodiga messis.

Jam pulvis varias terræ dispersa per oras,
Sive inter venas teneri concreta metalli,
Sensim dirigit, seu sese immiscuit herbis,
Explicita est; molem rursus coalescit in unam
Divisum funus, sparsos prior alligat artus
Junctura, aptanturque iterum coeuntia membra.
Hic nondum specie perfecta resurgit imago,
Vultum truncata, atque inhonesto vulnere nares
Manca, et adhuc deest informi de corpore multum.
Paulatim in rigidum hic vita insinuata cadaver
Motu ægro vix dum redivivos erigit artus.
Inficit his horror vultus, et imagine tota
Fusa per attonitam pallet formido figuram.

Detrahe quin oculos spectator, et, ora nitentem
Si poterint perferre diem, medium inspicere murum,
Qua sedet orta Deo proles, Deus ipse, sereno
Lumine perfusus, radiisque inspersus acutis.
Circum tranquillæ funduntur tempora flammæ,
Regius ore vigor spirat, nitet ignis ocellis,
Plurimaque effulget majestas numine toto.
Quantum dissimilis, quantum o! mutatus ab illo,
Qui peccata luit cruciatus non sua, vitam
Quando luctantem cunctata morte trahebat!
Sed frustra voluit defunctum Golgotha numen
Condere, dum victa fatorum lege triumphans
Nativum petiit cœlum, et super æthera vectus
Despexit lunam exiguam, solemque minorem.

Jam latus effossum, et palmas ostendit utraq̃ue,
 Vulfusq̃ue infixum pede, clavorumq̃ue recepta
 Signa, et transacti quondam vestigia ferri.
 Umbræ huc felices tendunt, numerosaq̃ue cœlos
 Turba petunt, atq̃ue immortalia dona capeffunt.
 Matres, et longæ nunc reddita corpora vitæ
 Infantum, juvenes, pueri, innuptæq̃ue puellæ
 Stant circum, atq̃ue avidos jubar immortale bibentes
 Affigunt oculos in numine : laudibus æther
 Intonat, et læto ridet cœlum omne triumpho.
 His amor impatiens conceptaq̃ue gaudia mentem
 Funditus exagitant, imoque in pectore fervent.
 Non æque exultat flagranti corde Sibylla,
 Hospite cum tumet incluso, et præcordia sentit
 Mota Dei stimulis, nimioque calentia Phœbo.

Quis tamen ille novus perstringit lumina fulgor?
 Quam Mitra effigiem distinxit pictor, honesto
 Surgentem è tumulo, alatoque satellite fultam?
 Agnosco faciem, vultu latet alter in illo
 * Wainfletus, sic ille oculos, sic ora ferebat :
 Eheu quando animi par invenietur imago!
 Quando alium similem virtus habitura!—
 Irati innocuas securus numinis iras
 Aspicit, impavidosq̃ue in judice figit ocellos.

Quin age, et horrentem commixtis igne tenebris
 Jam videas scenam; multo hic stagnantia fuco
 Moenia flagrantem liquefacto sulphure rivum
 Fingunt, et falsus tanta arte accenditur ignis,
 Ut toti metuas tabulæ, ne flamma per omne
 Livida serpat opus, tenuesq̃ue absumpta recedat

* Coll. Magd. Fundator.

Pictura in cineres, propriis peritura favillis.
Huc turba infelix agitur, turpisque videri
Infrendet dentes, et rugis contrahit ora.
Vindex à tergo implacabile sævit, et ense
Fulmineum vibrans acie flagrante scelestos
Jam Paradiseis iterum depellit ab oris.
Heu! quid agat tristis? Quo se cœlestibus iris
Subtrahat? O! quantum vellet nunc æthere in alto
Virtutem colere! at tandem suspiria ducit
Nequicquam, et sero in lacrymas effunditur; obstant
Sortes non revocandæ, et inexorabile numen.

Quam varias aperit veneres pictura! periti
Quot calami legimus vestigia! quanta colorum
Gratia se profert! tales non discolor Iris
Ostendat, vario cum lumine floridus imber
Rore nitet toto, et gutta scintillat in omni.

O fuci nitor, O pulchri durate colores!
Nec, pictura, tuæ languescat gloria formæ,
Dum lucem videas, qualem exprimis ipsa, supremam.

S P H Æ R I S T E R I U M.

Hic ubi graminea in latum sese explicat æquor
Planities, vacuoque ingens patet area campo,
Cum solem nondum fumantia prata fatentur
Exortum, et tumidæ pendent in gramine guttæ,
Improba falx noctis parva incrementa prioris
Defecat, exiguam radens a cespite messem:
Tum motu assiduo saxum versatile terram

Deprimit extantem, et surgentes atterit herbas.
Ligneæ percurrunt vernantem turba palæstram
Unctæ, nitens oleo, formæ quibus esse rotundæ
Artificis ferrum dederat, facilisque moveri.
Ne tamen offendant incauti errore globorum,
Quæque suis incisa notis stat sphaera; sed unus
Hanc vult, quæ infuso multum inclinata metallo
Vertitur in gyros, et iniquo tramite currit;
Quin alii diversa placet, quam parcius urget
Plumbea vis, motuque finit procedere recto.

Postquam ideo in partes turbam distinxerat æquas
Consilium, aut fors; quisque suis accingitur armis.
Evolat orbiculus, qua cursum meta futurum
Designat; jactique legens vestigia, primam,
Qui certamen init, sphaeram demittit, at illa
Leniter effusa, exiguum quod ducit in orbem,
Radit iter, donec sensim primo impete fesso
Subsistat: subito globus emicat alter et alter.

Mox ubi funduntur late agmina crebra minorem
Sparsa per orbiculum, stipantque frequentia metam,
Atque negant faciles aditus; jam cautius exit,
Et leviter sese insinuat revolubile lignum.
At si forte globum, qui misit, spectat inertem
Serpere, et impressum subito languescere motum,
Pone urget sphaeræ vestigia, et anxius instat,
Objurgatque moras, currentique imminet orbi.
Atque ut segnis honos dextræ fervetur, iniquam
Incusat terram, ac surgentem in marmore nodum.

Nec risus tacuere, globus cum volvitur actus
Infami jactu, aut nimium vestigia plumbum

Allicit, et sphæram à recto trahit insita virtus.
Tum qui projecit, strepitus effundit inanes,
Et, variam in speciem distorto corpore, falsos
Increpat errores, et dat convitia ligno.
Sphæra sed, irarum temnens ludibria, cœptum
Pergit iter, nullisque movetur furda querelis.

Illa tamen laudes summumque meretur honorem,
Quæ non dirumpit cursum, absistitque moveri,
Donec turbam inter crebram dilapsa supremum
Perfecit stadium, et metæ inclinata recumbit.
Hostis at hærentem orbiculo detrudere sphæram
Certat, luminibusque viam signantibus omnes
Intendit vires, et missile fortiter urget:
Evolat adducto non segnis sphæra lacerto.

Haud ita profiliens Elëo carcere pernix
Auriga invehitur, cum raptus ab axe citato
Currentesque domos videt, et fugientia testæ.

Si tamen in duros, obstructa satellite multo,
Impingat socios, confundatque orbibus orbes;
Tum fervet bilis, fortunam damnat acerbam,
Atque deos atque astra vocat crudelia——

Si vero incurfus faciles, aditumque patentem
Inveniat, partoque hostis spoliatur honore:
Turba fremit confusa, sonisque frequentibus, euge,
Exclamant socii; plausu strepit omne viretum.

Interea fessos inimico Sirius astro
Corripit, et salsas exudant corpora guttas;
Lenia jam Zephyri spirantes frigora, ut umbræ
Captantur, vultuque fluens abstergitur humor.

A D

D. D. H A N N E S,

INSIGNISSIMUM MEDICUM ET POETAM.

O QUI canoro blandius Orpheo
 Vocale ducis carmen, et exitu
 Feliciore luctuosis
 Sæpe animam revocas ab umbris,
 Jam seu solutos in numerum pedes
 Cogis, vel ægrum et vix animæ tenax
 Corpus tueris, seu cadaver
 Luminibus penetras acutis;
 Opus relinquens eripe te moræ,
 Frontemque curis sollicitam explica,
 Scyphumque jucundus require
 Purpureo gravidum Lyæo.
 Nunc plena magni pocula postules
 Memor Wilhelmi, nunc moveat fitim
 Minister ingens, imperîque
 Præsidium haud leve, Montacutus,
 Omitte tandem triste negotium
 Gravesque curas, heu nimium pius!
 Nec cæteros cautus mederi
 Ipse tuam minuas salutem,
 Frustra cruorem pulsibus incitis
 Ebullientem pollice comprimis,
 Attentus explorare venam
 Quæ febris exagitet tumentem:

Frustra liquores quot chemica expedit
Fornax, et error sanguinis, et vigor

Innatus herbis te fatigant :

Serius aut citius sepulchro
Debemur omnes, vitæque deferet
Expulsa morbis corpus inhospitum,

Lentumque deflebunt nepotes

(Reliquias animæ) cadaver.

Manes videbis tu quoque fabulas

Quos pauciores fecerit ars tua ;

Suumque victorem vicissim

Subjiciet libitina victrix.

Decurrit illi vita beatior

Quicumque lucem non nimis anxius

Reddit molestam, urgetque curas

Sponte sua fati ingruentes ;

Et quem dierum lene fluentium

Delectat ordo, vitæque mutuis

Felix amicis, gaudiisque

Innocuis bene temperata.

MACHINÆ GESTICULANTES,

ANGLICE

A PUPPET-SHOW.

ADMIRANDA cano levium spectacula rerum,
 Exiguam gentem, et vacuum sine mente popellum;
 Quem, non surreptis cœli de fornice flammis,
 Innocua melior fabricaverat arte Prometheus.

Compita qua risu fervent, glomeratque tumultum
 Histrion, delectatque inhiantem scommate turbam;
 Quotquot lætitiæ studio aut novitate tenentur,
 Undique congressi permixta sedilia complent,
 Nec confusus honos; nummo subsellia cedunt
 Diverso, et varii ad pretium stat copia scamni.
 Tandem ubi subtrahitur velamen, lumina passim
 Angustos penetrant aditus, qua plurima visum
 Fila secant, ne, cum vacuo datur ore fenestra,
 Pervia fraus pateat: mox stridula turba penates
 Ingreditur pictos, et mœnia squallido fuce.
 Hic humiles inter scenas, angustaque claustra,
 Quicquid agunt homines, concursus, bella, triumphos,
 Ludit in exiguo plebecula parva theatro.

Sed præter reliquos incidit Homuncio rauca
 Voce strepens; major subnectit fibula vestem,
 Et referunt vivos errantia lumina motus;
 In ventrem tumet immodicum; pone eminent ingens
 A tergo gibbus; Pygmæum territat agmen
 Major, et immanem miratur turba gigantem.

Hic magna fretus mole, imparibusque lacertis
Confusus, gracili jactat convitia vulgo,
Et crebro solvit, lepidum caput, ora cachinno.
Quanquam res agitur solenni seria pompa,
Spernit sollicitum intraçtabilis ille tumultum,
Et risu importunus adest, atque omnia turbat.
Nec raro invadit molles, pictamque protervo
Ore petit nympham, invitoque dat oscula ligno.
Sed comitum vulgus diversis membra fatigant
Ludis, et vario lascivit mobile saltu.

Sæpe etiam gemmis rutila, et spectabilis auro,
Lignea gens prodit, nitidisque superbit in ostris.
Nam, quoties festam celebrat sub imagine lucem,
Ordine composito nympharum incedit honestum
Agmen, et exigui proceres, parvique quirites.
Pygmæos credas positis mitescere bellis,
Jamque, infensa gruum temnentes prælia, tutos
Indulgere jocos, tenerisque vacare choreis.

Tales, cum medio labuntur fidera cœlo,
Parvi subfiliunt lemures, populusque pusillus
Festivos, rediens sua per vestigia, gyros
Ducit, et angustum crebro pede pulsat orbem.
Mane patent gressus; hic succos terra feraces
Concipit, in multam pubentia gramina surgunt
Luxuriem, tenerisque virescit circulus herbis.

At non tranquillas nulla abdunt nubila luces,
Sæpe gravi surgunt bella, horrida bella tumultu.
Arma cient truculenta cohors, placidamque quietem
Dirumpunt pugnae; usque adeo insincera voluptas
Omnibus, et mistæ castigant gaudia curæ.
Jam gladii, tubulique ingesto sulphure fœti

Protenſæque haſtæ, fulgentiaque arma, minæque
Telorum ingentes ſubeunt; dant clauſtra fragorem
Horrendum, ruptæ ſtridente bitumine chartæ
Confuſos reddunt crepitus, et ſibila miſcent.
Sternitur omne ſolum pereuntibus; undique cæſæ
Apparent turmæ, civilis crimina belli.

Sed poſtquam infanus pugnæ deferbuit æſtus,
Exuerintque truces animos, jam marte fugato,
Diverſas repetunt artes, curæque priores.
Nec raro priſci heroes, quos pagina ſacra
Suggerit, atque olim peperit felicior ætas,
Hic parva redeunt ſpecie. Cano ordine cernas
Antiquos prodire, agmen venerabile, patres.
Rugis fulcantur vultus, proluxaque barbæ
Canities mento pendet: ſic tarda ſeneſtus
Tithonum minuit, cum moles tota cicadam
Induit, in gracilem ſenſim collecta figuram.
Nunc tamen unde genus ducat, quæ dextra latentes
Suppeditet vires, quem poſcat turba moventem,
Expediam. Truncos opifex et inutile lignum
Cogit in humanas ſpecies, et robore natam
Progeniem telo efformat, nexuque tenaci
Crura ligat pedibus, humeriſque accommodat armos,
Et membris membra aptat, et artubus inſuit artus.
Tunc habiles addit trochleas, quibus arte puſillum
Verſat onus, molique manu famulatus inerti
Sufficit occultos motus, vocemque miniſtrat.
His ſtructa auxiliis jam machina tota peritos
Oſtendit fulcos, duri et veſtigia ferri:
Hinc ſalit, atque agili ſe ſublevat incita motu,
Voceſque emittit tenues, et non ſua verba.

AD INSIGNISSIMUM VIRUM

D. T H O. B U R N E T T U M,

SACRÆ THEORIÆ TELLURIS AUCTOREM.

N O N usitatum carminis alitem,
 Burnette, poscis, non humiles modos :
 Vulgare plectrum, languidæque
 Respuis officium camœnæ.

Tu mixta rerum femina conscius,
 Molemque cernis dissociabilem,
 Terramque concretam, et latentem
 Oceanum gremio capaci :

Dum veritatem quærere pertinax
 Ignota pandis, sollicitus parum
 Ucunque stet commune vulgi
 Arbitrium et popularis error.

Auditur ingens continuo fragor,
 Illapsa tellus lubrica deferit
 Fundamina, et compage fracta
 Suppositas gravis urget undas.

Impulsus erumpit medius liquor,
 Terras aquarum effusa licentia
 Claudit vicissim ; has inter orbæ
 Reliquiæ fluitant prioris.

Nunc et recluso carcere lucidam
 Balæna spectat solis imaginem,
 Stellasque miratur nutantes,
 Et tremulæ simulacra lunæ.

Quæ pompa vocum non imitabilis !
 Qualis calefcit spiritus ingenî !

Ut tollis undas ! ut frementem
Diluvii reprimis tumultum !
Quis tam valenti pectore ferreus
Ut non tremiscens et timido pede
Incedat, orbis dum dolosi
Detegis instabiles ruinas ?
Quin hæc cadentum fragmina montium
Natura vultum sumere simplicem
Coget refingens, in priorem
Mox iterum reditura formam.
Nimbus rubentem sulphureis Jovem
Cernas ; ut udis sævit atrox hyems
Incendiis, commune mundo
Et populis meditata bustum !
Nudus liquentes plorat Athos nives,
Et mox liquefcens ipse adamantinum
Fundit cacumen, dum per imas
Saxa fluunt resoluta valles.
Jamque alta cœli mœnia corruunt,
Et vestra tandem pagina (proh nefas !)
Burnette, vestra augebit ignes,
Heu socio perituro mundo.
Mox æqua tellus, mox subitus viror
Ubique rident : En teretem globum !
En læta vernantes Favonî
Flamina, perpetuosque flores !
O pectus ingens ! O animum gravem
Mundi capacem ! si bonus auguror,
Te, nostra quo tellus superbit,
Accipiet renovata civem.

T R A N S L A T I O N S.

H O R A C E, B O O K I I I. O D E I I I.

Augustus had a design to rebuild Troy and make it the metropolis of the Roman empire, having closeted several senators on the project: Horace is supposed to have written the following ode on this occasion.

T H E man resolv'd and steady to his trust,
 Inflexible to ill, and obstinately just,
 May the rude rabble's insolence despise,
 Their senseless clamours and tumultuous cries;
 The tyrant's fierceness he beguiles,
 And the stern brow, and the harsh voice defies,
 And with superior greatness smiles.

Not the rough whirlwind, that deforms
 Adria's black gulf, and vexes it with storms,
 The stubborn virtue of his soul can move;
 Nor the red arm of angry Jove,
 That flings the thunder from the sky,
 And gives it rage to roar, and strength to fly.

Should the whole frame of nature round him break,
 In ruin and confusion hurl'd,
 He, unconcern'd, would hear the mighty crack,
 And stand secure amidst a falling world.

Such were the godlike arts that led
Bright Pollux to the blest abodes ;
Such did for great Alcides plead,
And gain'd a place among the gods ;
Where now Augustus, mixt with heroes, lies,
And to his lips the nectar bowl applies :
His ruddy lips the purple tincture show,
And with immortal stains divinely glow.

By arts like these did young Lyæus rise :
His tigers drew him to the skies ;
Wild from the desert and unbroke,
In vain they foam'd, in vain they star'd,
In vain their eyes with fury glar'd ;
He tam'd them to the lash, and bent them to the yoke.

Such were the paths that Rome's great founder trod,
When in a whirlwind snatch'd on high,
He shook off dull mortality,
And lost the monarch in the god.
Bright Juno then her awful silence broke,
And thus th' assembled deities bespoke.

Troy, says the goddess, perjur'd Troy has felt
The dire effects of her proud tyrant's guilt ;
The towering pile, and soft abodes,
Wall'd by the hand of servile gods,
Now spreads its ruins all around,
And lies inglorious on the ground.
An umpire partial and unjust,
And a lewd woman's impious lust,
Lay heavy on her head, and sunk her to the dust.

Since false Laomedon's tyrannic sway,
That durst defraud th' immortals of their pay,

Her guardian gods renounc'd their patronage,
Nor would the fierce invading foe repel ;
To my resentment, and Minerva's rage,
The guilty king and the whole people fell.
And now the long-protracted wars are o'er,
The soft adulterer shines no more ;
No more does Hector's force the Trojans shield,
That drove whole armies back, and singly clear'd the
My vengeance fated, I at length resign [field.
To Mars his offspring of the Trojan line :
Advanc'd to godhead let him rise,
And take his station in the skies ;
There entertain his ravish'd sight
With scenes of glory, fields of light ;
Quaff with the gods immortal wine,
And see adoring nations croud his shrine.

The thin remains of Troy's afflicted host,
In distant realms may seats unenvy'd find,
And flourish on a foreign coast ;
But far be Rome from Troy disjoin'd,
Remov'd by seas, from the disastrous shore,
May endless billows rise between, and storms un-
number'd roar.

Still let the curst detested place
Where Priam lies, and Priam's faithless race,
Be cover'd o'er with weeds, and hid in grass.
There let the wanton flocks unguarded stray ;
Or, while the lonely shepherd sings,
Amidst the mighty ruins play,
And frisk upon the tombs of kings.

}

May tigers there, and all the savage kind,
Sad solitary haunts and silent deserts find;
In gloomy vaults, and nooks of palaces,
May th' unmolested lioness
Her brinded whelps securely lay,
Or, coucht, in dreadful slumbers waste the day.

While Troy in heaps of ruins lies,
Rome and the Roman capitol shall rise;
Th' illustrious exiles unconfin'd
Shall triumph far and near, and rule mankind.

In vain the sea's intruding tide
Europe from Afric shall divide,
And part the sever'd world in two:
Through Afric's sands their triumphs they shall spread,
And the long train of victories pursue
To Nile's yet undiscover'd head.

Riches the hardy soldiers shall despise,
And look on gold with undesiring eyes,
Nor the disbowel'd earth explore
In search of the forbidden ore;
Those glittering ills, conceal'd within the mine,
Shall lie untouch'd, and innocently shine.
To the last bounds that nature sets,
The piercing colds and sultry heats,
The godlike race shall spread their arms,
Now fill the polar circle with alarms,
Till storms and tempests their pursuits confine;
Now sweat for conquest underneath the line.

This only law the victor shall restrain,
On these conditions shall he reign;

If none his guilty hand employ
To build again a second Troy,
If none the rash design pursue,
Nor tempt the vengeance of the gods anew.

A curse there cleaves to the devoted place,
That shall the new foundations raise;
Greece shall in mutual leagues conspire
To storm the rising town with fire,
And at their armies head myself will show
What Juno, urg'd to all her rage, can do.

Thrice should Apollo's self the city raise
And line it round with walls of brass,
Thrice should my favourite Greeks his works con-
found,

And hew the shining fabric to the ground:
Thrice should her captive dames to Greece return,
And their dead sons and slaughter'd husbands mourn.

But hold, my Muse, forbear thy towering flight,
Nor bring the secrets of the gods to light:
In vain would thy presumptuous verse
Th' immortal rhetoric rehearse;
The mighty strains, in lyric numbers bound,
Forget their majesty, and lose their sound.

THE VESTAL,

FROM

OVID DE FASTIS, LIB. III. EL. 1.

“ Blanda quies victis furtim subrepat ocellis, &c.”

AS the fair Vestal to the fountain came,
 (Let none be startled at a Vestal's name)
 Tir'd with the walk, she laid her down to rest,
 And to the winds expos'd her glowing breast,
 To take the freshness of the morning-air,
 And gather'd in a knot her flowing hair;
 While thus she rested, on her arm reclin'd,
 The hoary willows waving with the wind,
 And feather'd choirs that warbled in the shade,
 And purling streams that through the meadow stray'd,
 In drowsy murmurs lull'd the gentle maid. }
 The God of War beheld the virgin lie,
 The God beheld her with a lover's eye;
 And, by so tempting an occasion press'd,
 The beauteous maid, whom he beheld, possess'd:
 Conceiving as she slept, her fruitful womb
 Swell'd with *the Founder of immortal Rome.*

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

B O O K II.

THE STORY OF PHAETON.

THE sun's bright palace, on high columns rais'd,
 With burnish'd gold and flaming jewels blaz'd;
 The folding gates diffus'd a silver light,
 And with a milder gleam refresh'd the sight;
 Of polish'd ivory was the covering wrought:
 The matter vied not with the sculptor's thought,
 For in the portal was display'd on high
 (The work of Vulcan) a fictitious sky;
 A waving sea th' inferior earth embrac'd,
 And Gods and Goddesses the waters grac'd.
 Ægeon here a mighty whale bestrode;
 Triton, and Proteus (the deceiving God),
 With Doris here were carv'd, and all her train,
 Some loosely swimming in the figur'd main,
 While some on rocks their drooping hair divide,
 And some on fishes through the waters glide:
 Though various features did the sisters grace,
 A sister's likeness was in every face.
 On earth a different landscape courts the eyes,
 Men, towns, and beasts, in distant prospects rise,
 And nymphs, and streams, and woods, and rural deities. }
 O'er all, the heaven's refulgent image shines;
 On either gate were six engraven signs.

Here Phaeton, still gaining on th' ascent,
 To his suspected father's palace went,
 Till pressing forward through the bright abode,
 He saw at distance the illustrious God :
 He saw at distance, or the dazzling light
 Had flash'd too strongly on his aking sight.

The God sits high, exalted on a throne
 Of blazing gems, with purple garments on ;
 The hours in order rang'd on either hand,
 And days, and months, and years, and ages, stand.
 Here spring appears with flowery chaplets bound ;
 Here summer in her wheaten garland crown'd ;
 Here autumn the rich trodden grapes besmear ;
 And hoary winter shivers in the rear.

Phœbus beheld the youth from off his throne ;
 That eye, which looks on all, was fix'd on one.
 He saw the boy's confusion in his face,
 Surpriz'd at all the wonders of the place ;
 And cries aloud, " What wants my son ? For know
 " My son thou art, and I must call thee so."

" Light of the world," the trembling youth replies,
 " Illustrious parent ! since you don't despise
 " The parent's name, some certain token give,
 " That I may Clymenè's proud boast believe,
 " Nor longer under false reproaches grieve."

The tender Sire was touch'd with what he said,
 And flung the blaze of glories from his head,
 And bid the youth advance : " My son (said he)
 " Come to thy father's arms ! for Clymenè
 " Has told thee true ; a parent's name I own,
 " And deem thee worthy to be call'd my son.

" As a sure proof, make some request, and I,
 " Whate'er it be, with that request comply ;
 " By Styx I swear, whose waves are hid in night,
 " And roll impervious to my piercing fight."

The youth, transported, asks without delay,
 To guide the Sun's bright chariot for a day.

The God repented of the oath he took,
 For anguish thrice his radiant head he shook :
 " My son (says he) some other proof require ;
 " Rash was my promise, rash is thy desire.
 " I'd fain deny this wish which thou hast made,
 " Or, what I can't deny, would fain dissuade.
 " Too vast and hazardous the task appears,
 " Nor suited to thy strength, nor to thy years.
 " Thy lot is mortal, but thy wishes fly
 " Beyond the province of mortality :
 " There is not one of all the Gods that dares
 " (However skill'd in other great affairs)
 " To mount the burning axle-tree, but I ;
 " Not Jove himself, the ruler of the sky,
 " That hurls the three-fork'd thunder from above,
 " Dares try his strength ; yet who so strong as Jove ?
 " The steeds climb up the first ascent with pain ;
 " And when the middle firmament they gain,
 " If downwards from the heavens my head I bow,
 " And see the earth and ocean hang below,
 " Ev'n I am seiz'd with horror and affright,
 " And my own heart misgives me at the sight.
 " A mighty downfall steep the evening stage,
 " And stedd' reins must curb the horses' rage.

" Tethys herself has fear'd to see me driven
 " Down headlong from the precipice of heaven,
 " Besides, consider what impetuous force
 " Turns stars and planets in a different course :
 " I steer against their motions ; nor am I
 " Borne back by all the current of the sky.
 " But how could you resist the orbs that roll
 " In adverse whirls, and stem the rapid pole ?
 " But you perhaps may hope for pleasing woods,
 " And stately domes, and cities fill'd with Gods ;
 " While through a thousand snares your progress lies,
 " Where forms of starry monsters stock the skies :
 " For, should you hit the doubtful way aright,
 " The Bull with stooping horns stands opposite ;
 " Next him the bright Hæmonian Bow is strung ;
 " And next, the Lion's grinning visage hung :
 " The Scorpion's claws here clasp a wide extent,
 " And here the Crab's in lesser clasps are bent.
 " Nor would you find it easy to compose
 " The mettled steeds, when from their nostrils flows }
 " The scorching fire, that in their entrails glows. }
 " Ev'n I their headstrong fury scarce restrain,
 " When they grow warm and restiff to the rein.
 " Let not my son a fatal gift require,
 " But, O ! in time, recal your rash desire ;
 " You ask a gift that may your parent tell,
 " Let these my fears your parentage reveal ;
 " And learn a father from a father's care ;
 " Look on my face ; or, if my heart lay bare, }
 " Could you but look, you'd read the father there. }

" Choose out a gift from seas, or earth, or skies,
 " For open to your wish all nature lies,
 " Only decline this one unequal task,
 " For 't is a mischief, not a gift, you ask;
 " You ask a real mischief, Phaeton :
 " Nay hang not thus about my neck, my son :
 " I grant your wish, and Styx has heard my voice,
 " Choose what you will, but make a wiser choice."

Thus did the God th' unwary youth advise ;
 But he still longs to travel through the skies.
 When the fond father (for in vain he pleads)
 At length to the Vulcanian chariot leads.
 A golden axle did the work uphold,
 Gold was the beam, the wheels were orb'd with gold.
 The spokes in rows of silver pleas'd the sight,
 The seat with party-colour'd gems was bright ;
 Apollo shin'd amid the glare of light. }
 The youth with secret joy the work surveys ;
 When now the morn disclos'd her purple rays ;
 The stars were fled ; for Lucifer had chac'd
 The stars away, and fled himself at last.
 Soon as the father saw the rosy morn,
 And the moon shining with a blunter horn,
 He bid the nimble hours without delay
 Bring forth the steeds ; the nimble hours obey :
 From their full racks the generous steeds retire,
 Dropping ambrosial foams, and snorting fire.
 Still anxious for his son, the God of day,
 To make him proof against the burning ray,
 His temples with celestial ointment wet,
 Of sovereign virtue to repel the heat,

Then fix'd the beamy circle on his head,
And fetch'd a deep fore-boding sigh, and said,
 " Take this at least, this last advice, my son ;
" Keep a stiff rein, and move but gently on :
" The courfers of themselves will run too fast,
" Your art must be to moderate their haste.
" Drive them not on directly through the skies,
" But where the Zodiac's winding circle lies,
" Along the midmost Zone ; but sally forth
" Nor to the distant south, nor stormy north.
" The horses' hoofs a beaten track will show,
" But neither mount too high, nor sink too low,
" That no new fires or heaven or earth infect ;
" Keep the mid-way, the middle way is best.
" Nor, where in radiant folds the Serpent twines,
" Direct your course, nor where the Altar shines.
" Shun both extremes ; the rest let fortune guide,
" And better for thee than thyself provide !
" See, while I speak, the shades disperse away,
" Aurora gives the promise of a day ;
" I'm call'd, nor can I make a longer stay. }
" Snatch up the reins ; or still th' attempt forsake,
" And not my chariot, but my counsel take,
" While yet securely on the earth you stand ;
" Nor touch the horses with too rash a hand.
" Let me alone to light the world, while you
" Enjoy those beams which you may safely view." }
He spoke in vain ; the youth with active heat
And sprightly vigour vaults into the seat ;
And joys to hold the reins, and fondly gives
Those thanks his father with remorse receives.

Mean while the restless horses neigh'd aloud,
 Breathing out fire, and pawing where they stood.
 Tethys, not knowing what had past, gave way,
 And all the waste of heaven before them lay.
 They spring together out, and swiftly bear
 The flying youth through clouds and yielding air;
 With wingy speed outstrip the eastern wind,
 And leave the breezes of the morn behind.
 The youth was light, nor could he fill the seat,
 Or poise the chariot with its wonted weight:
 But as at sea th' unballast vessel rides,
 Cast to and fro, the sport of winds and tides;
 So in the bounding chariot tofs'd on high,
 The youth is hurry'd headlong through the sky.
 Soon as the steeds perceive it, they forsake
 Their staid course, and leave the beaten track.
 The youth was in a maze, nor did he know
 Which way to turn the reins, or where to go;
 Nor would the horses, had he known, obey.
 Then the *Seven Stars* first felt Apollo's ray,
 And wish'd to dip in the forbidden sea. }
 The folded Serpent next the frozen pole,
 Stiff and benumb'd before, began to roll.
 And rag'd with inward heat, and threaten'd war,
 And shot a redder light from every star;
 Nay, and 'tis said, Boötes too, that fain [wain.
 Thou wouldst have fled, though cumber'd with thy
 Th' unhappy youth then, bending down his head,
 Saw earth and ocean far beneath him spread:
 His colour chang'd, he startled at the sight,
 And his eyes darken'd by too great a light.

Now could he wish the fiery steeds untry'd,
His birth obscure, and his request deny'd:
Now would he Merops for his father own,
And quit his boasted kindred to the Sun.

So fares the pilot, when his ship is tost
In troubled seas, and all its steerage lost;
He gives her to the winds, and in despair
Seeks his last refuge in the Gods and prayer.

What could he do? His eyes, if backward cast,
Find a long path he had already past;
If forward, still a longer path they find:
Both he compares, and measures in his mind;
And sometimes casts an eye upon the east,
And sometimes looks on the forbidden west.
The horses' names he knew not in the fright: [tight.
Nor would he loose the reins, nor could he hold them

Now all the horrors of the heavens he spies,
And monstrous shadows of prodigious size,
That, deck'd with stars, lie scatter'd o'er the skies. }
There is a place above, where Scorpio bent
In tail and arms surrounds a vast extent;
In a wide circuit of the heavens he shines,
And fills the space of two celestial signs.
Soon as the youth beheld him, vex'd with heat,
Brandish his sling, and in his poison sweat,
Half dead with sudden fear he dropt the reins;
The horses felt them loose upon their manes,
And, flying out through all the plains above,
Ran uncontrol'd where-e'er their fury drove;
Rush'd on the stars, and through a pathless way
Of unknown regions hurry'd on the day.

And now above, and now below they flew,
 And near the earth the burning chariot drew.

The clouds disperse in fumes, the wondering moon
 Beholds her brother's steeds beneath her own;
 The highlands smoke, cleft by the piercing rays,
 Or, clad with woods, in their own fuel blaze.
 Next o'er the plains, where ripen'd harvests grow,
 The running conflagration spreads below.
 But these are trivial ills: whole cities burn,
 And peopled kingdoms into ashes turn.

The mountains kindle as the car draws near,
 Athos and Tmolus red with fires appear;
 Oeagrian Hæmus (then a single name)
 And virgin Helicon increase the flame;
 Taurus and Oete glare amid the sky,
 And Ida, spite of all her fountains, dry.
 Eryx, and Othrys, and Cithæron, glow;
 And Rhodope, no longer cloath'd in snow;
 High Pindus, Mimas, and Parnassus, sweat,
 And Ætna rages with redoubled heat.
 Ev'n Scythia, through her hoary regions warm'd,
 In vain with all her native frost was arm'd.
 Cover'd with flames, the towering Appennine,
 And Caucasus, and proud Olympus, shine;
 And, where the long-extended Alps aspire,
 Now stands a huge continued range of fire.

Th' astonish'd youth, where-e'er his eyes could turn,
 Beheld the universe around him burn:
 The world was in a blaze; nor could he bear
 The sultry vapours and the scorching air,

Which from below, as from a furnace, flow'd;
And now the axle-tree beneath him glow'd:
Lost in the whirling clouds, that round him broke,
And white with ashes, hovering in the smoke,
He flew where-e'er the horses drove, nor knew
Whither the horses drove, or where he flew.

'Twas then, they say, the swarthy Moor begun
To change his hue, and blacken in the sun.
Then Libya first, of all her moisture drain'd,
Became a barren waste, a wild of sand.
The water-nymphs lament their empty urns;
Bœotia, robb'd of silver Dirce, mourns;
Corinth Pyrene's wasted spring bewails;
And Argos grieves whilst Amymonè fails.

The floods are drain'd from every distant coast:
Ev'n Tanaïs, though fix'd in ice, was lost;
Enrag'd Caïcus and Lycormas roar,
And Xanthus, fated to be burnt once more.
The fam'd Mæander, that unwearied strays
Through mazy windings, smokes in every maze.
From his lov'd Babylon Euphrates flies;
The big-swoln Ganges and the Danube rise
In thickening fumes, and darken half the skies.
In flames Ismenos and the Phasis roll'd,
And Tagus floating in his melted gold.
The swans, that on Cäyster often try'd
Their tuneful songs, now sung their last, and dy'd.
The frighted Nile ran off, and under ground
Conceal'd his head, nor can it yet be found:
His seven divided currents are all dry,
And where they roll'd, seven gaping trenches lie.

No more the Rhine or Rhone their course maintain,
 Nor Tiber, of his promis'd empire vain.

The ground, deep cleft, admits the dazzling ray,
 And startles Pluto with the flash of day.

The seas shrink in, and to the sight disclose
 Wide naked plains, where once their billows rose;
 Their rocks are all discover'd, and increase
 The number of the scatter'd Cyclades.

The fish in shoals about the bottom creep,
 Nor longer dares the crooked dolphin leap:
 Gasping for breath, th' unshapen Phocæ die,
 And on the boiling wave extended lie.

Nereus, and Doris with her virgin train,
 Seek out the last recesses of the main;
 Beneath unfathomable depths they faint,
 And secrete in their gloomy caverns pant.
 Stern Neptune thrice above the waves upheld
 His face, and thrice was by the flames repell'd.

The *earth* at length, on every side embrac'd
 With scalding seas, that floated round her waste,
 When now she felt the springs and rivers come,
 And crowd within the hollow of her womb,
 Up-lifted to the heavens her blasted head,
 And clapt her hands upon her brows, and said;
 (But first, impatient of the sultry heat,
 Sunk deeper down, and sought a cooler seat:)
 "If you, great King of Gods, my death approve,
 "And I deserve it, let me die by Jove;
 "If I must perish by the force of fire,
 "Let me transfix'd with thunderbolts expire.

" See, whilst I speak, my breath the vapours choke,
 (For now her face lay wrapt in clouds of smoke)
 " See my sing'd hair, behold my faded eye,
 " And wither'd face, where heaps of cinders lie!
 " And does the plough for this my body tear?
 " This the reward for all the fruits I bear,
 " Tortur'd with rakes, and harafs'd all the year?
 " That herbs for cattle daily I renew,
 " And food for man, and frankincense for you?
 " But grant me guilty; what has Neptune done?
 " Why are his waters boiling in the sun?
 " The wavy empire, which by lot was given,
 " Why does it waste, and further shrink from heaven?
 " If I nor he your pity can provoke,
 " See your own heavens, the heavens begin to smoke!
 " Should once the sparkles catch those bright abodes,
 " Destruction seizes on the heavens and gods;
 " Atlas becomes unequal to his freight,
 " And almost faints beneath the glowing weight.
 " If heaven, and earth, and sea, together burn,
 " All must again into their chaos turn.
 " Apply some speedy cure, prevent our fate,
 " And succour nature, ere it be too late."
 She ceas'd; for, chok'd with vapours round her spread,
 Down to the deepest shades she sunk her head.
 Jove call'd to witness every power above,
 And ev'n the God, whose son the chariot drove,
 That what he acts he is compell'd to do,
 Or universal ruin must ensue.
 Straight he ascends the high ethereal throne,
 From whence he us'd to dart his thunder down,

From whence his showers and storms he us'd to pour,
 But now could meet with neither storm nor shower.
 Then, aiming at the youth, with lifted hand,
 Full at his head he hurl'd the forky brand,
 In dreadful thunderings. Thus th' Almighty fire
 Suppress'd the raging of the fires with fire.

At once from life and from the chariot driven,
 Th' ambitious boy fell thunder-struck from heaven.
 The horses started with a sudden bound,
 And flung the reins and chariot to the ground :
 The studded harness from their necks they broke ;
 Here fell a wheel, and here a silver spoke,
 Here were the beam and axle torn away ;
 And, scatter'd o'er the earth, the shining fragments lay.
 The breathless Phaeton, with flaming hair,
 Shot from the chariot, like a falling star,
 That in a summer's evening from the top
 Of heaven drops down, or seems at least to drop ;
 Till on the Po his blasted corpse was hurl'd,
 Far from his country, in the western world.

PHAETON'S SISTERS TRANSFORMED
 INTO TREES.

THE Latian nymphs came round him, and amaz'd
 On the dead youth, transfix'd with thunder, gaz'd ;
 And, whilst yet smoking from the bolt he lay,
 His shatter'd body to a tomb convey,
 And o'er the tomb an epitaph devise :
 " Here he who drove the sun's bright chariot lies ;
 " His father's fiery steeds he could not guide,
 " But in the glorious enterprize he dy'd."

Apollo hid his face, and pin'd for grief,
And, if the story may deserve belief,
The space of one whole day is said to run,
From morn to wonted eve, without a sun :
The burning ruins, with a fainter ray,
Supply the sun, and counterfeit a day,
A day, that still did nature's face disclose :
This comfort from the mighty mischief rose.

But Clymenè, enrag'd with grief, laments,
And, as her grief inspires, her passion vents :
Wild for her son, and frantic in her woes,
With hair dishevel'd, round the world she goes,
To seek where-e'er his body might be cast ;
Till, on the borders of the Po, at last
The name inscrib'd on the new tomb appears,
The dear dear name she bathes in flowing tears ;
Hangs o'er the tomb, unable to depart,
And hugs the marble to her throbbing heart.

Her daughters too lament, and sigh, and mourn,
(A fruitless tribute to their brother's urn ;)
And beat their naked bosoms, and complain,
And call aloud for Phaeton in vain :
All the long night their mournful watch they keep,
And all the day stand round the tomb and weep.

Four times, revolving, the full moon return'd ;
So long the mother and the daughters mourn'd ;
When now the eldest, Phaethusa, strove
To rest her weary limbs, but could not move ;
Lampetia would have help'd her, but she found
Herself withheld, and rooted to the ground :

A third in wild affliction, as she grieves,
 Would rend her hair, but fills her hand with leaves;
 One sees her thighs transform'd, another views
 Her arms shot out, and branching into boughs.
 And now their legs, and breasts, and bodies, stood
 Crufted with bark, and hardening into wood;
 But still above were female heads display'd,
 And mouths, that call'd the mother to their aid.
 What could, alas! the weeping mother do?
 From this to that with eager haste she flew,
 And kiss'd her sprouting daughters as they grew. }
 She tears the bark that to each body cleaves,
 And from the verdant fingers strips the leaves:
 The blood came trickling, where she tore away
 The leaves and bark: the maids were heard to say,
 "Forbear, mistaken parent, oh! forbear;
 "A wounded daughter in each tree you tear;
 "Farewel for ever." Here the bark increas'd,
 Clos'd on their faces, and their words suppress'd.
 The new-made trees in tears of amber run,
 Which, harden'd into value by the sun,
 Distil for ever on the streams below:
 The limpid streams their radiant treasure show,
 Mix'd in the sand; whence the rich drops convey'd
 Shine in the drefs of the bright Latian maid.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF CYCNUS
 INTO A SWAN.

CYCNUS beheld the nymphs transform'd, ally'd
 To their dead brother, on the mortal side,

In friendship and affection nearer bound ;
 He left the cities and the realms he own'd,
 Through pathless fields and lonely shores to range,
 And woods, made thicker by the sisters' change,
 Whilst here, within the dismal gloom, alone,
 The melancholy monarch made his moan,
 His voice was lessen'd, as he try'd to speak,
 And issued through a long-extended neck ;
 His hair transforms to down, his fingers meet
 In skinny films, and shape his oary feet ;
 From both his sides the wings and feathers break ;
 And from his mouth proceeds a blunted beak :
 All Cycnus now into a swan was turn'd,
 Who, still remembering how his kinsman burn'd,
 To solitary pools and lakes retires,
 And loves the waters as oppos'd to fires.

Mean-while Apollo in a gloomy shade
 (The native lustre of his brows decay'd)
 Indulging sorrow, sickens at the sight
 Of his own sun-shine, and abhors the light :
 The hidden griefs, that in his bosom rise,
 Sadden his looks, and overcast his eyes,
 As when some dusky orb obstructs his ray,
 And sullies, in a dim eclipse, the day.

Now secretly with inward griefs he pin'd,
 Now warm resentments to his griefs he join'd,
 And now renounc'd his office to mankind. }

" E'er since the birth of time," said he, " I've borne
 " A long ungrateful toil without return ;
 " Let now some other manage, if he dare,
 " The fiery steeds, and mount the burning car,

" Or, if none else, let Jove his fortune try,
 " And learn to lay his murdering thunder by ;
 " Then will he own, perhaps, but own too late,
 " My son deserv'd not so severe a fate."

The gods stand round him, as he mourns, and pray
 He would resume the conduct of the day,
 Nor let the world be lost in endless night :
 Jove too himself, descending from his height,
 Excuses what had happen'd, and intreats,
 Majestically mixing prayers and threats.
 Prevail'd upon at length, again he took
 The harness'd steeds, that still with horror shook,
 And plies them with the lash, and whips them on,
 And, as he whips, upbraids them with his son.

THE STORY OF CALISTO.

THE day was settled in its course ; and Jove
 Walk'd the wide circuit of the heavens above,
 To search if any cracks or flaws were made ;
 But all was safe : the earth he then survey'd,
 And cast an eye on every different coast,
 And every land ; but on Arcadia most.
 Her fields he cloath'd, and chear'd her blasted face
 With running fountains, and with springing grass.
 No tracts of heaven's destructive fire remain ;
 The fields and woods revive, and nature smiles again.
 But, as the god walk'd to and fro the earth,
 And rais'd the plants, and gave the spring its birth,
 By chance a fair Arcadian nymph he view'd,
 And felt the lovely charmer in his blood.

The nymph nor spun, nor dress'd with artful pride;
Her vest was gather'd up, her hair was ty'd;
Now in her hand a slender spear she bore,
Now a light quiver on her shoulders wore;
To chaste Diana from her youth inclin'd,
The sprightly warriors of the wood she join'd.
Diana too the gentle huntress lov'd,
Nor was there one of all the nymphs that rov'd
O'er Mænalus, amid the maiden throng,
More favour'd once; but favour lasts not long.

The sun now shone in all its strength, and drove
The heated virgin panting to a grove;
The grove around a grateful shadow cast:
She dropt her arrows, and her bow unbrac'd;
She flung herself on the cool grassy bed;
And on the painted quiver rais'd her head.
Jove saw the charming huntress unprepar'd,
Stretch'd on the verdant turf, without a guard.
“Here I am safe,” he cries, “from Juno’s eye;
“Or should my jealous queen the theft descry,
“Yet would I venture on a theft like this,
“And stand her rage for such, for such a bliss!”
Diana’s shape and habit straight he took,
Soften’d his brows, and smooth’d his awful look,
And mildly in a female accent spoke. }
“How fares my girl? How went the morning chase?”
To whom the virgin, starting from the grass,
“All hail, bright deity, whom I prefer
“To Jove himself, though Jove himself were here.”
The god was nearer than she thought, and heard
Well-pleas’d himself before himself preferr’d.

He then salutes her with a warm embrace ;
 And, ere she half had told the morning chace,
 With love inflam'd, and eager on his blifs,
 Smother'd her words, and stop'd her with a kifs ;
 His kisses with unwonted ardour glow'd,
 Nor could Diana's shape conceal the God.
 The virgin did whate'er a virgin cou'd
 (Sure Juno must have pardon'd, had she view'd) ;
 With all her might against his force she strove :
 But how can mortal maids contend with Jove !

Posselt at length of what his heart desir'd,
 Back to his heavens th' insulting god retir'd.
 The lovely huntress, rising from the grafs,
 With down-cast eyes, and with a blushing face,
 By shame confounded, and by fear dismay'd,
 Flew from the covert of the guilty shade,
 And almost, in the tumult of her mind,
 Left her forgotten bow and shafts behind.

But now Diana, with a sprightly train
 Of quiver'd virgins, bounding o'er the plain,
 Call'd to the nymph : The nymph began to fear
 A second fraud, a Jove disguis'd in her ;
 But, when she saw the sister nymphs, suppress'd
 Her rising fears, and mingled with the rest.

How in the look does conscious guilt appear !
 Slowly she mov'd, and loiter'd in the rear ;
 Nor lightly tripp'd, nor by the goddess ran,
 As once she us'd, the foremost of the train.
 Her looks were flush'd, and sullen was her mien,
 That sure the virgin goddess (had she been
 Aught but a virgin) must the guilt have seen.

'Tis said the nymphs saw all, and guess'd aright;
 And now the moon had nine times lost her light,
 When Dian fainting, in the mid-day beams,
 Found a cool covert, and refreshing streams,
 That in soft murmurs through the forest flow'd,
 And a smooth bed of shining gravel show'd.

A covert so obscure, and streams so clear,
 The goddess prais'd: "And now no spies are near,
 "Let's strip, my gentle maids, and wash," she cries,
 Pleas'd with the motion, every maid complies;
 Only the blushing huntress stood confus'd,
 And form'd delays, and her delays excus'd:
 In vain excus'd; her fellows round her press'd,
 And the reluctant nymph by force undress'd.
 The naked huntress all her shame reveal'd,
 In vain her hands the pregnant womb conceal'd;
 "Begone!" the goddess cries with stern disdain,
 "Begone! nor dare the hallow'd stream to stain;" }
 She fled, for-ever banish'd from the train.

This Juno heard, who long had watch'd her time
 To punish the detested rival's crime;
 The time was come: for, to enrage her more,
 A lovely boy the teeming rival bore.

The goddess cast a furious look, and cry'd,
 "It is enough! I'm fully satisfy'd!
 "This boy shall stand a living mark, to prove
 "My husband's baseness, and the strumpet's love:
 "But vengeance shall awake those guilty charms,
 "That drew the thunderer from Juno's arms,
 "No longer shall their wonted force retain,
 "Nor please the god, nor make the mortal vain."

This said, her hand within her hair she wound,
 Swung her to earth, and dragg'd her on the ground;
 The prostrate wretch lifts up her arms in prayer;
 Her arms grow shaggy, and deform'd with hair,
 Her nails are sharpen'd into pointed claws,
 Her hands bear half her weight, and turn to paws;
 Her lips, that once could tempt a god, begin
 To grow distorted in an ugly grin.
 And, lest the supplicating brute might reach
 The ears of Jove, she was depriv'd of speech:
 Her surly voice through a hoarse passage came
 In savage sounds: her mind was still the same.
 The furry monster fix'd her eyes above,
 And heav'd her new unwieldy paws to Jove,
 And begg'd his aid with inward groans; and though
 She could not call him false, she thought him so.

How did she fear to lodge in woods alone,
 And haunt the fields and meadows once her own!
 How often would the deep-mouth'd dogs pursue,
 Whilst from her hounds the frightened huntress flew!
 How did she fear her fellow brutes, and shun
 The shaggy bear, though now herself was one!
 How from the sight of rugged wolves retire,
 Although the grim Lycaon was her fire!

But now her son had fifteen summers told,
 Fierce at the chace, and in the forest bold;
 When, as he beat the woods in quest of prey,
 He chanc'd to rouse his mother where she lay.
 She knew her son, and kept him in her sight,
 And fondly gaz'd: the boy was in a fright,

And aim'd a pointed arrow at her breast;
And would have slain his mother in the beast;
But Jove forbad, and snatch'd them through the air
In whirlwinds up to heaven, and fix'd them there:
Where the new constellations nightly rise,
And add a lustre to the northern skies.

When Juno saw the rival in her height,
Spangled with stars, and circled round with light,
She sought old Ocean in his deep abodes,
And Tethys; both rever'd among the gods.
They ask what brings her there. "Ne'er ask," says she,
"What brings me here; heaven is no place for me.
"You'll see, when night has cover'd all things o'er,
"Jove's starry bastard and triumphant whore
"Usurp the heavens; you'll see them proudly roll
"In their new orbs, and brighten all the pole.
"And who shall now on Juno's altar wait,
"When those she hates grow greater by her hate?
"I on the nymph a brutal form impress'd,
"Jove to a goddess has transform'd the beast:
"This, this was all my weak revenge could do:
"But let the god his chaste amours pursue,
"And, as he acted after Io's rape,
"Restore th' adulterers to her former shape;
"Then may he cast his Juno off, and lead
"The great Lycaon's offspring to his bed.
"But you, ye venerable powers, be kind;
"And, if my wrongs a due resentment find,
"Receive not in your waves their setting beams,
"Nor let the glaring strumpet taint your streams."

The goddess ended, and her wish was given.
 Back she return'd in triumph up to heaven;
 Her gaudy peacocks drew her through the skies,
 Their tails were spotted with a thousand eyes;
 The eyes of Argus on their tails were rang'd,
 At the same time the raven's colour chang'd.

THE STORY OF CORONIS, AND BIRTH
 OF ÆSCULAPIUS.

THE raven once in snowy plumes was drest,
 White as the whitest dove's unfully'd breast,
 Fair as the guardian of the capitol,
 Soft as the swan; a large and lovely fowl;
 His tongue, his prating tongue, had chang'd him quite
 To footy blackness from the purest white.

The story of his change shall here be told;
 In Thessaly there liv'd a nymph of old,
 Coronis nam'd; a peerless maid she shin'd,
 Confest the fairest of the fairer kind.
 Apollo lov'd her, till her guilt he knew;
 While true she was, or whilst he thought her true.
 But his own bird the raven chanc'd to find
 The false-one with a secret rival join'd.
 Coronis begg'd him to suppress the tale,
 But could not with repeated prayers prevail.
 His milk-white pinions to the god he ply'd;
 The busy daw flew with him side by side,
 And by a thousand teasing questions drew
 Th' important secret from him as they flew.
 The daw gave honest counsel, though despis'd,
 And, tedious in her tattle, thus advis'd.

“ Stay, filly bird, th’ ill-natur’d task refuse,
“ Nor be the bearer of unwelcome news.
“ Be warn’d by my example : you discern
“ What now I am, and what I was shall learn.
“ My foolish honesty was all my crime ;
“ Then hear my story. Once upon a time,
“ The two-shap’d Erichonius had his birth
“ (Without a mother) from the teeming earth ;
“ Minerva nurs’d him, and the infant laid
“ Within a chest, of twining osiers made.
“ The daughters of king Cecrops undertook
“ To guard the chest, commanded not to look
“ On what was hid within. I stood to see
“ The charge obey’d, perch’d on a neighbouring tree.
“ The sisters Pandrosos and Hersè keep
“ The strict command ; Aglauros needs would peep,
“ And saw the monstrous infant in a fright,
“ And call’d her sisters to the hideous fight :
“ A boy’s soft shape did to the waist prevail,
“ But the boy ended in a dragon’s tail.
“ I told the stern Minerva all that pass’d,
“ But, for my pains, discarded and disgrac’d,
“ The frowning goddess drove me from her sight,
“ And for her favourite chose the bird of night.
“ Be then no tell-tale ; for I think my wrong
“ Enough to teach a bird to hold her tongue.
“ But you, perhaps, may think I was remov’d,
“ As never by the heavenly maid belov’d ;
“ But I was lov’d ; ask Pallas if I lie ;
“ Though Pallas hate me now, she won’t deny ;

" For I, whom in a feather'd shape you view,
 " Was once a maid (by heaven the story's true),
 " A blooming maid, and a king's daughter too. }
 " A croud of lovers own'd my beauty's charms;
 " My beauty was the cause of all my harms;
 " Neptune, as on his shores I went to rove,
 " Observ'd me in my walks, and fell in love.
 " He made his courtship, he confess'd his pain,
 " And offer'd force when all his arts were vain;
 " Swift he pursued: I ran along the strand,
 " Till, spent and weary'd on the sinking sand,
 " I shriek'd aloud, with cries I fill'd the air }
 " To gods and men; nor god nor man was there:
 " A virgin goddess heard a virgin's prayer.
 " For, as my arms I lifted to the skies,
 " I saw black feathers from my fingers rise;
 " I strove to fling my garment on the ground;
 " My garment turn'd to plumes, and girt me round.
 " My hands to beat my naked bosom try;
 " Nor naked bosom now nor hands had I.
 " Lightly I tript, nor weary as before
 " Sunk in the sand, but skimm'd along the shore;
 " Till, rising on my wings, I was prefer'd
 " To be the chaste Minerva's virgin bird:
 " Prefer'd in vain! I now am in disgrace:
 " Nyctimene the owl enjoys my place.
 " On her incestuous life I need not dwell
 " (In Lesbos still the horrid tale they tell);
 " And of her dire amours you must have heard,
 " For which she now does penance in a bird,

“ That, conscious of her shame, avoids the light,
“ And loves the gloomy covering of the night;
“ The birds, where'er she flutters, scare away
“ The hooting wretch, and drive her from the day.”

The raven, urg'd by such impertinence,
Grew passionate, it seems, and took offence,
And curst the harmless daw; the daw withdrew:
The raven to her injur'd patron flew,
And found him out, and told the fatal truth
Of false Coronis and the favour'd youth.

The god was wroth; the colour left his look,
The wreath his head, the harp his hand forfook; }
His silver bow and feather'd shafts he took,
And lodg'd an arrow in the tender breast,
That had so often to his own been prest.
Down fell the wounded nymph, and sadly groan'd,
And pull'd his arrow reeking from the wound;
And, weltering in her blood, thus faintly cry'd,
“ Ah cruel god! though I have justly dy'd,
“ What has, alas! my unborn infant done,
“ That he should fall, and two expire in one?”
This said, in agonies she fetch'd her breath.

The god dissolves in pity at her death;
He hates the bird that made her falsehood known,
And hates himself for what himself had done;
The feather'd shaft, that sent her to the fates,
And his own hand, that sent the shaft, he hates.
Fain would he heal the wound, and ease her pain,
And tries the compass of his art in vain.
Soon as he saw the lovely nymph expire,
The pile made ready, and the kindling fire,

With sighs and groans her obsequies he kept,
 And, if a god could weep, the god had wept.
 Her corpse he kiss'd, and heavenly incense brought,
 And solemniz'd the death himself had wrought.

But, lest his offspring should her fate partake,
 Spite of th' immortal mixture in his make,
 He ript her womb, and set the child at large,
 And gave him to the centaur Chiron's charge :
 Then in his fury black'd the raven o'er,
 And bid him prate in his white plumes no more.

OCYRRHÖE TRANSFORMED TO A MARE.

OLD Chiron took the babe with secret joy,
 Proud of the charge of the celestial boy.
 His daughter too, whom on the sandy shore,
 The nymph Chariclo to the centaur bore,
 With hair dishevel'd on her shoulders, came
 To see the child, Ocyrrhöe was her name ;
 She knew her father's art, and could rehearse
 The depths of prophecy in sounding verse.
 Once, as the sacred infant she survey'd,
 The god was kindled in the raving maid,
 And thus she utter'd her prophetic tale ;
 " Hail, great physician of the world, all hail ;
 " Hail, mighty infant, who in years to come
 " Shall heal the nations, and defraud the tomb ;
 " Swift be thy growth ! thy triumphs unconfin'd !
 " Make kingdoms thicker, and increase mankind.
 " Thy daring art shall animate the dead,
 " And draw the thunder on thy guilty head :

“ Then shalt thou die ; but from the dark abode
“ Rise up victorious, and be twice a god.
“ And thou, my fire, not destin'd by thy birth
“ To turn to dust, and mix with common earth,
“ How wilt thou toss, and rave, and long to die,
“ And quit thy claim to immortality ;
“ When thou shalt feel, enrag'd with inward pains,
“ The Hydra's venom rankling in thy veins ?
“ The gods in pity shall contract thy date ;
“ And give thee over to the power of fate.”

Thus, entering into destiny, the maid
The secrets of offended Jove betray'd :
More had she still to say ; but now appears
Oppress'd with sobs and sighs, and drown'd in tears.
“ My voice,” says she, “ is gone, my language fails ;
“ Through every limb my kindred shape prevails ;
“ Why did the god this fatal gift impart,
“ And with prophetic raptures swell my heart ?
“ What new desires are these ? I long to pace
“ O'er flowery meadows, and to feed on grass ;
“ I hasten to a brute, a maid no more ;
“ But why, alas ! am I transform'd all o'er ?
“ My fire does half a human shape retain,
“ And in his upper parts preserves the man.”

Her tongue no more distinct complaints affords,
But in shrill accents and mis-shapen words
Pours forth such hideous wailings, as declare
The human form confounded in the mare :
Till by degrees, accomplish'd in the beast,
She neigh'd outright, and all the steed express.

Her stooping body on her hands is borne,
 Her hands are turn'd to hoofs, and shod in horn;
 Her yellow tresses ruffle in a mane,
 And in her flowing tail she frisks her train.
 The mare was finish'd in her voice and look,
 And a new name from the new figure took.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF BATTUS TO
 A TOUCHSTONE.

SORE wept the centaur, and to Phœbus pray'd;
 But how could Phœbus give the centaur aid?
 Degraded of his power by angry Jove,
 In Elis then a herd of beeves he drove;
 And wielded in his hand a staff of oak,
 And o'er his shoulders threw the shepherd's cloak;
 On seven compacted reeds he us'd to play,
 And on his rural pipe to waste the day.

As once, attentive to his pipe, he play'd,
 The crafty Hermes from the god convey'd
 A drove that separate from their fellows stray'd. }
 The theft an old insidious peasant view'd
 (They call'd him Battus in the neighbourhood);
 Hir'd by a wealthy Pylian prince to feed
 His favourite mares, and watch the generous breed.
 The thievish god suspected him, and took
 The hind aside, and thus in whispers spoke:
 "Discover not the theft, whoe'er thou be,
 "And take that milk-white heifer for thy fee.
 "Go, stranger," cries the clown, "securely on,
 "That stone shall sooner tell;" and show'd a stone.

The god withdrew, but straight return'd again,
 In speech and habit like a country swain;
 And cried out, " Neighbour, hast thou seen a stray
 " Of bullocks and of heifers pass this way?
 " In the recovery of my cattle join,
 " A bullock and a heifer shall be thine."
 The peasant quick replies, " You'll find them there
 " In yon dark vale:" and in the vale they were.
 The double bribe had his false heart beguil'd:
 The god, successful in the trial, smil'd;
 " And dost thou thus betray myself to me?
 " Me to myself dost thou betray?" says he:
 Then to a *Touch-stone* turns the faithless spy,
 And in his name records his infamy.

THE STORY OF AGLAUROS, TRANS-
 FORMED INTO A STATUE.

THIS done, the god flew up on high, and pass'd
 O'er lofty Athens, by Minerva grac'd,
 And wide Munichia, whilst his eyes survey
 All the vast region that beneath him lay.

'Twas now the feast, when each Athenian maid
 Her yearly homage to Minerva paid;
 In canisters, with garlands cover'd o'er,
 High on their heads their mystic gifts they bore;
 And now, returning in a solemn train,
 The troop of shining virgins fill'd the plain.

The god well-pleas'd beheld the pompous show,
 And saw the bright procession pass below;
 Then veer'd about, and took a wheeling flight,
 And hover'd o'er them; as the spreading kite,

That smells the slaughter'd victim from on high,
 Flies at a distance, if the priests are nigh,
 And sails around, and keeps it in her eye :
 So kept the god the virgin choir in view,
 And in slow winding circles round them flew.

}

As Lucifer excels the meanest star,
 Or, as the full-orb'd Phœbe Lucifer;
 So much did Hersè all the rest outvy,
 And gave a grace to the solemnity.
 Hermes was fir'd, as in the clouds he hung :
 So the cold bullet, that with fury flung
 From Balearic engines mounts on high,
 Glows in the whirl, and burns along the sky.
 At length he pitch'd upon the ground, and show'd
 The form divine, the features of a god.
 He knew their virtue o'er a female heart,
 And yet he strives to better them by art.
 He hangs his mantle loose, and sets to show
 The golden edging on the seam below;
 Adjusts his flowing curls, and in his hand
 Waves with an air the sleep-procuring wand :
 The glittering sandals to his feet applies,
 And to each heel the well-trim'd pinion ties.

His ornaments with nicest art display'd,
 He seeks th' apartment of the royal maid.
 The roof was all with polish'd ivory lin'd,
 That, richly mix'd, in clouds of tortoise shin'd.
 Three rooms contiguous in a range were plac'd;
 The midmost by the beauteous Hersè grac'd;
 Her virgin sisters lodg'd on either side.
 Aglauros first th' approaching god descry'd,

And, as he cross'd her chamber, ask'd his name,
 And what his business was, and whence he came.
 "I come," reply'd the god, "from heaven to woo
 "Your sister, and to make an aunt of you;
 "I am the son and messenger of Jove,
 "My name is Mercury, my business love;
 "Do you, kind damsel, take a lover's part,
 "And gain admittance to your sister's heart."

She star'd him in the face with looks amaz'd,
 As when she on Minerva's secret gaz'd,
 And asks a mighty treasure for her hire,
 And, till he brings it, makes the god retire.
 Minerva griev'd to see the nymph succeed;
 And now remembring the late impious deed,
 When, disobedient to her strict command,
 She touch'd the chest with an unhallow'd hand;
 In big-swoln sighs her inward rage express'd,
 That heav'd the rising Ægis on her breast;
 Then fought out Envy in her dark abode,
 Defil'd with ropy gore and clots of blood:
 Shut from the winds, and from the wholesome skies,
 In a deep vale the gloomy dungeon lies,
 Dismal and cold, where not a beam of light
 Invades the winter, or disturbs the night.

Directly to the cave her course she steer'd;
 Against the gates her martial lance she rear'd;
 The gates flew open, and the fiend appear'd.
 A poisonous morsel in her teeth she chew'd,
 And gorg'd the flesh of vipers for her food.
 Minerva, loathing, turn'd away her eye;
 The hideous monster, rising heavily,

Came stalking forward with a fullen pace,
 And left her mangled offals on the place.
 Soon as she saw the goddess gay and bright,
 She fetch'd a groan at such a chearful sight.
 Livid and meagre were her looks, her eye
 In foul distorted glances turn'd awry;
 A hoard of gall her inward parts possess'd,
 And spread a greenness o'er her canker'd breast;
 Her teeth were brown with rust; and from her tongue,
 In dangling drops, the stringy poison hung.
 She never smiles but when the wretched weep,
 Nor lulls her malice with a moment's sleep.
 Restless in spite: while, watchful to destroy,
 She pines and sickens at another's joy;
 Foe to herself, distressing and distressed,
 She bears her own tormentor in her breast.
 The goddess gave (for she abhor'd her sight)
 A short command: "To Athens speed thy flight;
 "On curst Aglauros try thy utmost art,
 "And fix thy rankest venoms in her heart."
 This said, her spear she push'd against the ground,
 And, mounting from it with an active bound,
 Flew off to heaven: The hag with eyes askew
 Look'd up, and mutter'd curses as she flew;
 For fore she fretted, and began to grieve
 At the success which she herself must give.
 Then takes her staff, hung round with wreaths of thorn,
 And sails along, in a black whirlwind borne,
 O'er fields and flowery meadows: where she steers
 Her baneful course a mighty blast appears,

Mildews and blights; the meadows are defac'd,
The fields, the flowers, and the whole year, laid waste;
On mortals next, and peopled towns she falls,
And breathes a burning plague among their walls.

When Athens she beheld, for arts renown'd,
With peace made happy, and with plenty crown'd,
Scarce could the hideous fiend from tears forbear,
To find out nothing that deserv'd a tear.

Th' apartment now she enter'd, where at rest
Aglauros lay, with gentle sleep oppress'd.
To execute Minerva's dire command,
She strok'd the virgin with her canker'd hand,
Then prickly thorns into her breast convey'd,
That stung to madness the devoted maid:
Her subtle venom still improves the smart,
Frets in the blood, and festers in the heart.

To make the work more sure, a scene she drew,
And plac'd before the dreaming virgin's view
Her sister's marriage, and her glorious fate;
Th' imaginary bride appears in state;
The bridegroom with unwonted beauty glows;
For Envy magnifies whate'er she shows.

Full of the dream, Aglauros pin'd away
In tears all night, in darkness all the day;
Consum'd like ice, that just begins to run,
When feebly smitten by the distant sun;
Or like unwholesome weeds, that set on fire
Are slowly wasted, and in smoke expire.
Given up to envy (for in every thought
The thorns, the venom, and the vision wrought)

Oft did she call on death, as oft decreed,
 Rather than see her sister's wish succeed,
 To tell her awful father what had past:
 At length before the door herself she cast;
 And, sitting on the ground with sullen pride,
 A passage to the love-sick god deny'd.
 The god carefs'd, and for admission pray'd,
 And sooth'd in softest words th' envenom'd maid.
 In vain he sooth'd; "Begone!" the maid replies,
 "Or here I keep my seat, and never rise."
 "Then keep thy seat for ever," cries the god,
 And touch'd the door, wide opening to his rod.
 Fain would she rise, and stop him, but she found
 Her trunk too heavy to forsake the ground;
 Her joints are all benumb'd, her hands are pale,
 And marble now appears in every nail.
 As when a cancer in the body feeds,
 And gradual death from limb to limb proceeds;
 So does the chilness to each vital part
 Spread by degrees, and creeps into her heart;
 Till, hardening every where, and speechless grown,
 She sits unmov'd, and freezes to a stone.
 But still her envious hue and sullen mien
 Are in the sedentary figure seen.

EUROPA's RAPE.

WHEN now the god his fury had allay'd,
 And taken vengeance of the stubborn maid,
 From where the bright Athenian turrets rise
 He mounts aloft, and re-ascends the skies.

Jove saw him enter the sublime abodes,
And, as he mix'd among the croud of Gods,
Beckon'd him out, and drew him from the rest,
And in soft whispers thus his will exprest:

“ My trusty Hermes, by whose ready aid
“ Thy Sire's commands are through the world convey'd,
“ Resume thy wings, exert their utmost force,
“ And to the walls of Sidon speed thy course;
“ There find a herd of heifers wandering o'er
“ The neighbouring hill, and drive them to the shore.”

Thus spoke the God, concealing his intent.
The trusty Hermes on his message went,
And found the herd of heifers wandering o'er
A neighbouring hill, and drove them to the shore;
Where the King's daughter with a lovely train
Of fellow-nymphs, was sporting on the plain.

The dignity of empire laid aside
(For love but ill agrees with kingly pride);
The ruler of the skies, the thundering God,
Who shakes the world's foundations with a nod,
Among a herd of lowing heifers ran,
Frisk'd in a bull, and bellow'd o'er the plain.
Large rolls of fat about his shoulders clung,
And from his neck the double dewlap hung.
His skin was whiter than the snow that lies
Unfully'd by the breath of southern skies;
Small shining horns on his curl'd forehead stand,
As turn'd and polish'd by the workman's hand;
His eye-balls roll'd, not formidably bright,
But gaz'd and languish'd with a gentle light.

His every look was peaceful, and exprest
 The softness of the lover in the beast.

Agenor's royal daughter, as she play'd
 Among the fields, the milk-white bull survey'd,
 And view'd his spotless body with delight,
 And at a distance kept him in her sight.
 At length she pluck'd the rising flowers, and fed
 The gentle beast, and fondly strok'd his head.
 He stood well-pleas'd to touch the charming fair,
 But hardly could confine his pleasure there.
 And now he wantons o'er the neighbouring strand,
 Now rolls his body on the yellow sand;
 And now, perceiving all her fears decay'd,
 Comes tossing forward to the royal maid;
 Gives her his breast to stroke, and downward turns
 His grisly brow, and gently stoops his horns.
 In flowery wreaths the royal virgin drest
 His bending horns, and kindly clapt his breast.
 Till now grown wanton, and devoid of fear,
 Not knowing that she prest the thunderer,
 She plac'd herself upon his back, and rode
 O'er fields and meadows, seated on the God.

He gently march'd along, and by degrees
 Left the dry meadow, and approach'd the seas;
 Where now he dips his hoofs, and wets his thighs,
 Now plunges in, and carries off the prize.
 The frighted nymph looks backward on the shore,
 And hears the tumbling billows round her roar;
 But still she holds him fast : one hand is borne
 Upon his back ; the other grasps a horn :

Her train of ruffling garments flies behind,
Swells in the air, and hovers in the wind.

Through storms and tempests he the virgin bore,
And lands her safe on the Dictæan shore;
Where now, in his divinest form array'd,
In his true shape he captivates the maid:
Who gazes on him, and with wondering eyes
Beholds the new majestic figure rise,
His glowing features, and celestial light,
And all the God discover'd to her sight.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

B O O K III.

THE STORY OF CADMUS.

WHEN now Agenor had his daughter lost,
 He sent his son to search on every coast;
 And sternly bid him to his arms restore
 The darling maid, or see his face no more.
 But live an exile in a foreign clime;
 Thus was the father pious to a crime.

The restless youth search'd all the world around;
 But how can Jove in his amours be found?
 When, tir'd at length with unsuccessful toil,
 To shun his angry fire and native soil,
 He goes a suppliant to the Delphic dome;
 There asks the God what new-appointed home
 Should end his wanderings, and his toils relieve.
 The Delphic oracles this answer give:

“Behold among the fields a lonely cow,
 “Unworn with yokes, unbroken to the plough;
 “Mark well the place where first she lays her down,
 “There measure out thy walls, and build thy town,
 “And from thy guide Bœotia call the land,
 “In which the destin'd walls and town shall stand.”

No sooner had he left the dark abode,
 Big with the promise of the Delphic God,
 When in the fields the fatal cow he view'd,
 Nor gall'd with yokes, nor worn with servitude;
 Her gently at a distance he pursued;

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And, as he walk'd aloof, in silence pray'd
To the great power whose counsels he obey'd.
Her way through flowery Panopè she took,
And now, Cephifus, cross'd thy silver brook ;
When to the heavens her spacious front she rais'd,
And bellow'd thrice, then backward turning gaz'd
On those behind, till on the destin'd place
She stoop'd, and couch'd amid the rising grass.

Cadmus salutes the soil, and gladly hails
The new-found mountains, and the nameless vales,
And thanks the Gods, and turns about his eye
To see his new dominions round him lie ;
Then sends his servants to a neighbouring grove
For living streams, a sacrifice to Jove.
O'er the wide plain there rose a shady wood
Of aged trees ; in its dark bosom stood
A bushy thicket, pathless and unworn,
O'er-run with brambles, and perplex'd with thorn.
Amidst the brake a hollow den was found,
With rocks and shelving arches vaulted round.

Deep in the dreary den, conceal'd from day,
Sacred to Mars, a mighty dragon lay,
Bloated with poison to a monstrous size ;
Fire broke in flashes when he glanc'd his eyes :
His towering crest was glorious to behold,
His shoulders and his sides were scal'd with gold ;
Three tongues he brandish'd when he charg'd his foes :
His teeth stood jaggy in three dreadful rows.
The Tyrians in the den for water fought,
And with their urns explor'd the hollow vault ;

From side to side their empty urns rebound,
 And rouse the sleepy serpent with the sound.
 Straight he bestirs him, and is seen to rise;
 And now with dreadful hissings fills the skies,
 And darts his forked tongue, and rolls his glaring eyes. }
 The Tyrians drop their vessels in the fright,
 All pale and trembling at the hideous sight.
 Spire above spire uprear'd in air he stood,
 And, gazing round him, overlook'd the wood:
 Then floating on the ground, in circles roll'd;
 Then leap'd upon them in a mighty fold.
 Of such a bulk, and such a monstrous size, }
 The serpent in the polar circle lies,
 That stretches over half the northern skies.
 In vain the Tyrians on their arms rely,
 In vain attempt to fight, in vain to fly:
 All their endeavours and their hopes are vain;
 Some die entangled in the winding train;
 Some are devour'd; or feel a loathsome death,
 Swoln up with blasts of pestilential breath.

And now the scorching sun was mounted high,
 In all its lustre, to the noon-day sky;
 When, anxious for his friends, and fill'd with cares,
 To search the woods th' impatient chief prepares.
 A lion's hide around his loins he wore,
 The well-pois'd javelin to the field he bore
 Inur'd to blood; the far-destroying dart,
 And, the best weapon, an undaunted heart.
 Soon as the youth approach'd the fatal place,
 He saw his servants breathless on the grass;

The scaly foe amid their corpse he view'd,
Basking at ease, and feasting in their blood.
"Such friends," he cries, "deserv'd a longer date;
"But Cadmus will revenge, or share their fate."
Then heav'd a stone, and, rising to the throw,
He sent it in a whirlwind at the foe:
A tower, assaulted by so rude a stroke,
With all its lofty battlements had shook;
But nothing here th' unwieldy rock avails,
Rebounding harmless from the plaited scales,
That, firmly join'd, preserv'd him from a wound,
With native armour crufted all around.
With more success the dart unerring flew,
Which at his back the raging warrior threw;
Amid the plaited scales it took its course,
And in the spinal marrow spent its force.
The monster hiss'd aloud, and rag'd in vain,
And writh'd his body to and fro with pain;
And bit the spear, and wrench'd the wood away:
The point still buried in the marrow lay.
And now his rage, increasing with his pain,
Reddens his eyes, and beats in every vein;
Churn'd in his teeth the foamy venom rose,
Whilst from his mouth a blast of vapours flows,
Such as th' infernal Stygian waters cast:
The plants around him wither in the blast.
Now in a maze of rings he lies enroll'd,
Now all unravel'd, and without a fold;
Now, like a torrent, with a mighty force
Bears down the forest in his boisterous course.

Cadmus gave back, and on the lion's spoil
 Suffain'd the shock, then forc'd him to recoil;
 The pointed javelin warded off his rage:
 Mad with his pains, and furious to engage,
 The serpent champs the steel, and bites the spear,
 Till blood and venom all the point besmear.
 But still the hurt he yet receiv'd was slight;
 For, whilst the champion with redoubled might
 Strikes home the javelin, his retiring foe
 Shrinks from the wound, and disappoints the blow.

The dauntless hero still pursues his stroke,
 And presses forward, till a knotty oak
 Retards his foe, and stops him in the rear;
 Full in his throat he plung'd the fatal spear,
 That in th' extended neck a passage found,
 And pierc'd the solid timber through the wound.
 Fix'd to the reeling trunk, with many a stroke
 Of his huge tail, he lash'd the sturdy oak;
 Till, spent with toil, and labouring hard for breath,
 He now lay twisting in the pangs of death.

Cadmus beheld him wallow in a flood
 Of swimming poison, intermix'd with blood;
 When suddenly a speech was heard from high,
 (The speech was heard, nor was the speaker nigh)
 "Why dost thou thus with secret pleasure see,
 "Insulting man! what thou thyself shalt be?"
 Astonish'd at the voice, he stood amaz'd,
 And all around with inward horror gaz'd:
 When Pallas swift descending from the skies,
 Pallas, the guardian of the bold and wise,

Bids him plow up the field, and scatter round
The dragon's teeth o'er all the furrow'd ground;
Then tells the youth how to his wondering eyes
Embattled armies from the field should rise.

He sows the teeth at Pallas's command,
And flings the future people from his hand.
The clods grow warm, and crumble where he sows;
And now the pointed spears advance in rows;
Now nodding plumes appear, and shining crests,
Now the broad shoulders and the rising breasts:
O'er all the field the breathing harvest swarms,
A growing host, a crop of men and arms.

So through the parting stage a figure rears
Its body up, and limb by limb appears
By just degrees; till all the man arise,
And in his full proportion strikes the eyes.

Cadmus, surpriz'd, and startled at the sight
Of his new foes, prepar'd himself for fight:
When one cry'd out, "Forbear, fond man, forbear
"To mingle in a blind promiscuous war."
'This said, he struck his brother to the ground,
Himself expiring by another's wound;
Nor did the third his conquest long survive,
Dying ere scarce he had begun to live.

The dire example ran through all the field,
Till heaps of brothers were by brothers kill'd;
The furrows swam in blood: and only five
Of all the vast increase were left alive.
Echion one, at Pallas's command,
Let fall the guiltless weapon from his hand;

And with the rest a peaceful treaty makes,
 Whom Cadmus as his friends and partners takes;
 So founds a city on the promis'd earth,
 And gives his new Bœotian empire birth.

Here Cadmus reign'd; and now one would have
 The royal founder in his exile blest: [guess'd
 Long did he live within his new abodes,
 Ally'd by marriage to the deathless gods;
 And, in a fruitful wife's embraces old,
 A long increase of children's children told:
 But no frail man, however great or high,
 Can be concluded blest before he die.

Actæon was the first of all his race,
 Who griev'd his grandfire in his borrow'd face;
 Condemn'd by stern Diana to bemoan
 The branching horns, and visage not his own;
 To shun his once-lov'd dogs, to bound away,
 And from their huntsman to become their prey.
 And yet consider why the change was wrought,
 You'll find it his misfortune, not his fault;
 Or if a fault, it was the fault of chance:
 For how can guilt proceed from ignorance?

THE TRANSFORMATION OF ACTÆON INTO A STAG.

IN a fair chace a shady mountain flood,
 Well stor'd with game, and mark'd with trails of blood.
 Here did the huntsmen till the heat of day
 Pursue the stag, and load themselves with prey;

When thus Actæon calling to the rest :

“ My friends,” says he, “ our sport is at the best,

“ The sun is high advanc’d, and downward sheds

“ His burning beams directly on our heads ;

“ Then by consent abstain from further spoils,

“ Call off the dogs, and gather up the toils ;

“ And ere to-morrow’s sun begins his race,

“ Take the cool morning to renew the chace.”

They all consent, and in a chearful train

The jolly huntsmen, loaden with the slain,

Return in triumph from the sultry plain.

Down in a vale with pine and cypress clad,
Refresh’d with gentle winds, and brown with shade,

The chaste Diana’s private haunt, there stood

Full in the center of the darksome wood

A spacious grotto, all around o’er-grown

With hoary moss, and arch’d with pumice-stone :

From out its rocky clefts the waters flow,

And trickling swell into a lake below.

Nature had every where so play’d her part,

That every where she seem’d to vie with art.

Here the bright goddess, toil’d and chaf’d with heat,

Was wont to bathe her in the cool retreat.

Here did she now with all her train resort,

Panting with heat, and breathless from the sport ;

Her armour-bearer laid her bow aside,

Some loos’d her sandals, some her veil unty’d ;

Each busy nymph her proper part undrest ;

While Crockalè, more handy than the rest,

Gather’d her flowing hair, and in a noose

Bound it together, whilst her own hung loose.

Five of the more ignoble sort by turns
Fetch up the water, and unlade their urns.

Now all undrest the shining goddesses stood,
When young Actæon, wilder'd in the wood,
To the cool grot by his hard fate betray'd,
The fountains fill'd with naked nymphs survey'd.
The frightened virgins shriek'd at the surprize
(The forest echo'd with their piercing cries).
Then in a huddle round their goddesses prest :
She, proudly eminent above the rest,
With blushes glow'd ; such blushes as adorn
The ruddy welkin, or the purple morn :
And though the crowding nymphs her body hide,
Half backward shrunk, and view'd him from aside.
Surpriz'd, at first she would have snatch'd her bow,
But sees the circling waters round her flow ;
These in the hollow of her hand she took,
And dash'd them in his face, while thus she spoke :
" Tell, if thou canst, the wondrous sight disclos'd ;
" A goddesses naked to thy view expos'd."

This said, the man begun to disappear
By slow degrees, and ended in a deer.
A rising horn on either brow he wears,
And stretches out his neck, and pricks his ears ;
Rough is his skin, with sudden hairs o'er-grown,
His bosom pants with fears before unknown.
Transform'd at length, he flies away in haste,
And wonders why he flies away so fast.
But as by chance, within a neighbouring brook,
He saw his branching horns and alter'd look,

Wretched Actæon! in a doleful tone
 He try'd to speak, but only gave a groan;
 And as he wept, within the watery glass
 He saw the big round drops, with silent pace,
 Run trickling down a savage hairy face.
 What should he do? Or seek his old abodes,
 Or herd among the deer, and sculk in woods?
 Here shame dissuades him, there his fear prevails,
 And each by turns his aking heart assails.

As he thus ponders, he behind him spies
 His opening hounds, and now he hears their cries:
 A generous pack, or to maintain the chace,
 Or snuff the vapour from the scented grass.

He bounded off with fear, and swiftly ran
 O'er craggy mountains, and the flowery plain;
 Through brakes and thickets forc'd his way, and flew
 Through many a ring, where once he did pursue.
 In vain he oft endeavour'd to proclaim
 His new misfortune, and to tell his name;
 Nor voice nor words the brutal tongue supplies;
 From shouting men, and horns, and dogs, he flies,
 Deafen'd and stunn'd with their promiscuous cries.
 When now the fleetest of the pack, that prest
 Close at his heels, and sprung before the rest,
 Had fasten'd on him, straight another pair
 Hung on his wounded haunch, and held him there,
 Till all the pack came up, and every hound
 Tore the sad huntsman groveling on the ground,
 Who now appear'd but one continued wound.
 With dropping tears his bitter fate he moans,
 And fills the mountain with his dying groans.

His servants with a piteous look he spies,
 And turns about his supplicating eyes.
 His servants, ignorant of what had chanc'd,
 With eager haste and joyful shouts advanc'd,
 And call'd their Lord Actæon to the game;
 He shook his head in answer to the name;
 He heard, but wish'd he had indeed been gone,
 Or only to have stood a looker-on.
 But, to his grief, he finds himself too near,
 And feels his ravenous dogs with fury tear
 Their wretched master panting in a deer.

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THE BIRTH OF BACCHUS.

ACTÆON's sufferings, and Diana's rage,
 Did all the thoughts of men and gods engage;
 Some call'd the evils, which Diana wrought,
 Too great, and disproportion'd to the fault;
 Others again esteem'd Actæon's woes
 Fit for a virgin-goddes to impose.
 The hearers into different parts divide,
 And reasons are produc'd on either side.

Juno alone, of all that heard the news,
 Nor would condemn the goddess, nor excuse:
 She heeded not the justice of the deed,
 But joy'd to see the race of Cadmus bleed;
 For still she kept Europa in her mind,
 And, for her sake, detested all her kind.
 Besides, to aggravate her hate, she heard
 How Semele, to Jove's embrace preferr'd,
 Was now grown big with an immortal load,
 And carry'd in her womb a future God.

Thus terribly incens'd, the goddess broke
To sudden fury, and abruptly spoke :

“ Are my reproaches of so small a force ?
“ 'Tis time I then pursue another course :
“ It is decreed the guilty wretch shall die,
“ If I'm indeed the mistress of the sky ;
“ If rightly styl'd among the powers above
“ The wife and sister of the thundering Jove
“ (And none can sure a sister's right deny) ;
“ It is decreed the guilty wretch shall die.
“ She boasts an honour I can hardly claim ;
“ Pregnant she rises to a mother's name ;
“ While proud and vain she triumphs in her Jove,
“ And shows the glorious tokens of his love :
“ But if I'm still the mistress of the skies,
“ By her own lover the fond beauty dies.”
This said, descending in a yellow cloud,
Before the gates of Semele she stood.

Old Beroë's decrepit shape she wears,
Her wrinkled visage, and her hoary hairs ;
Whilst in her trembling gait she totters on,
And learns to tattle in the nurse's tone.
The goddess, thus disguis'd in age, beguil'd
With pleasing stories her false foster-child.
Much did she talk of love, and when she came
To mention to the nymph her lover's name,
Fetching a sigh, and holding down her head,
“ 'Tis well,” says she, “ if all be true that's said.
“ But trust me, child, I'm much inclin'd to fear
“ Some counterfeit in this your Jupiter.

" Many an honest well-designing maid
 " Has been by these pretended gods betray'd.
 " But if he be indeed the thundering Jove,
 " Bid him, when next he courts the rites of love,
 " Descend triumphant from th' ethereal sky,
 " In all the pomp of his divinity;
 " Encompass'd round by those celestial charms,
 " With which he fills th' immortal Juno's arms."

Th' unwary nymph, ensnar'd with what she said,
 Desir'd of Jove, when next he fought her bed,
 To grant a certain gift which she would choose;
 " Fear not," replied the God, " that I'll refuse
 " Whate'er you ask: may Styx confirm my voice,
 " Choose what you will, and you shall have your choice.
 " Then," says the nymph, " when next you seek my
 " May you descend in those celestial charms [arms
 " With which your Juno's bosom you inflame,
 " And fill with transport heaven's immortal dame."
 The God surpriz'd would fain have stopp'd her voice:
 But he had sworn, and she had made her choice.

To keep his promise, he ascends, and shrouds
 His awful brow in whirlwinds and in clouds;
 Whilst all around, in terrible array,
 His thunders rattle, and his lightnings play.
 And yet, the dazzling lustre to abate,
 He set not out in all his pomp and state,
 Clad in the mildest lightning of the skies,
 And arm'd with thunder of the smallest size:
 Not those huge bolts, by which the giants slain
 Lay overthrown on the Phlegrean plain.

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 And arm'd with thunder of the smallest size :
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'Twas of a lesser mold, and lighter weight;
They call it thunder of a second rate,
For the rough Cyclops, who by Jove's command
Temper'd the bolt, and turn'd it to his hand,
Work'd up less flame and fury in its make,
And quench'd it sooner in the standing lake.
Thus dreadfully adorn'd, with horror bright,
Th' illustrious God, descending from his height,
Came rushing on her in a storm of light.

The mortal dame, too feeble to engage
The lightning's flashes and the thunder's rage,
Consum'd amidst the glories she desir'd,
And in the terrible embrace expir'd.

But, to preserve his offspring from the tomb,
Jove took him smoking from the blasted womb;
And, if on ancient tales we may rely,
Inclos'd th' abortive infant in his thigh.
Here, when the babe had all his time fulfill'd,
Ino first took him for her foster-child;
Then the Niseans, in their dark abode,
Nurs'd secretly with milk the thriving God.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF TIRESIAS.

'T WAS now, while these transactions past on earth,
And Bacchus thus procur'd a second birth,
When Jove, dispos'd to lay aside the weight
Of public empire, and the cares of state;
As to his Queen in nectar bowls he quaff'd,
"In troth," says he, (and as he spoke he laugh'd,)

"The sense of pleasure in the male is far
 "More dull and dead, than what you females share."
 Juno the truth of what was said deny'd;
 Tiresias therefore must the cause decide;
 For he the pleasure of each sex had try'd.

It happen'd once, within a shady wood,
 Two twist'd snakes he in conjunction view'd;
 When with his staff their slimy folds he broke,
 And lost his manhood at the fatal stroke.
 But, after seven revolving years, he view'd
 The self-same serpents in the self-same wood;
 "And if," says he, "such virtue in you lie,
 "That he who dares your slimy folds untye
 "Must change his kind, a second stroke I'll try."
 Again he struck the snakes, and stood again
 New-sex'd, and straight recover'd into man.
 Him therefore both the Deities create
 The sovereign umpire in their grand debate:
 And he declar'd for Jove: when Juno, fir'd,
 More than so trivial an affair requir'd,
 Depriv'd him, in her fury, of his sight,
 And left him groping round in sudden night.
 But Jove (for so it is in heaven decreed,
 That no one God repeal another's deed)
 Irradiates all his soul with inward light,
 And with the prophet's art relieves the want of sight.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF ECHO.

FAM'D far and near for knowing things to come,
 From him th' enquiring nations sought their doom;

The fair Liriope his answers try'd,
And first th' unerring prophet justify'd;
This nymph the God Cephifus had abus'd,
With all his winding waters circumfus'd,
And on the Nereid got a lovely boy,
Whom the soft maids ev'n then beheld with joy.

The tender dame, solicitous to know
Whether her child should reach old age or no,
Consults the sage Tiresias, who replies,
"If e'er he knows himself, he surely dies."
Long liv'd the dubious mother in suspense,
Till time unriddled all the prophet's sense.

Narcissus now his sixteenth year began,
Just turn'd of boy, and on the verge of man;
Many a friend the blooming youth cares'd,
Many a love-sick maid her flame confess'd.
Such was his pride, in vain the friend cares'd,
The love-sick maid in vain her flame confess'd.

Once, in the woods, as he pursued the chase,
The babbling Echo had descry'd his face;
She, who in others' words her silence breaks,
Nor speaks herself but when another speaks.
Echo was then a maid, of speech bereft,
Of wonted speech; for though her voice was left,
Juno a curse did on her tongue impose,
To sport with every sentence in the close.
Full often, when the goddess might have caught
Jove and her rivals in the very fault,
This nymph with subtle stories would delay
Her coming, till the lovers slipp'd away.

The Goddeſs found out the deceit in time,
 And then ſhe cry'd, " That tongue, for this thy crime,
 " Which could ſo many ſubtle tales produce,
 " Shall be hereafter but of little uſe."

Hence 'tis ſhe prattles in a fainter tone,
 With mimic ſounds, and accents not her own.

This love-ſick virgin, over-joy'd to find
 The boy alone, ſtill follow'd him behind;
 When glowing warmly at her near approach,
 As ſulphur blazes at the taper's touch,
 She long'd her hidden paſſion to reveal,
 And tell her pains, but had not words to tell:
 She can't begin, but waits for the rebound,
 To catch his voice, and to return the found.

The nymph, when nothing could Narciffus move,
 Still daſh'd with bluſhes for her ſlighted love,
 Liv'd in the ſhady covert of the woods,
 In ſolitary caves and dark abodes;
 Where pining wander'd the rejected fair,
 Till, haraſs'd out, and worn away with care,
 The founding ſkeleton, of blood bereft,
 Beſides her bones and voice had nothing left.
 Her bones are petrify'd, her voice is found
 In vaults, where ſtill it doubles every found.

THE STORY OF NARCISSUS.

THUS did the nymph in vain careſs the boy,
 He ſtill was lovely, but he ſtill was coy:
 When one fair virgin of the ſlighted train
 Thus pray'd the gods, provok'd by his diſdain,
 " Oh may he love like me, and love like me in vain!" }

Rhamnusia pity'd the neglected fair,
And with just vengeance answer'd to her prayer.

There stands a fountain in a darksome wood,
Nor stain'd with falling leaves nor rising mud;
Untroubled by the breath of winds it rests,
Unfully'd by the touch of men or beasts;
High bowers of shady trees above it grow,
And rising grass and chearful greens below.
Pleas'd with the form and coolness of the place,
And over-heated by the morning chace,
Narcissus on the grassy verdure lies:

But whilst within the crystal fount he tries
To quench his heat, he feels new heats arise.

For, as his own bright image he survey'd,
He fell in love with the fantastic shade;

And o'er the fair resemblance hung unmov'd,
Nor knew, fond youth! it was himself he lov'd.
The well-turn'd neck and shoulders he descries,
The spacious forehead, and the sparkling eyes;
The hands that Bacchus might not scorn to show,
And hair that round Apollo's head might flow,
With all the purple youthfulness of face,
That gently blushes in the watery glass.

By his own flames consum'd, the lover lies,
And gives himself the wound by which he dies.

To the cold water oft he joins his lips,
Oft catching at the beauteous shade he dips
His arms, as often from himself he slips.

Nor knows he who it is his arms pursue
With eager clasps, but loves he knows not who.

What could, fond youth, this helpless passion move?
 What kindle in thee this unpity'd love?
 Thy own warm blush within the water glows,
 With thee the colour'd shadow comes and goes,
 Its empty being on thyself relies;
 Step thou aside, and the frail charmer dies.

Still o'er the fountain's watery gleam he stood,
 Mindless of sleep, and negligent of food;
 Still view'd his face, and languish'd as he view'd. }
 At length he rais'd his head, and thus began
 To vent his griefs, and tell the woods his pain:
 " You trees," says he, " and thou surrounding grove,
 " Who oft have been the kindly scenes of love,
 " Tell me, if e'er within your shades did lie
 " A youth so tortur'd, so perplex'd as I!
 " I who before me see the charming fair,
 " Whilst there he stands, and yet he stands not there:
 " In such a maze of love my thoughts are lost;
 " And yet no bulwark'd town, nor distant coast,
 " Preserves the beauteous youth from being seen,
 " No mountains rise, nor oceans flow between.
 " A shallow water hinders my embrace;
 " And yet the lovely mimic wears a face
 " That kindly smiles, and when I bend to join
 " My lips to his, he fondly bends to mine.
 " Hear, gentle youth, and pity my complaint,
 " Come from thy well, thou fair inhabitant.
 " My charms an easy conquest have obtain'd
 " O'er other hearts, by thee alone disdain'd.
 " But why should I despair? I'm sure he burns
 " With equal flames, and languishes by turns.

“ Whene’er I stoop, he offers at a kiss :
“ And when my arms I stretch, he stretches his.
“ His eye with pleasure on my face he keeps,
“ He smiles my smiles, and when I weep he weeps.
“ When-e’er I speak, his moving lips appear
“ To utter something, which I cannot hear.
“ Ah wretched me ! I now begin too late
“ To find out all the long perplex’d deceit ;
“ It is myself I love, myself I see ;
“ The gay delusion is a part of me.
“ I kindle up the fires by which I burn,
“ And my own beauties from the well return.
“ Whom should I court ? How utter my complaint ?
“ Enjoyment but produces my restraint,
“ And too much plenty makes me die for want. }
“ How gladly would I from myself remove !
“ And at a distance set the thing I love.
“ My breast is warm’d with such unusual fire,
“ I wish him absent whom I most desire.
“ And now I faint with grief ; my fate draws nigh ;
“ In all the pride of blooming youth I die.
“ Death will the sorrows of my heart relieve.
“ O might the visionary youth survive,
“ I should with joy my latest breath resign !
“ But, oh ! I see his fate involv’d in mine.”

This said, the weeping youth again return’d
To the clear fountain, where again he burn’d ;
His tears defac’d the surface of the well,
With circle after circle, as they fell :
And now the lovely face but half appears,
O’er-run with wrinkles, and deform’d with tears.

" Ah whither," cries Narcissus, " dost thou fly?
 " Let me still feed the flame by which I die;
 " Let me still see, though I'm no further blest."
 Then rends his garment off, and beats his breast:
 His naked bosom reddened with the blow,
 In such a blush as purple clusters show,
 Ere yet the sun's autumnal heats refine
 The sprightly juice, and mellow it to wine.
 The glowing beauties of his breast he spies,
 And with a new redoubled passion dies.
 As wax dissolves, as ice begins to run,
 And trickle into drops before the sun,
 So melts the youth, and languishes away:
 His beauty withers, and his limbs decay,
 And none of those attractive charms remain,
 To which the flighted Echo sued in vain.

She saw him in his present misery,
 Whom, spite of all her wrongs, she griev'd to see.
 She answer'd sadly to the lover's moan,
 Sigh'd back his sighs, and groan'd to every groan;
 " Ah youth! beloved in vain," Narcissus cries;
 " Ah youth! beloved in vain," the nymph replies.
 " Farewel," says he: the parting sound scarce fell
 From his faint lips, but she reply'd, " Farewel."
 Then on th' unwholesome earth he gasping lies,
 Till death shuts up those self-admiring eyes.
 To the cold shades his sitting ghost retires,
 And in the Stygian waves itself admires.

For him the Naiads and the Dryads mourn,
 Whom the sad Echo answers in her turn:
 And now the sister-nymphs prepare his urn;

}

When, looking for his corpse, they only found
A rising stalk with yellow blossoms crown'd.

THE STORY OF PENTHEUS.

THIS sad event gave blind Tiresias fame,
Through Greece establish'd in a prophet's name.

Th' unhallow'd Pentheus only durst deride
The cheated people, and their eyeless guide.
To whom the prophet in his fury said,
Shaking the hoary honours of his head;
" 'Twere well, presumptuous man, 'twere well for
" thee

" If thou wert eyeless too, and blind, like me:

" For the time comes, nay, 'tis already here,

" When the young god's solemnities appear;

" Which if thou dost not with just rites adorn,

" Thy impious carcase, into pieces torn,

" Shall strew the woods, and hang on every thorn. }

" Then, then, remember what I now foretel,

" And own the blind Tiresias saw too well."

Still Pentheus scorns him, and derides his skill;

But time did all the prophet's threats fulfil.

For now through prostrate Greece young Bacchus
rode,

Whilst howling matrons celebrate the god.

All ranks and sexes to his Orgies ran,

To mingle in the pomps, and fill the train.

When Pentheus thus his wicked rage express'd;

" What madness, Thebans, has your soul possess'd?

" Can hollow timbrels, can a drunken shout,
 " And the lewd clamours of a beastly rout,
 " Thus quell your courage? Can the weak alarm
 " Of women's yell those stubborn souls disarm,
 " Whom nor the sword nor trumpet e'er could fright,
 " Nor the loud din and horror of a fight?
 " And you, our fires, who left your old abodes;
 " And fix'd in foreign earth your country gods;
 " Will you without a stroke your city yield,
 " And poorly quit an undisputed field?
 " But you, whose youth and vigour should inspire
 " Heroic warmth, and kindle martial fire,
 " Whom burnish'd arms and crested helmets grace,
 " Not flowery garlands and a painted face;
 " Remember him to whom you stand ally'd:
 " The serpent for his well of waters dy'd.
 " He fought the strong; do you his courage show,
 " And gain a conquest o'er a feeble foe.
 " If Thebes must fall, oh might the fates afford
 " A nobler doom, from famine, fire, or sword!
 " Then might the Thebans perish with renown:
 " But now a beardless victor sacks the town;
 " Whom nor the prancing steed, nor ponderous shield,
 " Nor the hack'd helmet, nor the dusty field,
 " But the soft joys of luxury and ease,
 " The purple vests, and flowery garland please.
 " Stand then aside, I'll make the counterfeit
 " Renounce his godhead, and confess the cheat.
 " Acrisius from the Grecian walls repell'd
 " This boasted power; why then should Pentheus yield?

"Go quickly, drag th' audacious boy to me ;

"I'll try the force of his divinity."

Thus did th' audacious wretch those rites profane ;
His friends dissuade th' audacious wretch in vain ;
In vain his grandfire urg'd him to give o'er
His impious threats ; the wretch but raves the more.

So have I seen a river gently glide,
In a smooth course, and inoffensive tide ;
But if with dams its current we restrain,
It bears down all, and foams along the plain.

But now his servants came besmear'd with blood,
Sent by their haughty prince to seize the god ;
The god they found not in the frantic throng,
But dragg'd a zealous votary along.

THE MARINERS TRANSFORMED TO DOLPHINS.

HIM Pentheus view'd with fury in his look,
And scarce withheld his hands, while thus he spoke :
"Vile slave, whom speedy vengeance shall pursue,
"And terrify thy base seditious crew :
"Thy country, and thy parentage reveal,
"And, why thou join'st in these mad orgies, tell."

The captive views him with undaunted eyes,
And, arm'd with inward innocence, replies :

"From high Meonia's rocky shores I came,
"Of poor descent, Acœtes is my name :
"My fire was meanly born ; no oxen plough'd
"His fruitful fields, nor in his pastures low'd.

" His whole estate within the waters lay ;
 " With lines and hooks he caught the finny prey ;
 " His art was all his livelihood ; which he
 " Thus with his dying lips bequeath'd to me :
 " In streams, my boy, and rivers, take thy chance ;
 " There swims, said he, thy whole inheritance.

" Long did I live on this poor legacy,
 " Till, tir'd with rocks, and my own native sky,
 " To arts of navigation I inclin'd ;
 " Observ'd the turns and changes of the wind :
 " Learn'd the fit havens, and began to note
 " The stormy Hyades, the rainy Goat,
 " The bright Taygete, and the shining Bears,
 " With all the sailor's catalogue of stars.

" Once, as by chance for Delos I design'd,
 " My vessel, driv'n by a strong gust of wind,
 " Moor'd in a Chian creek : ashore I went,
 " And all the following night in Chios spent.
 " When morning rose, I sent my mates to bring
 " Supplies of water from a neighbouring spring,
 " Whilst I the motion of the winds explor'd ;
 " Then summon'd-in my crew, and went aboard.
 " Opheltes heard my summons, and with joy
 " Brought to the shore a soft and lovely boy,
 " With more than female sweetness in his look,
 " Whom straggling in the neighbouring fields he took.
 " With fumes of wine the little captive glows,
 " And nods with sleep, and staggers as he goes.

" I view'd him nicely, and began to trace
 " Each heavenly feature, each immortal grace,
 " And saw divinity in all his face.

}

“ I know not who, said I, this god should be ;
“ But that he is a god I plainly see :
“ And thou, whoe’er thou art, excuse the force
“ These men have us’d, and oh befriend our course !
“ Pray not for us, the nimble Dictys cry’d ;
“ Dictys, that could the main-top-mast bestride, }
“ And down the ropes with active vigour slide. }
“ To the same purpose old Epopeus spoke,
“ Who over-look’d the oars, and tim’d the stroke ;
“ The same the pilot, and the same the rest ;
“ Such impious avarice their souls possess.
“ Nay, heaven forbid that I should bear away
“ Within my vessel so divine a prey,
“ Said I ; and stood to hinder their intent : }
“ When Lycabas, a wretch for murder sent }
“ From Tuscany, to suffer banishment, }
“ With his clench’d fist had struck me over-board,
“ Had not my hands in falling grasp’d a cord.
“ His base confederates the fact approve ;
“ When Bacchus (for ’t was he) began to move,
“ Wak’d by the noise and clamours which they rais’d ;
“ And shook his drowsy limbs and round him gaz’d :
“ What means this noise ? he cries ; am I betray’d ?
“ Ah ! whither, whither must I be convey’d ?
“ Fear not, said Proteus, child, but tell us where
“ You wish to land, and trust our friendly care.
“ To Naxos then direct your course, says he ; }
“ Naxos a hospitable port shall be }
“ To each of you, a joyful home to me.
“ By every God that rules the sea or sky,
“ The perjur’d villains promise to comply,

- " And bid me hasten to unmoor the ship.
 " With eager joy I launch into the deep ;
 " And, heedless of the fraud, for Naxos stand :
 " They whisper oft, and beckon with the hand.
 " And give me signs, all anxious for their prey,
 " To tack about, and steer another way.
 " Then let some other to my post succeed,
 " Said I, I'm guiltless of so foul a deed.
 " What, says Ethalion, must the ship's whole crew
 " Follow your humour, and depend on you ?
 " And straight himself he seated at the prore,
 " And tack'd about, and sought another shore.
 " The beauteous youth now found himself betray'd, }
 " And from the deck the rising waves survey'd, }
 " And seem'd to weep, and as he wept he said ; }
 " And do you thus my easy faith beguile ?
 " Thus do you bear me to my native isle ?
 " Will such a multitude of men employ
 " Their strength against a weak defenceless boy ?
 " In vain did I the Godlike youth deplore,
 " The more I begg'd, they thwarted me the more.
 " And now, by all the Gods in heaven that hear
 " This solemn oath, by Bacchus' self, I swear,
 " The mighty miracle that did ensue,
 " Although it seems beyond belief, is true.
 " The vessel, fix'd and rooted in the flood,
 " Unmov'd by all the beating billows stood.
 " In vain the mariners would plough the main
 " With sails unfurl'd, and strike their oars in vain ;

“ Around their oars a twining ivy cleaves,
“ And climbs the mast, and hides the cords in leaves;
“ The sails are cover'd with a chearful green,
“ And berries in the fruitful canvas seen.
“ Amidst the waves a sudden forest rears
“ Its verdant head, and a new spring appears.
“ The god we now behold with open eyes;
“ A herd of spotted panthers round him lies
“ In glaring forms; the grapy clusters spread
“ On his fair brows, and dangle on his head.
“ And whilst he frowns, and brandishes his spear,
“ My mates, surpriz'd with madness or with fear,
“ Leap'd over-board; first perjur'd Madon found
“ Rough scales and fins his stiffening sides surround:
“ Ah what, cries one, has thus transform'd thy look?
“ Straight his own mouth grew wider as he spoke:
“ And now himself he views with like surprize.
“ Still at his oar th' industrious Libys plies;
“ But, as he plies, each busy arm shrinks in,
“ And by degrees is fashion'd to a fin.
“ Another, as he catches at a cord,
“ Misses his arms, and, tumbling over-board,
“ With his broad fins and forky tail he laves
“ The rising surge, and flounces in the waves.
“ Thus all my crew transform'd, around the ship,
“ Or dive below, or on the surface leap,
“ And spout the waves, and wanton in the deep.
“ Full nineteen sailors did the ship convey,
“ A shole of nineteen dolphins round her play.

" I only in my proper shape appear,
 " Speechless with wonder, and half dead with fear,
 " Till Bacchus kindly bid me fear no more.
 " With him I landed on the Chian shore,
 " And him shall ever gratefully adore."

}

" This forging slave," says Pentheus, " would prevail
 " O'er our just fury by a far-fetch'd tale ;
 " Go, let him feel the whips, the swords, the fire,
 " And in the tortures of the rack expire."

Th' officious servants hurry him away,
 And the poor captive in a dungeon lay.
 But, whilst the whips and tortures are prepar'd,
 The gates fly open, of themselves unbarr'd ;
 At liberty th' unfetter'd captive stands,
 And flings the loosen'd shackles from his hands.

THE DEATH OF PENTHEUS.

BUT Pentheus, grown more furious than before,
 Resolv'd to send his messengers no more,
 But went himself to the distracted throng,
 Where high Cithæron echo'd with their song.
 And as the fiery war-horse paws the ground,
 And snorts and trembles at the trumpet's sound ;
 Transported thus he heard the frantic rout,
 And rav'd and madden'd at the distant shout.

A spacious circuit on the hill there stood,
 Level and wide, and skirted round with wood ;
 Here the rash Pentheus, with unhallow'd eyes,
 The howling dames and mystic orgies spies.
 His mother sternly view'd him where he stood,
 And kindled into madness as she view'd :

Her leafy javelin at her son she cast;
And cries, "The boar that lays our country waste!
"The boar, my sisters! aim the fatal dart,
"And strike the brindled monster to the heart."

Pentheus astonish'd heard the dismal sound,
And sees the yelling matrons gathering round;
He sees, and weeps at his approaching fate,
And begs for mercy, and repents too late.

"Help, help! my aunt Autonoe," he cry'd;
"Remember how your own Actæon dy'd."

Deaf to his cries, the frantic matron crops
One stretch'd-out arm, the other Ino lops.

In vain does Pentheus to his mother sue,

And the raw bleeding stumps presents to view:

His mother howl'd; and, heedless of his prayer,
Her trembling hand she twisted in his hair,

"And this," she cried, "shall be Agave's share."

When from the neck his struggling head she tore,

And in her hands the ghastly visage bore,

With pleasure all the hideous trunk survey;

Then pull'd and tore the mangled limbs away,

As starting in the pangs of death it lay.

Soon as the wood its leafy honours casts,

Blown off and scatter'd by autumnal blasts,

With such a sudden death lay Pentheus slain,

And in a thousand pieces strow'd the plain.

By so distinguishing a judgment aw'd,
The Thebans tremble, and confess the god.

T H E

STORY OF SALMACIS AND HERMAPHRODITUS.

FROM THE FOURTH BOOK OF OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

How Salmacis, with weak enfeebling streams,
 Softens the body, and unnerves the limbs,
 And what the secret cause, shall here be shown;
 The cause is secret, but th' effect is known.

The Naiads nurs'd an infant heretofore,
 That Cytherea once to Hermes bore:
 From both th' illustrious authors of his race
 The child was nam'd; nor was it hard to trace }
 Both the bright parents through the infant's face.
 When fifteen years, in Ida's cool retreat,
 The boy had told, he left his native seat,
 And sought fresh fountains in a foreign soil:
 The pleasure lessen'd the attending toil.
 With eager steps the Lycian fields he cross'd,
 And fields that border on the Lycian coast;
 A river here he view'd so lovely bright, }
 It shew'd the bottom in a fairer light,
 Nor kept a sand conceal'd from human sight:
 The stream produc'd nor slimy ooze, nor weeds,
 Nor miry rushes, nor the spiky reeds;
 But dealt enriching moisture all around,
 The fruitful banks with chearful verdure crown'd, }
 And kept the spring eternal on the ground.

A nymph presides, nor practis'd in the chace,
Nor skilful at the bow, nor at the race;
Of all the blue-eyed daughters of the main,
The only stranger to Diana's train:
Her sisters often, as 'tis said, wou'd cry,
"Fy, Salmacis, what always idle! fy;
"Or take thy quiver, or thy arrows seize,
"And mix the toils of hunting with thy ease."
Nor quiver she nor arrows e'er would seize,
Nor mix the toils of hunting with her ease.
But oft would bathe her in the crystal tide,
Oft with a comb her dewy locks divide;
Now in the limpid streams she view'd her face,
And dress'd her image in the floating glass:
On beds of leaves she now repos'd her limbs,
Now gather'd flowers that grew about her streams;
And then by chance was gathering, as she stood
To view the boy, and long for what she view'd.

Fain would she meet the youth with hasty feet,
She fain would meet him, but refus'd to meet
Before her looks were set with nicest care,
And well deserv'd to be reputed fair.

"Bright youth," she cries, "whom all thy features prove
"A god, and, if a god, the god of love;
"But if a mortal, blest thy nurse's breast:
"Blest are thy parents, and thy sisters blest;
"But oh how blest! how more than blest thy bride,
"Ally'd in blifs, if any yet ally'd.
"If so, let mine the stol'n enjoyments be;
"If not, behold a willing bride in me."

The boy knew nought of love, and touch'd with shame,
 He strove, and blusht, but still the blush became;
 In rising blushes still fresh beauties rose;
 The sunny side of fruit such blushes shows,
 And such the moon, when all her silver white
 Turns in eclipses to a ruddy light.

The nymph still begs, if not a nobler bliss,
 A cold salute at least, a sister's kiss:

And now prepares to take the lovely boy
 Between her arms. He, innocently coy,
 Replies, "Or leave me to myself alone,

"You rude uncivil nymph, or I'll be gone."

"Fair stranger then," says she, "it shall be so;"

And, for she fear'd his threat, she feign'd to go;

But, hid within a covert's neighbouring green,

She kept him still in sight, herself unseen.

The boy now fancies all the danger o'er,

And innocently sports about the shore;

Playful and wanton to the stream he trips,

And dips his foot, and shivers as he dips.

The coolness pleas'd him, and with eager haste

His airy garments on the banks he cast;

His godlike features, and his heavenly hue,

And all his beauties, were expos'd to view.

His naked limbs the nymph with rapture spies,

While hotter passions in her bosom rise,

Flush in her cheeks, and sparkle in her eyes.

She longs, she burns to clasp him in her arms,

And looks and sighs, and kindles at his charms.

Now all undrest upon the banks he stood,
 And clapt his sides, and leapt into the flood:

His lovely limbs the silver waves divide,
His limbs appear more lovely through the tide;
As lilies shut within a crystal case,
Receive a glossy lustre from the glass.
"He's mine, he's all my own," the Naiad cries;
And flings off all, and after him she flies.
And now she fastens on him as he swims,
And holds him close, and wraps about his limbs.
The more the boy resisted, and was coy,
The more she claspt, and kist the struggling boy.
So when the wriggling snake is snatch'd on high
In eagles claws, and hisses in the sky,
Around the foe his twirling tail he flings,
And twists her legs, and writhes about her wings.

The restless boy still obstinately strove
To free himself, and still refus'd her love.
Amidst his limbs she kept her limbs intwin'd,
"And why, coy youth," she cries, "why thus
unkind?"

"Oh may the gods thus keep us ever join'd!
"Oh may we never, never part again!"

So pray'd the nymph, nor did she pray in vain:
For now she finds him, as his limbs she prest,
Grow nearer still, and nearer to her breast;
Till, piercing each the other's flesh, they run
Together, and incorporate in one:

Last in one face are both their faces join'd,
As when the stock and grafted twig combin'd
Shoot up the same, and wear a common rind:
Both bodies in a single body mix,
A single body with a double sex.

The boy, thus lost in woman, now survey'd
 The river's guilty stream, and thus he pray'd,
 (He pray'd, but wonder'd at his softer tone,
 Surpriz'd to hear a voice but half his own)
 You parent gods, whose heavenly names I bear,
 Hear your Hermaphrodite, and grant my prayer;
 Oh grant, that whomsoever these streams contain,
 If man he enter'd, he may rise again
 Supple, unfinew'd, and but half a man!

}

The heavenly parents answer'd, from on high,
 Their two-shap'd son, the double votary;
 Then gave a secret virtue to the flood,
 And ting'd its source to make his wishes good.

N O T E S

O N

SOME OF THE FOREGOING STORIES IN
OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

ON THE STORY OF PHAETON.

THE story of Phaeton is told with a greater air of majesty and grandeur than any other in all Ovid. It is indeed the most important subject he treats of, except the deluge; and I cannot but believe that this is the conflagration he hints at in the first book;

“ *Esse quoque in fatis reminiscitur affore tempus*

“ *Quo mare, quo tellus, correptaque regia cœli*

“ *Ardeat, et mundi moles operosa laboret;*”

(though the learned apply those verses to the future burning of the world) for it fully answers that description, if the

“ — *Cœli miserere tui, circumspice utrumque,*

“ *Fumat uterque polus* — ”

“ *Fumat uterque polus* ” — comes up to “ *correptaque regia cœli* ” — Besides, it is Ovid's custom to prepare the reader for a following story, by giving some intimations of it in a foregoing one, which was more particularly necessary to be done before he led us into so strange a story as this he is now upon.

P. 109. l. 7. For in the portal, &c.] We have here the picture of the universe drawn in little.

" —Balænarumque prementem

" Ægeona suis immania terga lacertis."

Ægeon makes a diverting figure in it.

" —Facies non omnibus una,

" Nec diversa tamen : qualem decet esse sororem."

The thought is very pretty, of giving Doris and her daughters such a difference in their looks as is natural to different persons, and yet such a likeness as shewed their affinity.

" Terra viros, urbesque gerit, sylvasque, ferasque,

" Fluminaque, et nymphas, et cætera numina ruris."

The less important figures are well huddled together in the promiscuous description at the end, which very well represents what the painters call a groupe.

" —Circum caput omne micantes

" Deposuit radios; propiusque accedere iussit."

P. 110. l. 27. And flung the blaze, &c.] It gives us a great image of Phœbus, that the youth was forced to look on him at a distance, and not able to approach him until he had lain aside the circle of rays that cast such a glory about his head. And indeed we may every where observe in Ovid, that he never fails of a due loftiness in his ideas, though he wants it in his words. And this I think infinitely better than to have sublime expressions and mean thoughts, which is generally the true character of Claudian and Statius. But this is not considered by them who run down Ovid in the gross, for a low middle way of writing. What can be

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more simple and unadorned, than his description of Enceladus in the sixth book?

- " Nititur ille quidem, pugnatque resurgere sæpe,
- " Dextra sed Ausonio manus est subjecta Peloro,
- " Læva, Pachyne, tibi, Lilibæo crura premuntur,
- " Degravat Ætna caput, sub quâ resupinus arenas
- " Ejectat, flammamque fero vomit ore Typhæus."

But the image we have here is truly great and sublime, of a giant vomiting out a tempest of fire, and heaving up all Sicily, with the body of an island upon his breast, and a vast promontory on either arm.

There are few books that have had worse commentators on them than Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. Those of the graver sort have been wholly taken up in the Mythologies; and think they have appeared very judicious, if they have shewn us out of an old author that Ovid is mistaken in a pedigree, or has turned such a person into a wolf that ought to have been made a tiger. Others have employed themselves on what never entered into the poet's thoughts, in adapting a dull moral to every story, and making the persons of his poems to be only nicknames for such virtues or vices; particularly the pious commentator, Alexander Ross, has dived deeper into our Author's design than any of the rest; for he discovers in him the greatest mysteries of the Christian religion, and finds almost in every page some typical representation of the world, the flesh, and the devil. But if

these writers have gone too deep, others have been wholly employed in the surface, most of them serving only to help out a school-boy in the construing part; or if they go out of their way, it is only to mark out the *gnomæ* of the author, as they call them, which are generally the heaviest pieces of a poet, distinguished from the rest by Italian characters. The best of Ovid's expositors is he that wrote for the Dauphin's use, who has very well shewn the meaning of the author, but seldom reflects on his beauties or imperfections; for in most places he rather acts the geographer than the critic, and, instead of pointing out the fineness of a description, only tells you in what part of the world the place is situated. I shall therefore only consider Ovid under the character of a poet, and endeavour to shew him impartially, without the usual prejudice of a translator: which I am the more willing to do, because I believe such a comment would give the reader a truer taste of poetry than a comment on any other poet would do; for, in reflecting on the ancient poets, men think they may venture to praise all they meet with in some, and scarce any thing in others; but Ovid is confessed to have a mixture of both kinds, to have something of the best and worst poets, and by consequence to be the fairest subject for criticism.

P. III. l. 9. My son, says he, &c.] Phœbus's speech is very nobly usher'd in, with the "Terque quaterque concutiens illustre caput"—and well

represents the danger and difficulty of the undertaking; but that which is its peculiar beauty, and makes it truly Ovid's, is the representing them just as a father would to his young son;

- “ Per tamen adversi gradieris cornua tauri,
 “ Hæmoniosque arcus, violentique ora leonis,
 “ Sævaque circuitu curvantem brachia longo
 “ Scorpion, atque aliter curvantem brachia cancrum”—

for one while he scares him with bugbears in the way,

- “ —Vastæ quæque rector Olympi,
 “ Qui fera terribili jaculetur fulmina dextrâ,
 “ Non agat hos currus; et quid Jove majus habetur?”
 “ Deprecor hoc unum quod vero nomine pœna,
 “ Non honor est. Pœnam, Phaeton, pro munere poscis.”

And in other places perfectly tattles like a father, which by the way makes the length of the speech very natural, and concludes with all the fondness and concern of a tender parent.

- “ —Patrio pater esse metu probor; aspice vultus
 “ Ecce meos: utinamque oculos in pectore posses
 “ Inferere, & patrias intus deprendere curas! &c.”

P. 113. l. 13. A golden axle, &c.] Ovid has more turns and repetitions in his words than any of the Latin poets, which are always wonderfully easy and natural in him. The repetition of Aureus, and the transition to Argenteus, in the description of the chariot, give these verses a great sweetness and majesty:

- “ Aureus axis erat, temo aureus, aurea summæ
 “ Curvatura rotæ; radiorum argenteus ordo.”

P. 114. l. 7. Drive them not on directly, &c.] Several have endeavoured to vindicate Ovid against the old objection, that he mistakes the annual for the diurnal motion of the sun. The Dauphin's notes tell us that Ovid knew very well the sun did not pass through all the signs he names in one day, but that he makes Phœbus mention them only to frighten Phaeton from the undertaking. But though this may answer for what Phœbus says in his first speech, it cannot from what is said in this, where he is actually giving directions for his journey, and plainly

"Sectus in obliquum est lato curvamine limes,

"Zonarumque trium contentus sine plomumque

"Effugit australem, junctamque aquionibus Arcton,"

describes the motion through all the Zodiac.

P. 114. l. 23. And not my chariot, &c.] Ovid's verse is, "Confiliis non curribus utere nostris." This way of joining two such different ideas as chariot and counsel to the same verb is mightily used by Ovid; but is a very low kind of wit, and has always in it a mixture of pun, because the verb must be taken in a different sense when it is joined with one of the things, from what it has in conjunction with the other. Thus in the end of this story he tells you that Jupiter flung a thunderbolt at Phaeton—"Pariterque, animâque, rotisque expulit aurigam," where he makes a forced piece of Latin ("animæ expulit aurigam")

that he may couple the soul and the wheels to the same verb.

P. 115. l. 17. The youth was in a maze, &c.] It is impossible for a man to be drawn in a greater confusion than Phaeton is; but the antithesis of light and darkness a little flattens the description. "Suntque oculis tenebræ per tantum lumen
"obortæ."

Ibid. l. 20. Then the seven stars, &c.] I wonder none of Ovid's commentators have taken notice of the oversight he has committed in this verse, where he makes the Triones grow warm before there was ever such a sign in the heavens; for he tells us in this very book, that Jupiter turned Calisto into this constellation, after he had repaired the ruins that Phaeton had made in the world.

P. 117. l. 12. Athos and Tmolus, &c.] Ovid has here, after the way of the old poets, given us a catalogue of the mountains and rivers which were burnt. But, that I might not tire the English reader, I have left out some of them that make no figure in the description, and inverted the order of the rest according as the smoothness of my verse required.

P. 118. l. 7. 'Twas then, they say, the swarthy Moor, &c.] This is the only Metamorphosis in all this long story, which, contrary to custom, is inserted in the middle of it. The critics may de-

termine whether what follows it be not too great an excursion in him who proposes it as his whole design to let us know the changes of things. I dare say that, if Ovid had not religiously observed the reports of the ancient Mythologists, we should have seen Phaeton turned into some creature or other that hates the light of the sun; or perhaps into an eagle, that still takes pleasure to gaze on it.

P. 118. l. 28. The frightened Nile, &c.] Ovid has made a great many pleasant images towards the latter end of this story. His verses on the Nile,

“ Nilus in extremum fugit perterritus orbem,

“ Occulnitque caput, quod adhuc latet: ostia septem

“ Pulverulenta vacant, septem sine flumine valles,”

are as noble as Virgil could have written; but then he ought not to have mentioned the channel of the sea afterwards,

“ Mare contrahitur, siccæque est campus arenæ,”

because the thought is too near the other. The image of the Cyclades is a very pretty one;

“ —Quos altum texerat æquor

“ Existunt montes, et sparsas Cycladas augent.”

But to tell us that the swans grew warm in Cäyster,

“ —Medio volucres caluere Cäystro,”

and that the Dolphins durst not leap,

“ Ne se super æquora curvi

“ Tollere consuetas audent Delphines in auras,”

is intolerably trivial on so great a subject as the burning of the world.

P. 119. l. 19. The earth at length, &c.] We have here a speech of the Earth, which will doubtless seem very unnatural to an English reader. It is I believe the boldest *Protopopœia* of any in the old Poets; or, if it were never so natural, I cannot but think she speaks too much in any reason for one in her condition.

ON EUROPA'S RAPE.

P. 144. l. 17. The dignity of empire, &c.] This story is prettily told, and very well brought in by those two serious lines,

“ Non bene conveniunt, nec in unâ sede morantur,

“ Majestas et Amor. Sceptri gravitate relictâ, &c.”

without which the whole fable would have appeared very prophane.

P. 145. l. 27. The frightened nymph looks, &c.] This consternation and behaviour of Europa,

“ —Elusam designat imagine tauri

“ Europen: verum taurum, freta vera putaras.

“ Ipsa videbatur terras spectare relictas,

“ Et comites clamare suos, tactumque vereri

“ Affilientis aquæ, timidæque reducere plantas,”

is better described in *Arachne's* picture in the Sixth Book, than it is here; and in the beginning of *Tatius's* *Clitophon* and *Leucippe*, than in either place. It is indeed usual among the Latin Poets (who had more art and reflexion than the Grecian) to take hold of all opportunities to describe the picture of any place or action, which they generally do better than they could the place or action

itself; because in the description of a picture you have a double subject before you, either to describe the picture itself, or what is represented in it.

ON THE STORIES IN THE THIRD BOOK.

F A B. I.

THERE is so great a variety in the arguments of the Metamorphoses, that he who would treat of them rightly, ought to be a master of all styles, and every different way of writing. Ovid indeed shows himself most in a familiar story, where the chief grace is to be easy and natural; but wants neither strength of thought nor expression, when he endeavours after it, in the more sublime and manly subjects of his poem. In the present fable, the serpent is terribly described, and his behaviour very well imagined; the actions of both parties in the encounter are natural, and the language that represents them more strong and masculine than what we usually meet with in this Poet: if there be any faults in the narration, they are these, perhaps, which follow:

P. 149. l. 8. Spire above spire, &c.] Ovid, to make his serpent more terrible, and to raise the character of his champion, has given too great a loose to his imagination, and exceeded all the bounds of probability. He tells us, that when he raised up but half his body, he over-looked a tall forest of oaks, and that his whole body was as

large as that of the serpent in the skies. None but a madman would have attacked such a monster as this is described to be; nor can we have any notion of a mortal's standing against him. Virgil is not ashamed of making Æneas fly and tremble at the sight of a far less formidable foe, where he gives us the description of Polyphemus, in the Third Book; he knew very well that a monster was not a proper enemy for his hero to encounter: but we should certainly have seen Cadmus hewing down the Cyclops, had he fallen in Ovid's way: or if Statius's little Tydeus had been thrown on Sicily, it is probable he would not have spared one of the whole brotherhood.

“ —Phœnicas, five illi tela parabant,

“ Sive fugam, five ipse timor prohibebat utrumque,

“ Occupat:—”

P. 149. l. 15. In vain the Tyrians, &c.] The Poet could not keep up his narration all along, in the grandeur and magnificence of an heroic stile: he has here sunk into the flatness of prose, where he tells us the behaviour of the Tyrians at the sight of the serpent:

“ —Tegimen direpta leoni

“ Pellis erat; telum splendenti lancea ferro,

“ Et jaculum; teloque animus præstantior omni;”—

and in a few lines after lets drop the majesty of his verse, for the sake of one of his little turns. How does he languish in that which seems a laboured line! “ Tristia sanguineâ lambentem vulnera lin-

“guâ.” And what pains does he take to express the serpent's breaking the force of the stroke, by shrinking back from it!

“Sed leve vulnus erat, quia se retrahebat ab ictu,

“Læsaque colla dabat retrò, plagamque federe

“Credendo fecit, nec longiùs ire finebat.”

P. 152. l. 6. And flings the future, &c.] The description of the men rising out of the ground is as beautiful a passage as any in Ovid. It strikes the imagination very strongly; we see their motion in the first part of it, and their multitude in the “Messis virorum” at last.

Ibid. l. 11. The breathing harvest, &c.] “Messis clypeata virorum.” The beauty in these words would have been greater, had only “Messis virorum” been expressed without “clypeata;” for the reader's mind would have been delighted with two such different ideas compounded together, but can scarce attend to such a complete image as is made out of all three.

This way of mixing two different ideas together in one image, as it is a great surprize to the reader, is a great beauty in poetry, if there be sufficient ground for it in the nature of the thing that is described. The Latin Poets are very full of it, especially the worst of them; for the more correct use it but sparingly, as indeed the nature of things will seldom afford a just occasion for it. When any thing we describe has accidentally in it some quality that seems repugnant to its nature, or is very

extraordinary and uncommon in things of that species, such a compounded image as we are now speaking of is made, by turning this quality into an epithet of what we describe. Thus Claudian, having got a hollow ball of crystal with water in the midst of it for his subject, takes the advantage of considering the crystal as hard, stony, precious water, and the water as soft, fluid, imperfect crystal; and thus sports off above a dozen Epigrams, in setting his words and ideas at variance among one another. He has a great many beauties of this nature in him; but he gives himself up so much to this way of writing, that a man may easily know where to meet with them when he sees his subject, and often strains so hard for them that he many times makes his descriptions bombastic and unnatural. What work would he have made with Virgil's Golden Bough, had he been to describe it? We should certainly have seen the yellow bark, golden sprouts, radiant leaves, blooming metal, branching gold, and all the quarrels that could have been raised between words of such different natures: when we see Virgil contented with his "Auri frondentis;" and what is the same, though much finer expressed—"Frondescit virga metallo." This composition of different ideas is often met with in a whole sentence, where circumstances are happily reconciled that seem wholly foreign to each other; and is often found among the Latin Poets (for the Greeks wanted art for it),

in their descriptions of pictures, images, dreams, apparitions, metamorphoses, and the like; where they bring together two such thwarting ideas, by making one part of their descriptions relate to the representation, and the other to the thing that is represented. Of this nature is that verse, which, perhaps, is the wittiest in Virgil; "*Attollens humeris famamque et fata nepotum,*" *Æn.* viii. where he describes Æneas carrying on his shoulders the reputation and fortunes of his posterity; which, though very odd and surprizing, is plainly made out, when we consider how these disagreeing ideas are reconciled, and his posterity's fame and fate made portable by being engraven on the shield. Thus, when Ovid tells us that Pallas tore in pieces Arachne's work, where she had embroidered all the rapes that the gods had committed, he says—"*Rupit cœlestia crimina.*" I shall conclude this tedious reflexion with an excellent stroke of this nature out of Mr. Montague's * Poem to the King; where he tells us, how the King of France would have been celebrated by his subjects, if he had ever gained such an honourable wound as King William's at the fight of the Boyne:

"His bleeding arm had furnish'd all their rooms,
 "And run for ever purple in the looms."

* Afterwards Earl of Halifax.

F A B. II.

P. 153. l. 5. Here Cadmus reign'd.] This is a pretty solemn transition to the story of Actæon, which is all naturally told. The goddess and her maids undressing her, are described with diverting circumstances. Actæon's flight, confusion, and griefs, are passionately represented; but it is pity the whole narration should be so carelessly closed up.

" — Ut abesse queruntur,

" Nec capere oblatæ segnem spectacula prædæ.

" Vellet abesse quidem, sed adest, velletque videre,

" Non etiam sentire, canum fera facta suorum."

P. 156. l. 12. A generous pack, &c.] I have not here troubled myself to call over Actæon's pack of dogs in rhyme: Spot and Whitefoot make but a mean figure in heroic verse; and the Greek names Ovid uses would sound a great deal worse. He closes up his own catalogue with a kind of a jest on it: "*Quosque referre mora est*"—which, by the way, is too light and full of humour for the other serious parts of this story.

This way of inserting catalogues of proper names in their Poems, the Latins took from the Greeks; but have made them more pleasing than those they imitate, by adapting so many delightful characters to their persons names; in which part Ovid's copiousness of invention, and great insight into nature, has given him the precedence to all the Poets.

that ever came before or after him. The smoothness of our English verse is too much lost by the repetition of proper names, which is otherwise very natural, and absolutely necessary in some cases; as before a battle to raise in our minds an answerable expectation of the events, and a lively idea of the numbers that are engaged. For, had Homer or Virgil only told us in two or three lines before their fights, that there were forty thousand of each side, our imagination could not possibly have been so affected, as when we see every leader singled out, and every regiment in a manner drawn up before our eyes.

F A B. III.

P. 157. l. 28. How Semele, &c.] This is one of Ovid's finished stories. The transition to it is proper and unforced: Juno, in her two speeches, acts incomparably well the parts of a resenting goddess and a tattling nurse: Jupiter makes a very majestic figure with his thunder and lightning, but it is still such a one as shews who drew it; for who does not plainly discover Ovid's hand in the

"Quà tamen usque potest, vires sibi demere tentat.

"Nec, quo centimanum dejicerit igne Typhæa,

"Nunc, armatur eo: nimium feritatis in illo.

"Est aliud levius fulmen, cui dextra Cyclopum,

"Sævitiæ flammæque minus, minus addidit iræ;

"Tela secunda vocant superi."

P. 158. l. 28. 'Tis well, says she, &c.] Virgil has made a Beroë of one of his goddesses in the

Fifth Æneid; but if we compare the speech she there makes with that of her name-fake in this story, we may find the genius of each Poet discovering itself in the language of the nurse: Virgil's Iris could not have spoken more majestically in her own shape; but Juno is so much altered from herself in Ovid, that the goddess is quite lost in the old woman.

F A B. V.

P. 163. l. 13. She can't begin, &c.] If playing on words be excusable in any Poem, it is in this, where Echo is a speaker; but it is so mean a kind of wit, that, if it deserves excuse, it can claim no more.

Mr. Locke, in his Essay of Human Understanding, has given us the best account of wit in short that can any where be met with. "Wit," says he, "lies in the assemblage of ideas, and putting those together with quickness and variety, where in can be found any resemblance or congruity, thereby to make up pleasant pictures and agreeable visions in the fancy." Thus does true wit, as this incomparable author observes, generally consist in the likeness of ideas, and is more or less wit, as this likeness in ideas is more surprizing and unexpected. But as true wit is nothing else but a similitude in ideas, so is false wit the similitude in words, whether it lies in the likeness of letters only, as in Anagram and Acrostic; or of Syllables, as in

doggrel rhymes ; or whole words, as Puns, Echoes, and the like. Beside these two kinds of false and true wit, there is another of a middle nature, that has something of both in it—when in two ideas that have some resemblance with each other, and are both expressed by the same word, we make use of the ambiguity of the word to speak that of one idea included under it, which is proper to the other. Thus, for example, most languages have hit on the word, which properly signifies fire, to express love by (and therefore we may be sure there is some resemblance in the ideas mankind have of them) ; from hence the witty Poets of all languages, when they once have called Love a fire, consider it no longer as the passion, but speak of it under the notion of a real fire ; and, as the turn of wit requires, make the same word in the same sentence stand for either of the ideas that is annexed to it. When Ovid's Apollo falls in love, he burns with a new flame ; when the Sea-nymphs languish with this passion, they kindle in the water ; the Greek Epigrammatist fell in love with one that flung a snow-ball at him, and therefore takes occasion to admire how fire could be thus concealed in snow. In short, whenever the Poet feels any thing in this love that resembles something in fire, he carries on this agreement into a kind of allegory ; but if, as in the preceding instances, he finds any circumstance in his love contrary to the nature of fire, he calls his love a fire, and by joining this circum-

stance to it surprizes his reader with a seeming contradiction. I should not have dwelt so long on this instance, had it not been so frequent in Ovid, who is the greatest admirer of this mixt wit of all the ancients, as our Cowley is among the moderns. Homer, Virgil, Horace, and the greatest Poets, scorned it; as indeed it is only fit for Epigram, and little copies of verses: one would wonder therefore how so sublime a genius as Milton could sometimes fall into it, in such a work as an Epic Poem. But we must attribute it to his humouring the vicious taste of the age he lived in, and the false judgment of our unlearned English readers in general, who have few of them a relish of the more masculine and noble beauties of Poetry.

F A B. VI.

Ovid seems particularly pleased with the subject of this story, but has notoriously fallen into a fault he is often taxed with, of not knowing when he has said enough, by his endeavouring to excel. How has he turned and twisted that one thought of Narcissus's being the person beloved, and the lover too?

"Cunctaque miratur quibus est mirabilis ipse.

"—Qui probat, ipse probatur.

"Dumque petit petitur, pariterque incendit et ardet,

"Atque oculos idem qui decipit incitat error.

"Perque oculos perit ipse suos—

"Uror amore mei, flammæ moveoque feroque, &c."

But we cannot meet with a better instance of the extravagance and wantonness of Ovid's fancy, than in that particular circumstance at the end of the story, of Narcissus's gazing on his face after death in the Stygian waters. The design was very bold, of making a boy fall in love with himself here on earth; but to torture him with the same passion after death, and not to let his ghost rest in quiet, was intolerably cruel and uncharitable.

P. 164. l. 12. But whilst within, &c.] "*Dumque fitim sedare cupit fitis altera crevit.*" We have here a touch of that mixed wit I have before spoken of; but I think the measure of pun in it out-weighs the true wit; for if we express the thought in other words the turn is almost lost. This passage of Narcissus probably gave Milton the hint of applying it to Eve, though I think her surprize, at the sight of her own face in the water, far more just and natural than this of Narcissus. She was a raw unexperienced being, just created, and therefore might easily be subject to the delusion; but Narcissus had been in the world sixteen years, was brother and son to the water-nymphs, and therefore to be supposed conversant with fountains long before this fatal mistake.

P. 165. l. 12. You trees, says he, &c.] Ovid is very justly celebrated for the passionate speeches of his Poem. They have generally abundance of nature in them, but I leave it to better judgments to consider whether they are not often too witty

and too tedious. The Poet never cares for smothering a good thought that comes in his way, and never thinks he can draw tears enough from his reader: by which means our grief is either diverted or spent before we come to his conclusion; for we cannot at the same time be delighted with the wit of the Poet, and concerned for the person that speaks it; and a great Critic has admirably well observed, "*Lamentationes debent esse breves et concisæ, nam lacryma subito excrescit, et difficile et Auditorem vel Lectorem in summo animi affectu diu tenere.*" Would any one in Narcissus's condition have cried out—"Inopem me copia fecit?" Or can any thing be more unnatural than to turn off from his sorrows for the sake of a pretty reflexion?

"O utinam nostro secedere corpore possem!

"Votum in amante novum; vellem, quod amamus, abesset."

None, I suppose, can be much grieved for one that is so witty on his own afflictions. But I think we may every where observe in Ovid, that he employs his invention more than his judgment; and speaks all the ingenious things that can be said on the subject, rather than those which are particularly proper to the person and circumstances of the speaker.

F A B. VII.

P. 169. l. 25. When Pentheus thus] There is a great deal of spirit and fire in this speech of

Pentheus, but I believe none beside Ovid would have thought of the transformation of the serpent's teeth for an incitement to the Thebans courage, when he desires them not to degenerate from their great forefather the Dragon, and draws a parallel between the behaviour of them both.

"Este, precor, memores, quâ sitis stirpe creati,

"Illiusque animos, qui multos perdidit unus,

"Sumite serpentis: pro fontibus ille, iacunque

"Interiit, at vos pro famâ vincite vestrâ.

"Ille dedit letho fortes, vos pellite molles,

"Et patrium revocate decus."

F A B. VIII.

The story of Acœtes has abundance of nature in all the parts of it, as well in the description of his own parentage and employment, as in that of the sailors characters and manners. But the short speeches scattered up and down in it, which make the Latin very natural, cannot appear so well in our language, which is much more stubborn and unpliant; and therefore are but as so many rubs in the story, that are still turning the narration out of its proper course. The transformation at the latter end is wonderfully beautiful.

F A B. IX.

Ovid has two very good similies on Pentheus, where he compares him to a river in a former story, and to a war-horse in the present.

A N

ESSAY ON VIRGIL'S GEORGICS.

VIRGIL may be reckoned the first who introduced three new kinds of poetry among the Romans, which he copied after three of the greatest masters of Greece: Theocritus and Homer have still disputed for the advantage over him in Pastoral and Heroics, but I think all are unanimous in giving him the precedence to Hesiod in his Georgics. The truth of it is, the sweetness and rusticity of a Pastoral cannot be so well expressed in any other tongue as in the Greek, when rightly mixed and qualified with the Doric dialect; nor can the majesty of an heroic poem any where appear so well as in this language, which has a natural greatness in it, and can be often rendered more deep and sonorous by the pronunciation of the Ionians. But in the middle style, where the writers in both tongues are on a level, we see how far Virgil has excelled all who have written in the same way with him.

There has been abundance of criticism spent on Virgil's Pastorals and Æneids; but the Georgics are a subject which none of the critics have sufficiently taken into their consideration; most of them passing it over in silence, or casting it under the

same head with Pastoral; a division by no means proper, unless we suppose the style of a husbandman ought to be imitated in a Georgic, as that of a shepherd is in a Pastoral. But though the scene of both these poems lies in the same place, the speakers in them are of quite a different character, since the precepts of husbandry are not to be delivered with the simplicity of a ploughman, but with the address of a poet. No rules therefore, that relate to Pastoral, can any way affect the Georgics, since they fall under that class of poetry, which consists in giving plain and direct instructions to the reader; whether they be moral duties, as those of Theognis and Pythagoras; or philosophical speculations, as those of Aratus and Lucretius; or rules of practice, as those of Hesiod and Virgil. Among these different kind of subjects, that which the Georgics go upon is, I think, the meanest and least improving, but the most pleasing and delightful. Precepts of morality, besides the natural corruption of our tempers, which makes us averse to them, are so abstracted from ideas of sense, that they seldom give an opportunity for those beautiful descriptions and images which are the spirit and life of poetry. Natural philosophy has indeed sensible objects to work upon; but then it often puzzles the reader with the intricacy of its notions, and perplexes him with the multitude of its disputes. But this kind of poetry I am now speaking of, addresses itself wholly to the ima-

gination: It is altogether conversant among the fields and woods, and has the most delightful part of nature for its province. It raises in our minds a pleasing variety of scenes and landships, whilst it teaches us; and makes the dryest of its precepts look like a description. "A Georgic therefore is some part of the science of husbandry put into a pleasing dress, and set off with all the beauties and embellishments of poetry." Now since this science of husbandry is of a very large extent, the poet shews his skill in singling out such precepts to proceed on, as are useful, and at the same time most capable of ornament. Virgil was so well acquainted with this secret, that to set off his first Georgic, he has run into a set of precepts, which are almost foreign to his subject, in that beautiful account he gives us of the signs in nature, which precede the changes of the weather.

And if there be so much art in the choice of fit precepts, there is much more required in the treating of them; that they may fall-in after each other by a natural unforced method, and shew themselves in the best and most advantageous light. They should all be so finely wrought together in the same piece, that no coarse seam may discover where they join; as in a curious brede of needlework, one colour falls away by such just degrees, and another rises so insensibly, that we see the variety, without being able to distinguish the total vanishing

of the one from the first appearance of the other. Nor is it sufficient to range and dispose this body of precepts into a clear and easy method, unless they are delivered to us in the most pleasing and agreeable manner; for there are several ways of conveying the same truth to the mind of man; and to choose the pleasantest of these ways, is that which chiefly distinguishes poetry from prose, and makes Virgil's rules of husbandry pleasanter to read than Varro's. Where the prose writer tells us plainly what ought to be done, the poet often conceals the precept in a description, and represents his countryman performing the action in which he would instruct his reader. Where the one sets out, as fully and distinctly as he can, all the parts of the truth, which he would communicate to us; the other singles out the most pleasing circumstance of this truth, and so conveys the whole in a more diverting manner to the understanding. I shall give one instance out of a multitude of this nature that might be found in the Georgics where the reader may see the different ways Virgil has taken to express the same thing, and how much pleasanter every manner of expression is, than the plain and direct mention of it would have been. It is in the second Georgic, where he tells us what trees will bear grafting on each other.

- “ Et sæpe alterius ramos impune videmus
 “ Vertere in alterius, mutatamque insita mala
 “ Ferre pyrum, et prunis lapidosa rubescere corna.
 “ — Steriles platani malos gessere valentes,

- “ Castaneæ fagos, ornusque incanuit albo
“ Flore pyri: glandemque fues fregere sub ulmis.
“ — Nec longum tempus: et ingens
“ Exiit ad cælum ramis felicibus arbos;
“ Miraturque novas frondes et non sua poma.”

Here we see the Poet considered all the effects of this union between trees of different kinds, and took notice of that effect which had the most surprise, and by consequence the most delight in it, to express the capacity that was in them of being thus united. This way of writing is every where much in use among the Poets, and is particularly practised by Virgil, who loves to suggest a truth indirectly, and, without giving us a full and open view of it, to let us see just so much as will naturally lead the imagination into all the parts that lie concealed. This is wonderfully diverting to the understanding, thus to receive a precept, that enters as it were through a by-way, and to apprehend an idea that draws a whole train after it. For here the mind, which is always delighted with its own discoveries, only takes the hint from the Poet, and seems to work out the rest by the strength of her own faculties.

But, since the inculcating precept upon precept will at length prove tiresome to the reader, if he meets with no entertainment, the Poet must take care not to incumber his poem with too much business; but sometimes to relieve the subject with a moral reflexion, or let it rest a while for the sake of a pleasant and pertinent digression. Nor is it

sufficient to run out into beautiful and diverting digressions (as it is generally thought), unless they are brought in aptly, and are something of a piece with the main design of the Georgic: for they ought to have a remote alliance at least to the subject, that so the whole poem may be more uniform and agreeable in all its parts. We should never quite lose sight of the country, though we are sometimes entertained with a distant prospect of it. Of this nature are Virgil's description of the original of Agriculture, of the fruitfulness of Italy, of a country life, and the like; which are not brought in by force, but naturally rise out of the principal argument and design of the poem. I know no one digression in the Georgics that may seem to contradict this observation, besides that in the latter end of the first book, where the Poet launches out into a discourse of the battle of Pharsalia, and the actions of Augustus: but it is worth while to consider how admirably he has turned the course of his narration into its proper channel, and made his husbandman concerned even in what relates to the battle, in those inimitable lines;

“ Scilicet et tempus veniet, cum finibus illis

“ Agricola incurvo terram molitus aratro,

“ Exesa inveniet scabrâ rubigine pila:

“ Aut gravibus rastris galeas pulsabit inanes,

“ Grandiaque effossis mirabitur ossa sepulchris.”

And afterwards, speaking of Augustus's actions, he still remembers that Agriculture ought to be some way hinted at throughout the whole poem.

“ —Non ullus aratro

“ Dignus honos : squalent abductis arva colonis :

“ Et curvæ rigidum falces conflantur in enssem.”

We now come to a style which is proper to a Georgic ; and indeed this is the part on which the Poet must lay out all his strength, that his words may be warm and glowing, and that every thing he describes may immediately present itself, and rise up to the reader's view. He ought in particular to be careful of not letting his subject debase his style, and betray him into a meanness of expression ; but every where to keep up his verse in all the pomp of numbers, and dignity of words.

I think nothing which is a phrase or saying in common talk should be admitted into a serious Poem : because it takes off from the solemnity of the expression, and gives it too great a turn of familiarity : much less ought the low phrases and terms of art, that are adapted to husbandry, have any place in such a work as the Georgic, which is not to appear in the natural simplicity and nakedness of its subject, but in the pleasantest dress that poetry can bestow on it. Thus Virgil, to deviate from the common form of words, would not make use of *tempore* but *sydere* in his first verse ; and every where else abounds with Metaphors, Gracisms, and Circumlocutions, to give his verse the greater pomp, and preserve it from sinking into a plebeian style. And herein consists Virgil's masterpiece, who has not only excelled all other Poets, but even himself in the language of his Georgics ;

where we receive more strong and lively ideas of things from his words, than we could have done from the objects themselves: and find our imaginations more affected by his descriptions, than they would have been by the very sight of what he describes.

I shall now, after this short scheme of rules, consider the different success that Hesiod and Virgil have met with in this kind of poetry, which may give us some further notion of the excellence of the Georgics. To begin with Hesiod; if we may guess at his character from his writings, he had much more of the husbandman than the Poet in his temper: he was wonderfully grave, discreet, and frugal, he lived altogether in the country, and was probably for his great prudence the oracle of the whole neighbourhood. These principles of good husbandry ran through his works, and directed him to the choice of tillage and merchandize, for the subject of that which is the most celebrated of them. He is every where bent on instruction, avoids all manner of digressions, and does not stir out of the field once in the whole Georgic. His method in describing month after month, with its proper seasons and employments, is too grave and simple; it takes off from the surprise and variety of the Poem, and makes the whole look but like a modern almanack in verse. The reader is carried through a course of weather; and may before-hand guess whether he is to meet

with snow or rain, clouds or sunshine, in the next description. His descriptions indeed have abundance of nature in them, but then it is nature in her simplicity and undress. Thus when he speaks of January, "The wild beasts," says he, "run
" shivering through the woods with their heads
" stooping to the ground, and their tails clapt between their legs; the goats and oxen are almost
" flead with cold; but it is not so bad with the
" sheep, because they have a thick coat of wool
" about them. The old men too are bitterly
" pinched with the weather; but the young girls
" feel nothing of it, who sit at home with their
" mothers by a warm fire-side." Thus does the old gentleman give himself up to a loose kind of tattle, rather than endeavour after a just poetical description. Nor has he shewn more of art or judgment in the precepts he has given us; which are sown so very thick, that they clog the Poem too much, and are often so minute and full of circumstances, that they weaken and unnerve his verse. But, after all, we are beholden to him for the first rough sketch of a Georgic: where we may still discover something venerable in the antiqueness of the work; but if we would see the design enlarged, the figures reformed, the colouring laid on, and the whole piece finished, we must expect it from a greater master's hand.

Virgil has drawn out the rules of tillage and planting into two Books, which Hesiod has dis-

patched in half a one ; but has so raised the natural rudeness and simplicity of his subject, with such a significancy of expression, such a pomp of verse, such variety of transitions, and such a solemn air in his reflexions, that, if we look on both Poets together, we see in one the plainness of a downright countryman ; and in the other, something of rustic majesty, like that of a Roman dictator at the plough-tail. He delivers the meanest of his precepts with a kind of grandeur ; he breaks the clods and tosses the dung about with an air of gracefulness. His prognostications of the weather are taken out of Aratus, where we may see how judiciously he has picked out those that are most proper for his husbandman's observation ; how he has enforced the expression, and heightened the images which he found in the original.

The Second Book has more wit in it, and a greater boldness in its metaphors, than any of the rest. The Poet, with great beauty, applies oblivion, ignorance, wonder, desire, and the like, to his trees. The last Georgic has indeed as many metaphors, but not so daring as this ; for human thoughts and passions may be more naturally ascribed to a bee, than to an inanimate plant. He who reads over the pleasures of a country life, as they are described by Virgil in the latter end of this Book, can scarce be of Virgil's mind in preferring even the life of a philosopher to it.

We may, I think, read the Poet's clime in his description, for he seems to have been in a sweat at the writing of it :

“ —O quis me gelidis sub montibus Hæmi

“ Sifat, et ingenti ramorum protegat umbra !”

and is every where mentioning, among his chief pleasures, the coolness of his shades and rivers, vales and grottoes, which a more Northern Poet would have omitted for the description of a sunny hill, and fire-side.

The Third Georgic seems to be the most laboured of them all; there is a wonderful vigour and spirit in the description of the horse and chariot-race. The force of love is represented in noble instances, and very sublime expressions. The Scythian winter-piece appears so very cold and bleak to the eye, that a man can scarce look on it without shivering. The murrain at the end has all the expressiveness that words can give. It was here that the Poet strained hard to out-do Lucretius in the description of his plague; and if the reader would see what success he had, he may find it at large in Scaliger.

But Virgil seems no where so well pleased, as when he is got among his bees in the Fourth Georgic: and ennobles the actions of so trivial a creature, with metaphors drawn from the most important concerns of mankind. His verses are not in a greater noise and hurry in the battles of Æneas and Turnus, than in the engagement of

two swarms. And as in his *Æneis* he compares the labours of his Trojans to those of bees and pismires, here he compares the labours of the bees to those of the Cyclops. In short, the last Georgic was a good prelude to the *Æneis*; and very well shewed what the Poet could do in the description of what was really great, by his describing the mock-grandeur of an insect with so good a grace. There is more pleasantness in the little platform of a garden, which he gives us about the middle of this Book, than in all the spacious walks and water-works of Rapsodia. The speech of Proteus at the end can never be enough admired, and was indeed very fit to conclude so divine a work.

After this particular account of the beauties in the Georgics, I should in the next place endeavour to point out its imperfections, if it has any. But though I think there are some few parts in it that are not so beautiful as the rest, I shall not presume to name them; as rather suspecting my own judgment, than I can believe a fault to be in that Poem, which lay so long under Virgil's correction, and had his last hand put to it. The first Georgic was probably burlesqued in the author's lifetime; for we still find in the scholiasts a verse that ridicules part of a line translated from Hesiod, "*Nudus ara, fere nudus*"—And we may easily guess at the judgment of this extraordinary critic, whoever he was, from his censuring this particular precept.

We may be sure Virgil would not have translated it from Hesiod, had he not discovered some beauty in it; and indeed the beauty of it is what I have before observed to be frequently met with in Virgil, the delivering the precept so indirectly, and singling out the particular circumstance of sowing and plowing naked, to suggest to us that these employments are proper only in the hot season of the year.

I shall not here compare the style of the Georgics with that of Lucretius, which the reader may see already done in the preface to the second volume of Miscellany Poems*; but shall conclude this Poem to be the most complete, elaborate, and finished piece of all antiquity. The *Æneis* indeed is of a nobler kind, but the Georgic is more perfect in its kind. The *Æneis* has a greater variety of beauties in it, but those of the Georgic are more exquisite. In short, the Georgic has all the perfection that can be expected in a poem written by the greatest Poet in the flower of his age, when his invention was ready, his imagination warm, his judgment settled, and all his faculties in their full vigour and maturity.

* The Collection published by Mr. Dryden.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

TO SIR GODFREY KNELLER,
ON HIS PICTURE OF THE KING.

KNELLER, with silence and surprize
We see Britannia's monarch rise,
A godlike form, by thee display'd
In all the force of light and shade;
And, aw'd by thy delusive hand,
As in the presence chamber stand.

The magic of thy art calls forth
His secret soul and hidden worth,
His probity and mildness shows,
His care of friends, and scorn of foes:
In every stroke, in every line,
Does some exalted virtue shine,
And Albion's happiness we trace
Through all the features of his face.

O may I live to hail the day,
When the glad nation shall survey
Their sovereign, through his wide command,
Passing in progress o'er the land!
Each heart shall bend, and every voice
In loud applauding shouts rejoice,
Whilst all his gracious aspect praise,
And crowds grow loyal as they gaze.

The image on the medal plac'd,
With its bright round of titles grac'd,
And stamp'd on British coins shall live,
To richest ores the value give,
Or, wrought within the curious mold,
Shape and adorn the running gold.
To bear this form, the genial fun
Has daily since his course begun
Rejoic'd the metal to refine,
And ripen'd the Peruvian mine.

Thou, Kneller, long with noble pride,
The foremost of thy art, hast vy'd
With nature in a generous strife,
And touch'd the canvas into life.

Thy pencil has, by monarchs sought,
From reign to reign in ermine wrought,
And, in the robes of state array'd,
The kings of half an age display'd.

Here swarthy Charles appears, and there
His brother with dejected air :
Triumphant Nassau here we find,
And with him bright Maria join'd ;
There Anna, great as when she sent
Her armies through the continent,
Ere yet her Hero was disgrac'd :
O may fam'd Brunswick be the last,
(Though heaven should with my wish agree,
And long preserve thy art in thee)
The last, the happiest British king,
Whom thou shalt paint, or I shall sing !

Wife Phidias thus, his skill to prove,
Through many a god advanc'd to Jove,
And taught the polish'd rocks to shine
With airs and lineaments divine ;
Till Greece, amaz'd, and half-afraid,
Th' assembled deities survey'd.

Great Pan, who went to chace the fair,
And lov'd the spreading oak, was there ;
Old Saturn too with upcast eyes
Beheld his abdicated skies ;
And mighty Mars, for war renown'd,
In adamantinè armour frown'd ;
By him the childless goddess rose,
Minerva, studious to compose
Her twist'd threads ; the web she strung,
And o'er a loom of marble hung :
Thetis, the troubled ocean's queen,
Match'd with a mortal, next was seen,
Reclining on a funeral urn,
Her short-liv'd darling son to mourn.
The last was he, whose thunder slew
The Titan-race, a rebel crew,
That from a hundred hills ally'd
In impious leagues their king defy'd.

This wonder of the sculptor's hand
Produc'd, his art was at a stand :
For who would hope new fame to raise,
Or risk his well-establish'd praise,
That, his high genius to approve,
Had drawn a George, or carv'd a Jove ?

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P R O L O G U E

T O

SMITH'S PHÆDRA AND HIPPOLITUS,

SPOKEN BY MR. WILKS.

LONG has a race of heroes fill'd the stage,
 That rant by note, and through the gamut rage;
 In songs and airs express their martial fire,
 Combat in trills, and in a fugue expire :
 While, lull'd by sound, and undisturb'd by wit,
 Calm and serene you indolently sit,
 And, from the dull fatigue of thinking free,
 Hear the facetious fiddles repartee :
 Our home-spun authors must forsake the field,
 And Shakespeare to the soft Scarletti yield.

To your new taste the poet of this day
 Was by a friend advis'd to form his play ;
 Had Valentini, musically coy,
 Shunn'd Phædra's arms, and scorn'd the proffer'd joy :
 It had not mov'd your wonder to have seen
 An eunuch fly from an enamour'd queen :
 How would it please, should she in English speak,
 And could Hippolitus reply in Greek !
 But he, a stranger to your modish way,
 By your old rules must stand or fall to-day,
 And hopes you will your foreign taste command,
 To bear, for once, with what you understand.

P R O L O G U E

T O

STEELE'S TENDER HUSBAND.

IN the first rise and infancy of farce,
 When fools were many, and when plays were scarce,
 The raw unpractis'd authors could, with ease,
 A young and unexperienc'd audience please :
 No single character had e'er been shown,
 But the whole herd of fops was all their own ;
 Rich in originals, they set to view,
 In every piece, a coxcomb that was new.

But now our British theatre can boast
 Drolls of all kinds, a vast unthinking host !
 Fruitful of folly and of vice, it shows
 Cuckolds, and cits, and bawds, and pimps, and beaux ;
 Rough country knights are found of every shire ;
 Of every fashion gentle fops appear ;
 And punks of different characters we meet,
 As frequent on the stage as in the pit.
 Our modern wits are forc'd to pick and cull,
 And here and there by chance glean up a fool :
 Long ere they find the necessary spark,
 They search the town, and beat about the Park,
 To all his most frequented haunts resort,
 Oft dog him to the ring, and oft to court ;

As love of pleasure or of place invites ;
And sometimes catch him taking snuff at White's.

Howe'er, to do you right, the present age
Breeds very hopeful monsters for the stage ;
That scorn the paths their dull forefathers trod,
And won't be blockheads in the common road.
Do but survey this crowded house to-night :
—Here's still encouragement for those that write.

Our author, to divert his friends to-day,
Stocks with variety of fools his play ;
And that there may be something gay and new,
Two ladies-errant has expos'd to view ;
The first a damsel, travell'd in romance ;
The t'other more refin'd, she comes from France :
Rescue, like courteous knights, the nymph from
danger,
And kindly treat, like well-bred men, the stranger.

E P I L O G U E

T O

LANSDOWNE'S BRITISH ENCHANTERS.

WHEN Orpheus tun'd his lyre with pleasing woe,
 Rivers forgot to run, and winds to blow,
 While listening forests cover'd, as he play'd,
 The soft musician in a moving shade.
 That this night's strains the same success may find,
 The force of music is to music join'd:
 Where sounding strings and artful voices fail,
 The charming rod and mutter'd spells prevail.
 Let sage Urganda wave the circling wand
 On barren mountains, or a waste of sand;
 The desert smiles; the woods begin to grow,
 The birds to warble, and the springs to flow.

The same dull sights in the same landscape mixt,
 Scenes of still life, and points for ever fix'd,
 A tedious pleasure on the mind bestow,
 And pall the sense with one continued show:
 But, as our two magicians try their skill,
 The vision varies, though the place stands still;
 While the same spot its gaudy form renews,
 Shifting the prospect to a thousand views.
 Thus (without unity of place transgress)
 Th' enchanter turns the critic to a jest.

But howsoe'er, to please your wandering eyes,
 Bright objects disappear and brighter rise:
 There's none can make amends for lost delight,
 While from that circle we divert your sight.

AN ODE FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

SET TO MUSIC BY MR. DANIEL PURCELL.

PERFORMED AT OXFORD 1699.

I.

PREPARE the hallow'd strain, my Muse,
 Thy softest sounds and sweetest numbers chuse;
 The bright Cecilia's praise rehearse,
 In warbling words, and gliding verse,
 That smoothly run into a song,
 And gently die away, and melt upon the tongue.

II.

First let the sprightly violin
 The joyful melody begin,
 And none of all her strings be mute,
 While the sharp sound and shriller lay
 In sweet harmonious notes decay,
 Soften'd and mellow'd by the flute.

* " The flute that sweetly can complain,
 " Dissolve the frozen nymph's disdain;
 " Panting sympathy impart,
 " Till she partake her lover's smart."

C H O R U S.

III.

Next, let the solemn organ join
 Religious airs, and strains divine,

* The four last lines of the second and third stanzas were added by Mr. Tate.

Such as may lift us to the skies,
 And set all heaven before our eyes :
 “ Such as may lift us to the skies ;
 “ So far at least till they
 “ Descend with kind surprize,
 “ And meet our pious harmony half-way.”

IV.

Let then the trumpet's piercing found
 Our ravish'd ears with pleasure wound :
 The soul o'er-powering with delight,
 As, with a quick uncommon ray,
 A streak of lightning clears the day,
 And flashes on the fight.
 Let echo too perform her part,
 Prolonging every note with art,
 And in a low expiring strain
 Play all the concert o'er again.

V.

Such were the tuneful notes that hung
 On bright Cecilia's charming tongue :
 Notes that sacred heats inspir'd,
 And with religious ardour fir'd :
 The love-sick youth, that long suppress'd
 His smother'd passion in his breast,
 No sooner heard the warbling dame,
 But, by the secret influence turn'd,
 He felt a new diviner flame,
 And with devotion burn'd.

With ravish'd soul, and looks amaz'd,
Upon her beauteous face he gaz'd;
Nor made his amorous complaint:
In vain her eyes his heart had charm'd,
Her heavenly voice her eyes disarm'd,
And chang'd the lover to a faint.

GRAND CHORUS.

VI.

And now the choir compleat rejoices,
With trembling strings and melting voices,
The tuneful ferment rises high,
And works with mingled melody:
Quick divisions run their rounds,
A thousand trills and quivering sounds
In airy circles o'er us fly,
Till, wafted by a gentle breeze,
They faint and languish by degrees,
And at a distance die.

A N O D E.

I.

THE spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue ethereal sky,
 And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
 Their great original proclaim.
 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
 Does his Creator's power display;
 And publishes, to every land,
 The work of an Almighty hand.

II.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale;
 And nightly, to the listening earth,
 Repeats the story of her birth:
 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets, in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

III.

What though, in solemn silence, all
 Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
 What though, no real voice, nor sound,
 Amidst their radiant orbs be found:
 In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice;
 For ever singing as they shine,
 The hand that made us is divine,

A N H Y M N.

I.

W H E N all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys;
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

II.

O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravish'd heart!
But thou canst read it there.

III.

Thy Providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redrest;
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

IV.

To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in prayer.

V.

Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whence these comforts flow'd.

VI.

When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

VII.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and death,
It gently clear'd my way ;
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

VIII.

When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face ;
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

IX.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Has made my cup run o'er,
And in a kind and faithful friend
Has doubled all my store.

X.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ ;
Nor is the least a chearful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

XI.

Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

XII.

When Nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever-grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

XIII.

Through all eternity to thee,
A joyful song I'll raise;
For, oh! eternity's too short,
To utter all thy praise.

A N O D E.

I.

How are thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence.

II.

In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes I pass'd unhurt,
And breath'd in tainted air.

III.

Thy mercy sweeten'd every soil,
Made every region please;
The hoary Alpine-hills it warm'd,
And smooth'd the Tyrrhene seas.

IV.

Think, O my soul, devoutly think,
How, with affrighted eyes,
Thou saw'st the wide-extended deep,
In all its horrors rise.

V.

Confusion dwelt in every face,
And fear in every heart ;
When waves on waves, and gulphs on gulphs,
O'ercame the pilot's art.

VI.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord,
Thy mercy set me free ;
Whilst, in the confidence of prayer,
My soul took hold on thee.

VII.

For though in dreadful whirls we hung
High on the broken wave,
I knew thou wert not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

VIII.

The storm was laid, the winds retir'd,
Obedient to thy will ;
The sea, that roar'd at thy command,
At thy command was still.

IX.

In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
Thy goodness I'll adore ;
And praise Thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

X.

My life, if thou preserv'st my life,
 Thy sacrifice shall be ;
 And death, if death must be my doom,
 Shall join my soul to Thee.

A N H Y M N.

I.

WHEN rising from the bed of death,
 O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
 I see my Maker face to face ;
 O how shall I appear !

II.

If yet, while pardon may be found,
 And mercy may be sought,
 My heart with inward horror shrinks,
 And trembles at the thought :

III.

When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclos'd
 In majesty severe,
 And sit in judgment on my soul ;
 O how shall I appear !

IV.

But thou hast told the troubled soul,
 Who does her sins lament,
 The timely tribute of her tears
 Shall endless woe prevent.

V.

Then see the sorrows of my heart,
Ere yet it be too late ;
And add my Saviour's dying groans,
To give those sorrows weight.

VI.

For never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to procure,
Who knows Thy Only Son has dy'd
To make that pardon sure.

PARAPHRASE ON PSALM XXIII.

I.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care ;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye :
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my mid-night hours defend.

II.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant ;
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wandering steps he leads :
Where peaceful rivers, soft and flow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

III.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
 With gloomy horrors overspread,
 My stedfast heart shall fear no ill,
 For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
 Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
 And guide me through the dreadful shade.

IV.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
 Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
 Thy bounty shall my wants beguile,
 The barren wilderness shall smile,
 With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
 And streams shall murmur all around.

THE PLAY-HOUSE*.

WHERE gentle Thames through stately channels
 glides,
 And England's proud metropolis divides;
 A lofty fabrick does the sight invade,
 And stretches o'er the waves a pompous shade;
 Whence sudden shouts the neighbourhood surprize,
 And thundering claps and dreadful hissings rise.
 Here thrifty R— hires monarchs by the day,
 And keeps his mercenary kings in pay;
 With deep-mouth'd actors fills the vacant scenes,
 And rakes the stews for goddesses and queens:

* See Sedley's Miscellanies, 8vo. p. 202.

Here the lewd punk, with crowns and sceptres grac'd,
Teaches her eyes a more majestic cast;
And hungry monarchs, with a numerous train
Of suppliant slaves, like Sancho, starve and reign.

But enter in, my Muse; the Stage survey,
And all its pomp and pageantry display;
Trap-doors and pit-falls, from th' unfaithful ground,
And magic walls encompass it around:
On either side maim'd Temples fill our eyes,
And intermixt with Brothel-houses rise;
Disjointed Palaces in order stand,
And Groves obedient to the mover's hand
O'ershade the Stage, and flourish at command.
A stamp makes broken towns and trees entire:
So when Amphion struck the vocal lyre,
He saw the spacious circuit all around,
With crowding woods and rising cities crown'd.

But next the tiring-room survey, and see
False titles, and promiscuous quality,
Confus'dly swarm, from heroes and from queens,
To those that swing in clouds and fill machines.
Their various characters they chuse with art,
The frowning bully fits the tyrant's part:
Swoln cheeks and swagging belly make an host,
Pale meagre looks and hollow voice a ghost;
From careful brows and heavy down-cast eyes,
Dull cits and thick-scall'd aldermen arise:
The comic tone, inspir'd by Congreve, draws
At every word, loud laughter and applause:
The whining dame continues as before,
Her character unchang'd, and acts a whore.

Above the rest, the prince with haughty stalks
Magnificent in purple buskins walks :
The royal robes his awful shoulders grace,
Profuse of spangles and of copper-lace :
Officious rascals to his mighty thigh,
Guiltless of blood, th' unpointed weapon tye :
Then the gay glittering diadem put on,
Ponderous with brass, and starr'd with Bristol stone.
His royal consort next consults her glass,
And out of twenty boxes culls a face ;
The whitening first her ghastly looks besmears,
All pale and wan th' unfinish'd form appears ;
Till on her cheeks the blushing purple glows,
And a false virgin-modeesty bestows.
Her ruddy lips the deep vermilion dyes ;
Length to her brows the pencil's art supplies, }
And with black bending arches shades her eyes. }
Well pleas'd at length the picture she beholds,
And spots it o'er with artificial molds ;
Her countenance compleat, the beaux she warms
With looks not hers ; and, spight of nature, charms.
Thus artfully their persons they disguise,
Till the last flourish bids the curtain rise.
The prince then enters on the Stage in state ;
Behind, a guard of candle-snuffers wait :
There, swoln with empire, terrible and fierce,
He shakes the dome, and tears his lungs with verse :
His subjects tremble ; the submissive pit,
Wrapt up in silence and attention, sit ;
Till, freed at length, he lays aside the weight
Of public business and affairs of state :

Forgets his pomp, dead to ambitious fires,
And to some peaceful brandy-shop retires ;
Where in full gills his anxious thoughts he drowns,
And quaffs away the care that waits on crowns.

The princess next her painted charms displays,
Where every look the pencil's art betrays ;
The callow 'squire at distance feeds his eyes,
And silently for paint and washes dies :

But if the youth behind the scenes retreat,
He sees the blended colours melt with heat,
And all the trickling beauty run in sweat.

The borrow'd visage he admires no more,
And nauseates every charm he lov'd before :
So the fam'd spear, for double force renown'd,
Apply'd the remedy that gave the wound.

In tedious lists 't were endless to engage,
And draw at length the rabble of the Stage,
Where one for twenty years has given alarms,
And call'd contending monarchs to their arms ;

Another fills a more important post,
And rises every other night a ghost ;
Through the cleft Stage, his mealy face he rears,
Then stalks along, groans thrice, and disappears ;

Others, with swords and shields, the soldier's pride,
More than a thousand times have chang'd their side,
And in a thousand fatal battles dy'd.

Thus several persons several parts perform ;
Soft lovers whine, and blustering heroes storm.
The stern exasperated tyrants rage,
Till the kind bowl of poison clears the Stage.

Then honours vanish, and distinctions cease;
Then, with reluctance, haughty queens undress;
Heroes no more their fading laurels boast,
And mighty kings in private men are lost.
He, whom such titles swell'd, such power made proud,
To whom whole realms and vanquish'd nations bow'd,
Throws off the gaudy plume, the purple train,
And in his own vile tatters flinks again.

ON THE LADY MANCHESTER,

WRITTEN ON THE TOASTING-GLASSES OF THE
KIT-CAT CLUB.

WHILE haughty Gallia's dames, that spread
O'er their pale cheeks, an artful red,
Beheld this beauteous stranger there
In native charms, divinely fair;
Confusion in their looks they shew'd;
And with unborrow'd blushes glow'd.

C A T O.

A

T R A G E D Y.

“ Ecce spectaculum dignum, ad quod respiciat, intentus
“ operi suo, Deus ! Ecce par Deo dignum, vir fortis
“ cum malâ fortunâ compositus ! Non video, inquam,
“ quid habeat in terris Jupiter pulchrius, si convertere
“ animum velit, quàm ut spectet Catonem, jam parti-
“ bus non semel fractis, nihilominùs inter ruinas publi-
“ cas erectum.” SEN. de Divin. Prov.

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TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS
 THE PRINCESS OF WALES,
 WITH THE TRAGEDY OF CATO,
 NOVEMBER 1714.

THE Muse that oft, with sacred raptures fir'd,
 Has generous thoughts of Liberty inspir'd,
 And, boldly rising for Britannia's laws,
 Engag'd great Cato in her country's cause,
 On you submissive waits, with hopes assur'd,
 By whom the mighty blessing stands secur'd,
 And all the glories, that our age adorn,
 Are promis'd to a people yet unborn.

No longer shall the widow'd land bemoan
 A broken lineage, and a doubtful throne;
 But boast her royal progeny's increase,
 And count the pledges of her future peace.
 O born to strengthen and to grace our isle!
 While you, fair Princess, in your Offspring smile,
 Supplying charms to the succeeding age,
 Each heavenly Daughter's triumphs we presage;
 Already see th' illustrious youths complain,
 And pity Monarchs doom'd to sigh in vain.

Thou too, the darling of our fond desires,
 Whom Albion, opening wide her arms, requires,
 With manly valour and attractive air
 Shalt quell the fierce, and captivate the fair.

O England's younger hope! in whom conspire
The mother's sweetness, and the father's fire!
For thee perhaps, ev'n now, of kingly race
Some dawning beauty blooms in every grace,
Some Carolina, to heaven's dictates true,
Who, while the scepter'd rivals vainly sue,
Thy inborn worth with conscious eyes shall see,
And slight th' Imperial diadem for thee.

Pleas'd with the prospect of successive reigns,
The tuneful tribe no more in daring strains
Shall vindicate, with pious fears oppress'd,
Endanger'd rights, and liberty distress'd:
To milder sounds each Muse shall tune the lyre,
And gratitude, and faith to kings inspire,
And filial love; bid impious discord cease,
And sooth the madding factions into peace;
Or rise ambitious in more lofty lays,
And teach the nation their new Monarch's praise,
Describe his awful look, and godlike mind,
And Cæsar's power with Cato's virtue join'd.

Meanwhile, bright Princess, who, with graceful ease
And native majesty, are form'd to please,
Behold those Arts with a propitious eye,
That suppliant to their great protectress fly!
Then shall they triumph, and the British stage
Improve her manners, and refine her rage,
More noble characters expose to view,
And draw her finish'd heroines from You.

Nor you the kind indulgence will refuse,
Skill'd in the labours of the deathless Muse:

The deathless Muse, with undiminish'd rays,
 Through distant times the lovely dame conveys:
 To Gloriana Waller's harp was strung;
 The Queen still shines, because the Poet sung.
 Ev'n all those graces, in your frame combin'd,
 The common fate of mortal charms may find
 (Content our short-liv'd praises to engage,
 The joy and wonder of a single age),
 Unless some Poet, in a lasting song,
 To late posterity their fame prolong,
 Instruct our sons the radiant form to prize,
 And see Your beauty with their fathers' eyes.

V E R S E S

T O T H E

AUTHOR OF THE TRAGEDY OF CATO.

WHILE you the fierce divided Britons awe,
 And Cato with an equal virtue draw;
 While envy is itself in wonder lost,
 And factions strive who shall applaud you most;
 Forgive the fond ambition of a friend,
 Who hopes himself, not you, to recommend:
 And joins th' applause which all the learn'd bestow
 On one, to whom a perfect work they owe.
 To my * light scenes I once inscrib'd your name,
 And impotently strove to borrow fame;
 Soon will that die, which adds thy name to mine;
 Let me, then, live, join'd to a work of thine.

RICHARD STEELE.

* Tender Husband, dedicated to Mr. Addison.

'TIS nobly done thus to enrich the stage,
And raise the thoughts of a degenerate age;
To shew how endless joys from freedom spring,
How life in bondage is a worthless thing.
The inborn greatness of your soul we view,
You tread the paths frequented by the few;
With so much strength you write, and so much ease,
Virtue and sense! how durst you hope to please?
Yet crowds the sentiments of every line
Impartial clapt, and own'd the work divine.
Ev'n the four critics, who malicious came,
Eager to censure, and resolv'd to blame,
Finding the hero regularly rise,
Great while he lives, but greater when he dies,
Sullen approv'd, too obstinate to melt,
And sicken'd with the pleasures which they felt.
Not so the fair their passions secret kept,
Silent they heard, but, as they heard, they wept;
When gloriously the blooming Marcus dy'd,
And Cato told the gods, *I'm satisfy'd*.

See! how your lays the British youth inflame!
They long to shoot and ripen into fame;
Applauding theatres disturb their rest,
And unborn Cato's heave in every breast;
Their nightly dreams, their daily thoughts repeat,
And pulses high with fancy'd glories beat.
So, griev'd to view the Marathonian spoils,
The young Themistocles vow'd equal toils;
Did then his schemes of future honours draw
From the long triumphs which with tears he saw.

How shall I your unrival'd worth proclaim,
 Lost in the spreading circle of your fame !
 We saw you the great William's praise rehearse,
 And paint Britannia's joys in Roman verse.
 We heard at distance soft enchanting strains,
 From blooming mountains, and Italian plains.
 Virgil began in English dress to shine,
 His voice, his looks, his grandeur, still divine :
 From him too soon unfriendly you withdrew,
 But brought the tuneful Ovid to our view.
 Then the delightful theme of every tongue,
 Th' immortal Marlborough, was your darling song.
 From clime to clime the mighty victor flew,
 From clime to clime as swiftly you pursue.
 Still with the hero's glow'd the poet's flame,
 Still with his conquests you enlarg'd your fame.
 With boundless raptures here the Muse could swell,
 And on your Rosamond for ever dwell :
 There opening sweets and every fragrant flower
 Luxuriant smile, a never-fading bower !
 Next, human follies kindly to expose,
 You change from numbers, but not sink in prose :
 Whether in visionary scenes you play,
 Refine our tastes, or laugh our crimes away.
 Now, by the buskin'd Muse you shine confest,
 The patriot kindles in the poet's breast.
 Such energy of sense might pleasure raise,
 Though unembellish'd with the charms of phrase :
 Such charms of phrase would with success be crown'd,
 Though nonsense flow'd in the melodious sound.

The chafteft virgin needs no blushes fear,
The learn'd themselves not uninstructed hear.
The libertine, in pleasures us'd to roll,
And idly sport with an immortal soul,
Here comes, and, by the virtuous heathen taught,
Turns pale, and trembles at the dreadful thought.

Whene'er you traverse vast Numidia's plains,
What sluggish Briton in his isle remains!
When Juba seeks the tiger with delight,
We beat the thicket, and provoke the fight;
By the description warm'd, we fondly sweat,
And in the chilling east wind pant with heat.
What eyes behold not, how the stream refines,
Till by degrees the floating mirror shines?
While hurricanes in circling eddies play,
Tear up the sands, and sweep whole plains away,
We shrink with horror, and confess our fear,
And all the sudden sounding ruin hear.
When royal robes, distain'd with blood, deceive,
And make poor Marcia beautifully grieve;
When she her secret thoughts no more conceals,
Forgets the woman, and her flame reveals;
Well may the prince exult with noble pride,
Not for his Libyan crown, but Roman bride.

But I in vain on single features dwell,
Where all the parts of the fair piece excel.
So rich the store, so dubious is the feast,
We know not which to pass, or which to taste.
The shining incidents so justly fall,
We may the whole new scenes of transport call.

Thus jewellers confound our wandering eyes,
 And with variety of gems surprize.
 Here sapphires, here the Sardian stone is seen,
 The topaz yellow, and the jasper green.
 The costly brilliant there, confus'dly bright,
 From numerous surfaces darts trembling light:
 The different colours mingle in a blaze,
 Silent we stand, unable where to praise,
 In pleasure sweetly lost ten thousand ways.

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Trinity College, Cambridge.

L. EUSDEN.

S I R,

WHEN your generous labour first I view'd,
 And Catc's hands in his own blood imbrued,
 That scene of death so terrible appears,
 My soul could only thank you with her tears.
 Yet with such wondrous art your skilful hand
 Does all the passions of the soul command,
 That ev'n my grief to praise and wonder turn'd,
 And envy'd the great death which first I mourn'd.

What pen, but yours, could draw the doubtful strife
 Of honour struggling with the love of life?
 Describe the patriot, obstinately good,
 As hovering o'er eternity he stood:
 The wide, th' unbounded ocean lay before
 His piercing sight, and heaven the distant shore.
 Secure of endless bliss, with fearful eyes,
 He grasps the dagger, and its point defies,
 And rushes out of life to snatch the glorious prize.

}

How would old Rome rejoice, to hear you tell
 How just her patriot liv'd, how great he fell!
 Recount his wondrous probity and truth,
 And form new Juba's in the British youth.
 Their generous souls, when he resigns his breath,
 Are pleas'd with ruin, and in love with death:
 And when her conquering sword Britannia draws,
 Resolves to perish, or defend her cause.
 Now first on Albion's theatre we see
 A perfect image of what man should be;
 The glorious character is now express'd,
 Of virtue dwelling in a human breast:
 Drawn at full length by your immortal lines,
 In Cato's soul, as in her heaven she shines.

All Souls College, Oxon.

DIGBY COTES,

LEFT WITH THE PRINTER BY
 AN UNKNOWN HAND*.

Now we may speak, since Cato speaks no more:
 'Tis praise at length, 'twas rapture all before;
 When crowded theatres with Io's rung
 Sent to the skies, from whence thy genius sprung;
 Ev'n civil rage a while in thine was lost,
 And factions strove but to applaud thee most;

* These verses were by George Jeffreys, Esq. which Addison never knew. See Select Collection of Miscellany Poems, vol. vi. p. 59; and see Dr. Johnson's encomium on them in the Life of Addison. N.

Nor could enjoyment pall our longing taste,
But every night was dearer than the last.

As when old Rome, in a malignant hour
Depriv'd of some returning conqueror,
Her debt of triumph to the dead discharg'd,
For fame, for treasure, and her bounds enlarg'd;
And while his godlike figure mov'd along,
Alternate passions fir'd th' adoring throng;
Tears flow'd from every eye, and shouts from every
tongue;

So in the pompous lines has Cato far'd,
Grac'd with an ample, though a late reward:
A greater victor we in him revere;
A nobler triumph crowns his image here.

With wonder, as with pleasure, we survey
A theme so scanty wrought into a play;
So vast a pile on such foundations plac'd;
Like Ammon's temple rear'd on Libya's waste:
Behold its glowing paint! its easy weight!
Its nice proportions! and stupendous height!
How chaste the conduct! How divine the rage!
A Roman worthy, on a Grecian stage!

But where shall Cato's praise begin or end;
Inclin'd to melt, and yet untaught to bend,
The firmest patriot, and the gentlest friend?
How great his genius, when the traitor crowd
Ready to strike the blow their fury vow'd;
Quell'd by his look, and listening to his lore,
Learn, like his passions, to rebel no more!

When, lavish of his boiling blood, to prove
The cure of slavish life, and slighted love,
Brave Marcus new in early death appears,
While Cato counts his wounds, and not his years;
Who, checking private grief, the public mourns,
Commands the pity he so greatly scorns;
But when he strikes (to crown his generous part)
That honest, staunch, impracticable heart;
No tears, no sobs, pursue his panting breath;
The dying Roman shames the pomp of death.

O sacred freedom! which the powers bestow
To season blessings, and to soften woe;
Plant of our growth, and aim of all our cares,
The toil of ages, and the crown of wars:
If, taught by thee, the poet's wit has flow'd
In strains as precious as his hero's blood;
Preserve those strains, an everlasting charm
To keep that blood and thy remembrance warm:
Be this thy guardian image still secure,
In vain shall force invade, or fraud allure;
Our great Palladium shall perform its part,
Fix'd and enshrin'd in every British heart.

UPON MR. ADDISON'S CATO.

LONG had the Tragic Muse forgot to weep,
 By modern Operas quite lull'd asleep :
 No matter what the lines, the voice was clear ;
 Thus sense was sacrific'd to please the ear.
 At last, * One Wit stood up in our defence,
 And dar'd (O impudence !) to publish—sense.
 Soon then as next the just tragedian spoke,
 The ladies sigh'd again, the beaux awoke.
 Those heads that us'd most indolent to move
 To sing-song, ballad, and sonata love,
 Began their buried senses to explore,
 And found they now had passions as before :
 The power of nature in their bosoms felt,
 In spite of prejudice compell'd to melt.

When Cato's firm, all hope of succour past,
 Holding his stubborn virtue to the last,
 I view, with joy and conscious transport fir'd,
 The soul of Rome in one great man retir'd :
 In him, as if she by confinement gain'd,
 Her powers and energy are higher strain'd
 Than when in crowds of senators she reign'd !
 Cato well scorn'd the life that Cæsar gave,
 When fear and weakness only bid him save :

* The Spectator.

But when a virtue like his own revives
The hero's constancy—with joy he lives.

Observe the justness of the poet's thoughts,
Whose smallest excellence is want of faults :
Without affected pomp and noise he warms ;
Without the gaudy dress of beauty charms.
Love, the old subject of the buskin'd Muse,
Returns, but such as Roman virgins use.
A virtuous love, chastis'd by purest thought,
Not from the fancy, but from nature wrought.

Britons, with lessen'd wonder, now behold
Your former wits, and all your bards of old ;
Jonson out-vy'd in his own way confess ;
And own that Shakespear's self now pleases less.
While Phœbus binds the laurel on his brow,
Rise up, ye Muses ; and, ye Poets, bow :
Superior worth with admiration greet,
And place him nearest to his Phœbus' feat.

O N C A T O :

OCCASIONED BY

MR. ADDISON'S TRAGEDY OF THAT NAME,

BY MR. COPPING.

HIS ancient Rome by party-factions rent,
 Long since the generous Cato did lament;
 Himself united with his country's cause,
 Bravely refus'd to live, 'midst dying laws.
 Pleas'd with returning liberty to come,
 With joy the hero rises from his tomb;
 And in Britannia finds a second Rome.
 Till by repeated rage, and civil fires,
 Th' unhappy patriot again expires;
 Weeps o'er her fate, and to the gods retires.

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TO MR. ADDISON, ON HIS CATO.

(FROM STEELE'S COLLECTION.)

Is Britain rescued from th' Italian chain,
 And the dear song neglected for thy strain?
 Are ev'n the Fair reclaim'd? and dare they fit
 Intent on Virtue, and be pleas'd with Wit?
 What Muse, but thine, could thus redeem our taste,
 With show deluded, and with sound debas'd?

Hard was the task, and worthy of your rage;
 You seem the great Alcides of the age:
 How gloriously you rise in our defence!
 Your cause is Liberty; your armour, Sense;
 The brood of tuneful monsters you control,
 Which sink the genius, and degrade the soul:
 Those foes to verse you chace with manly arts,
 And kindle Roman fires in British hearts.
 Oh! fix, as well as raise, that noble flame:
 Confirm your glory, and prevent our shame.
 The routed Opera may return again,
 Seduce our hearts, and o'er our spirits reign:
 Ev'n Cato is a doubtful match for all,
 And Right, oppress'd with odds, again may fall;
 Let our just fears your second aid implore,
 Repeat the stroke, this Hydra springs no more.

VERSES SENT TO A LADY, WITH THE
 TRAGEDY OF CATO.

(FROM STEELE'S COLLECTION.)

IN vain, O heavenly maid, do I peruse
 Th' instructive labours of the Tragic Muse,
 If Cato's virtue cannot cure my soul,
 And all the jarring passions there control
 In vain—but ah! what arguments can prove
 Sufficient to resist the force of Love?

I burn like Marcus in th' impetuous fire ;
 Like him I languish with the fond desire ;
 Like him I groan beneath th' uneasy weight,
 And ev'n, like him despairing, wish my fate.
 Could you with Lucia's eyes behold my pain,
 Then would you strive to soften your disdain :
 My anxious griefs your tender breast would move,
 And raise compassion, where they could not love.
 But lo bright Marcia ! see, relentless fair,
 In Cato's daughter thy whole self appear.
 In thee, alas ! her lovely virtues shine,
 Her charms, her heavenly beauties, all are thine ;
 And whilst in moving numbers is display'd
 Juba's soft passion for the glorious maid,
 Think you behold your lover prostrate lie,
 In tenderest accents think you hear me sigh :
 Then, then be kind—and on my sufferings smile,
 As generous Marcia pitied Juba's toil.
 Thou, in whom all the Roman virtues dwell,
 Let not the Roman mercy thine excel ;
 Since Love like that of Juba fills my breast,
 Let me at length with equal joys be blest.

* * The verses of Dr. YOUNG, Mr. TICKELL, and Mr. HUGHES, on this tragedy, are among the poems of their respective authors.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Cato	-	-	-	-	Mr. Booth.
Lucius, a Senator	-	-	-	-	Mr. Keen.
Sempronius, a Senator	-	-	-	-	Mr. Mills.
Juba, Prince of Numidia	-	-	-	-	Mr. Wilks.
Syphax, General of the Numidians	-	-	-	-	Mr. Cibber.
Portius	} Sons of Cato	-	-	-	Mr. Powel.
Marcus		-	-	-	Mr. Ryan.
Decius, Ambassador from Cæsar	-	-	-	-	Mr. Bowman.

MUTINEERS, GUARDS, &c.

W O M E N.

Marcia, Daughter to Cato	-	-	Mrs. Oldfield.
Lucia, Daughter to Lucius	-	-	Mrs. Porter.

Scene, a large Hall in the Governor's Palace of Utica.

* * * See the Prologue and Epilogue to Cato in the volumes
which contain the Poems of GARTH and POPE.

C A T O.

ACT I. SCENE I.

PORTIUS, MARCUS.

PORTIUS.

THE dawn is over-cast, the morning lowers,
And heavily in clouds brings on the day,
The great, th' important day; big with the fate
Of Cato and of Rome.—Our father's death
Would fill up all the guilt of civil war,
And close the scene of blood. Already Cæsar
Has ravag'd more than half the globe, and sees
Mankind grown thin by his destructive sword:
Should he go further, numbers would be wanting,
To form new battles, and support his crimes.
Ye gods, what havock does ambition make
Among your works!

MARCUS.

Thy steady temper, Portius,
Can look on guilt, rebellion, fraud, and Cæsar,
In the calm lights of mild philosophy;
I'm tortur'd, ev'n to madness, when I think
On the proud victor: every time he's nam'd
Pharfalia rises to my view—I see
Th' insulting tyrant prancing o'er the field

Strow'd with Rome's citizens, and drench'd in slaughter,
His horse's hoofs wet with Patrician blood.
Oh Portius, is there not some chosen curse,
Some hidden thunder in the stores of heaven,
Red with uncommon wrath, to blast the man
Who owes his greatness to his country's ruin?

PORTIUS.

Believe me, Marcus, 'tis an impious greatness,
And mixt with too much horror to be envy'd:
How does the lustre of our father's actions,
Through the dark cloud of ills that cover him,
Break out, and burn with more triumphant brightness?
His sufferings shine, and spread a glory round him;
Greatly unfortunate, he fights the cause
Of honour, virtue, liberty, and Rome.
His sword ne'er fell but on the guilty head;
Oppression, tyranny, and power usurp'd,
Draw all the vengeance of his arm upon them.

MARCUS.

Who knows not this? But what can Cato do
Against a world, a base degenerate world,
That courts the yoke, and bows the neck to Cæsar?
Pent up in Utica, he vainly forms
A poor epitome of Roman greatness,
And, cover'd with Numidian guards, directs
A feeble army, and an empty senate,
Remnants of mighty battles fought in vain.
By heavens, such virtues, join'd with such success,
Distract my very soul: our father's fortune
Would almost tempt us to renounce his precepts.

PORTIUS.

Remember what our father oft has told us :
The ways of heaven are dark and intricate ;
Puzzled in mazes, and perplex'd with errors,
Our understanding traces them in vain,
Lost and bewilder'd in the fruitless search ;
Nor sees with how much art the windings run,
Nor where the regular confusion ends.

MARCUS.

These are suggestions of a mind at ease :
Oh Portius, didst thou taste but half the griefs
That wring my soul, thou could'st not talk thus coldly.
Passion unpity'd and successful love
Plant daggers in my heart, and aggravate
My other griefs. Were but my Lucia kind !—

PORTIUS.

Thou see'st not that thy brother is thy rival :
But I must hide it, for I know thy temper. [*Aside.*

Now, Marcus, now, thy virtue's on the proof :
Put forth thy utmost strength, work every nerve,
And call up all thy father in thy soul :
To quell the tyrant love, and guard thy heart
On this weak side, where most our nature fails,
Would be a conquest worthy Cato's son.

MARCUS.

Portius, the counsel which I cannot take,
Instead of healing, but upbraids my weakness.
Bid me for honour plunge into a war
Of thickest foes, and rush on certain death,
Then shalt thou see that Marcus is not slow

To follow glory, and confess his father.
 Love is not to be reason'd down, or lost
 In high ambition, and a thirst of greatness;
 'Tis second life, it grows into the soul,
 Warms every vein, and beats in every pulse.
 I feel it here: my resolution melts—

PORTIUS.

Behold young Juba, the Numidian Prince!
 With how much care he forms himself to glory,
 And breaks the fierceness of his native temper
 To copy out our father's bright example.
 He loves our sister Marcia, greatly loves her;
 His eyes, his looks, his actions, all betray it:
 But still the smother'd fondness burns within him.
 When most it swells and labours for a vent,
 'The sense of honour and desire of fame
 Drive the big passion back into his heart.
 What! shall an African, shall Juba's heir,
 Reproach great Cato's son, and show the world
 A virtue wanting in a Roman soul?

MARCUS.

Portius, no more! your words leave stings behind them.
 When-e'er did Juba, or did Portius, show
 A virtue that has cast me at a distance,
 And thrown me out in the pursuits of honour?

PORTIUS.

Marcus, I know thy generous temper well;
 Fling but th' appearance of dishonour on it,
 It strait takes fire, and mounts into a blaze.

MARCUS.

A brother's sufferings claim a brother's pity.

PORTIUS.

Heaven knows I pity thee : behold my eyes
Ev'n whilst I speak.—Do they not swim in tears?
Were but my heart as naked to thy view,
Marcus would see it bleed in his behalf.

MARCUS.

Why then dost treat me with rebukes, instead
Of kind condoling cares and friendly sorrow?

PORTIUS.

O Marcus, did I know the way to ease
Thy troubled heart, and mitigate thy pains,
Marcus, believe me, I could die to do it.

MARCUS.

Thou best of brothers, and thou best of friends!
Pardon a weak distemper'd soul, that swells
With sudden gusts, and sinks as soon in calms,
The sport of passions—But Sempronius comes:
He must not find this softness hanging on me. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E II.

SEMPRONIUS.

Conspiracies no sooner should be form'd
Than executed. What means Portius here?
I like not that cold youth. I must dissemble,
And speak a language foreign to my heart.

SEMPRONIUS, PORTIUS.

SEMPRONIUS.

Good morrow, Portius! let us once embrace,
Once more embrace; whilst yet we both are free.

To-morrow should we thus express our friendship,
 Each might receive a slave into his arms.
 This sun perhaps, this morning sun, 's the last
 That e'er shall rise on Roman liberty.

PORTIUS.

My father has this morning call'd together
 To this poor hall his little Roman Senate
 (The leavings of Pharsalia), to consult
 If yet he can oppose the mighty torrent
 That bears down Rome, and all her gods, before it,
 Or must at length give up the world to Cæsar.

SEMPRONIUS.

Not all the pomp and majesty of Rome
 Can raise her Senate more than Cato's presence.
 His virtues render our assembly awful,
 They strike with something like religious fear,
 And make ev'n Cæsar tremble at the head
 Of armies flush'd with conquest: O my Portius,
 Could I but call that wondrous man my father,
 Would but thy sister Marcia be propitious
 To thy friend's vows; I might be blest'd indeed!

PORTIUS.

Alas! Sempronius, would'st thou talk of love
 To Marcia, whilst her father's life's in danger?
 Thou might'st as well court the pale trembling Vestal,
 When she beholds the holy flame expiring.

SEMPRONIUS.

The more I see the wonders of thy race,
 The more I'm charm'd. Thou must take heed, my
 Portius!

The world has all its eyes on Cato's son,
 Thy father's merit sets thee up to view,
 And shews thee in the fairest point of light,
 To make thy virtues or thy faults conspicuous.

PORTIUS.

Well dost thou seem to check my lingering here
 On this important hour—I'll strait away;
 And while the fathers of the Senate meet
 In close debate, to weigh th' events of war,
 I'll animate the soldiers' drooping courage,
 With love of freedom, and contempt of life.
 I'll thunder in their ears their country's cause,
 And try to rouse up all that's Roman in them.
 'Tis not in mortals to command success,
 But we'll do more, Sempronius; we'll deserve it.

[*Exit.*

SEMPRONIUS.

Curse on the stripling! How he apes his fire!
 Ambitiously sententious!—But I wonder
 Old Syphax comes not; his Numidian genius
 Is well dispos'd to mischief, were he prompt
 And eager on it; but he must be spurr'd,
 And every moment quicken'd to the course.
 Cato has us'd me ill: he has refus'd
 His daughter Marcia to my ardent vows.
 Besides, his baffled arms and ruin'd cause
 Are bars to my ambition. Cæsar's favour,
 That showers down greatness on his friends, will raise me
 To Rome's first honours. If I give up Cato,
 I claim in my reward his captive daughter.
 But Syphax comes!—

SCENE III.

SYPHAX, SEMPRONIUS.

SYPHAX.

—Sempronius, all is ready.

I've founded my Numidians, man by man,
 And find them ripe for a revolt: they all
 Complain aloud of Cato's discipline,
 And wait but the command to change their master.

SEMPRONIUS.

Believe me, Syphax, there's no time to waste;
 Ev'n whilst we speak, our conqueror comes on,
 And gathers ground upon us every moment.
 Alas! thou know'st not Cæsar's active soul,
 With what a dreadful course he rushes on
 From war to war: in vain has nature form'd
 Mountains and oceans to oppose his passage;
 He bounds o'er all, victorious in his march;
 The Alps and Pyreneans sink before him;
 Through winds, and waves, and storms, he works his
 way,
 Impatient for the battle: one day more
 Will set the victor thundering at our gates.
 But tell me, hast thou yet drawn-o'er young Juba?
 That still would recommend thee more to Cæsar,
 And challenge better terms—

SYPHAX.

—Alas! he's lost,

He's lost, Sempronius; all his thoughts are full
 Of Cato's virtues—But I'll try once more

(For every instant I expect him here)
If yet I can subdue those stubborn principles
Of faith, of honour, and I know not what,
That have corrupted his Numidian temper,
And struck th' infection into all his soul.

SEMPRONIUS.

Be sure to press upon him every motive.
Juba's surrender, since his father's death,
Would give up Afric into Cæsar's hands,
And make him lord of half the burning Zone.

SYPHAX.

But is it true, Sempronius, that your Senate
Is call'd together? Gods! thou must be cautious!
Cato has piercing eyes, and will discern
Our frauds, unless they 're cover'd thick with art.

SEMPRONIUS.

Let me alone, good Syphax, I'll conceal
My thoughts in passion ('t is the surest way);
I'll bellow out for Rome and for my country,
And mouth at Cæsar till I shake the Senate.
Your cold hypocrisy's a stale device,
A worn-out trick: wouldst thou be thought in earnest,
Clothe thy feign'd zeal in rage, in fire, in fury!

SYPHAX.

In troth, thou'rt able to instruct grey-hairs,
And teach the wily African deceit!

SEMPRONIUS.

Once more, be sure to try thy skill on Juba;
Mean-while I'll hasten to my Roman soldiers,

Inflame the mutiny, and underhand
 Blow up their discontents, till they break out
 Unlook'd for, and discharge themselves on Cato.
 Remember, Syphax, we must work in haste :
 O think what anxious moments pass between
 The birth of plots, and their last fatal periods.
 Oh ! 't is a dreadful interval of time,
 Fill'd up with horror all, and big with death !
 Destruction hangs on every word we speak,
 On every thought, till the concluding stroke
 Determines all, and closes our design. [Exit.]

SYPHAX.

I'll try if yet I can reduce to reason
 This head-strong youth, and make him spurn at Cato.
 The time is short, Cæsar comes rushing on us—
 But hold ! young Juba sees me, and approaches.

S C E N E IV.

JUBA, SYPHAX.

JUBA.

Syphax, I joy to meet thee thus alone.
 I have observ'd of late thy looks are fallen,
 O'ercastr with gloomy cares, and discontent ;
 Then tell me, Syphax, I conjure thee, tell me,
 What are the thoughts that knit thy brow in frowns,
 And turn thine eye thus coldly on thy Prince ?

SYPHAX.

'Tis not my talent to conceal my thoughts,
 Nor carry smiles and sun-shine in my face,

When discontent sits heavy at my heart.
I have not yet so much the Roman in me.

JUBA.

Why dost thou cast out such ungenerous terms
Against the lords and sovereigns of the world ?
Dost thou not see mankind fall down before them,
And own the force of their superior virtue ?
Is there a nation in the wilds of Afric,
Amidst our barren rocks and burning sands,
That does not tremble at the Roman name ?

SYPHAX.

Gods ! where's the worth that sets this people up
Above your own Numidia's tawny sons ?
Do they with tougher sinews bend the bow ?
Or flies the javelin swifter to its mark,
Launch'd from the vigour of a Roman arm ?
Who like our active African instructs
The fiery steed, and trains him to his hand ?
Or guides in troops th' embattled elephant,
Loaden with war ? These, these are arts, my Prince,
In which your Zama does not stoop to Rome.

JUBA.

These all are virtues of a meaner rank,
Perfections that are plac'd in bones and nerves.
A Roman soul is bent on higher views :
To civilize the rude unpolish'd world,
And lay it under the restraint of laws ;
To make man mild and sociable to man ;
To cultivate the wild licentious savage
With wisdom, discipline, and liberal arts ;

Th' embellishments of life : virtues like these
 Make human nature shine, reform the soul,
 And break our fierce barbarians into men.

SYPHAX.

Patience, kind heavens !—Excuse an old man's
 warmth.

What are these wondrous civilizing arts,
 This Roman polish, and this smooth behaviour,
 That render man thus tractable and tame ?
 Are they not only to disguise our passions,
 To set our looks at variance with our thoughts,
 To check the starts and fallies of the soul,
 And break off all its commerce with the tongue ;
 In short, to change us into other creatures
 Than what our nature and the gods design'd us ?

JUBA.

To strike thee dumb : turn up thine eyes to Cato !
 There may'st thou see to what a godlike height
 The Roman virtues lift up mortal man.
 While good, and just, and anxious for his friends,
 He's still severely bent against himself ;
 Renouncing sleep, and rest, and food, and ease,
 He strives with thirst and hunger, toil and heat ;
 And when his fortune sets before him all
 The pomps and pleasures that his soul can wish,
 His rigid virtue will accept of none.

SYPHAX.

Believe me, Prince, there's not an African
 That traverses our vast Numidian deserts
 In quest of prey, and lives upon his bow,
 But better practises these boasted virtues.

Coarse are his meals, the fortune of the chase,
Amidst the running stream he flakes his thirst,
Toils all the day, and at the approach of night
On the first friendly bank he throws him down,
Or rests his head upon a rock till morn :
Then rises fresh, pursues his wonted game,
And if the following day he chance to find
A new repast, or an untasted spring,
Blesses his stars, and thinks it luxury.

JUBA.

Thy prejudices, Syphax, won't discern
What virtues grow from ignorance and choice,
Nor how the hero differs from the brute.
But grant that others could with equal glory
Look down on pleasures and the baits of sense,
Where shall we find the man that bears affliction,
Great and majestic in his griefs, like Cato ?
Heavens, with what strength, what steadiness of mind,
He triumphs in the midst of all his sufferings !
How does he rise against a load of woes,
And thank the gods that throw the weight upon him !

SYPHAX.

'Tis pride, rank pride, and haughtiness of soul :
I think the Romans call it Stoicism.
Had not your royal father thought so highly
Of Roman virtue, and of Cato's cause,
He had not fall'n by a slave's hand inglorious :
Nor would his slaughter'd army now have lain
On Afric's sands, disfigur'd with their wounds,
To gorge the wolves and vultures of Numidia.

JUBA.

Why do'st thou call my sorrows up afresh?
My father's name brings tears into my eyes.

SYPHAX.

Oh, that you'd profit by your father's ills!

JUBA.

What wouldst thou have me do?

SYPHAX.

Abandon Cato.

JUBA.

Syphax, I should be more than twice an orphan
By such a loss.

SYPHAX.

Ay, there's the tie that binds you!
You long to call him father. Marcia's charms
Work in your heart unseen, and plead for Cato.
No wonder you are deaf to all I say.

JUBA.

Syphax, your zeal becomes importunate;
I've hitherto permitted it to rave,
And talk at large; but learn to keep it in,
Lest it should take more freedom than I'll give it.

SYPHAX.

Sir, your great father never us'd me thus.
Alas, he's dead! but can you e'er forget
The tender sorrows, and the pangs of nature,
The fond embraces, and repeated blessings,
Which you drew from him in your last farewell?
Still must I cherish the dear sad remembrance,
At once to torture and to please my soul.

The good old king, at parting, wrung my hand,
(His eyes brim-full of tears) then sighing cry'd,
Pr'ythee be careful of my son!—his grief
Swell'd up so high he could not utter more.

JUBA.

Alas, thy story melts away my soul.
That best of fathers! how shall I discharge
The gratitude and duty which I owe him!

SYPHAX.

By laying up his counsels in your heart.

JUBA.

His counsels bade me yield to thy directions:
Then, Syphax, chide me in severest terms,
Vent all thy passion, and I'll stand its shock,
Calm and unruffled as a summer-sea,
When not a breath of wind flies o'er its surface.

SYPHAX.

Alas, my prince, I'd guide you to your safety.

JUBA.

I do believe thou wouldst; but tell me how?

SYPHAX.

Fly from the fate that follows Cæsar's foes.

JUBA.

My father scorn'd to do't.

SYPHAX.

And therefore dy'd.

JUBA.

Better to die ten thousand thousand deaths,
Than wound my honour.

SYPHAX.

Rather say your love.

JUBA.

Syphax, I've promis'd to preserve my temper.
 Why wilt thou urge me to confess a flame,
 I long have stifled, and would fain conceal?

SYPHAX.

Believe me, Prince, 'tis hard to conquer love,
 But easy to divert and break its force :
 Absence might cure it, or a second mistress
 Light up another flame, and put out this.
 The glowing dames of Zama's royal court
 Have faces flush'd with more exalted charms.
 The sun, that rolls his chariot o'er their heads,
 Works up more fire and colour in their cheeks :
 Were you with these, my Prince, you'd soon forget
 The pale unripen'd beauties of the North.

JUBA.

'Tis not a set of features, or complexion,
 The tincture of a skin, that I admire.
 Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
 Fades in his eye, and palls upon the sense.
 The virtuous Marcia towers above her sex :
 True, she is fair, (oh, how divinely fair!)
 But still the lovely maid improves her charms
 With inward greatness, unaffected wisdom,
 And sanctity of manners. Cato's soul
 Shines out in every thing she acts or speaks,
 While winning mildness and attractive smiles

Dwell in her looks, and with becoming grace
Softens the rigour of her father's virtues.

SYPHAX.

How does your tongue grow wanton in her praise!
But on my knees I beg you would consider—

Enter MARCIA and LUCIA.

JUBA.

Hah! Syphax, is't not she!—She moves this way:
And with her Lucia, Lucius's fair daughter.
My heart beats thick—I pr'ythee, Syphax, leave me.

SYPHAX.

Ten thousand curses fasten on them both!
Now will this woman with a single glance
Undo, what I've been labouring all this while. [*Exit.*]

JUBA, MARCIA, LUCIA.

JUBA.

Hail charming maid, how does thy beauty smoothe
The face of war, and make ev'n horror smile!
At sight of thee my heart shakes off its sorrows;
I feel a dawn of joy break in upon me,
And for a while forget th' approach of Cæsar.

MARCIA.

I should be griev'd, young prince, to think my pre-
fence
Unbent your thoughts, and slacken'd them to arms,
While, warm with slaughter, our victorious foe
Threatens aloud, and calls you to the field.

JUBA.

O Marcia, let me hope thy kind concerns
And gentle wishes follow me to battle!
The thought will give new vigour to my arm,
Add strength and weight to my descending sword,
And drive it in a tempest on the foe.

MARCIA.

My prayers and wishes always shall attend
The friends of Rome, the glorious cause of virtue,
And men approv'd of by the gods and Cato.

JUBA.

That Juba may deserve thy pious cares,
I'll gaze for ever on thy godlike father,
Transplanting, one by one, into my life
His bright perfections, till I shine like him.

MARCIA.

My father never at a time like this
Would lay out his great soul in words, and waste
Such precious moments.

JUBA.

Thy reproofs are just,
Thou virtuous maid; I'll hasten to my troops,
And fire their languid souls with Cato's virtue;
If e'er I lead them to the field, when all
The war shall stand rang'd in its just array,
And dreadful pomp: then will I think on thee!
O lovely maid, then will I think on thee!
And, in the shock of charging hosts, remember
What glorious deeds shou'd grace the man, who hopes
For Marcia's love. [Exit.

LUCIA.

Marcia, you're too severe:
How could you chide the young good-natur'd prince,
And drive him from you with so stern an air,
A prince that loves and dotes on you to death?

MARCIA.

'Tis therefore, Lucia, that I chide him from me,
His air, his voice, his looks, and honest soul,
Speak all so movingly in his behalf,
I dare not trust myself to hear him talk.

LUCIA.

Why will you fight against so sweet a passion,
And steel your heart to such a world of charms?

MARCIA.

How, Lucia! would'st thou have me sink away
In pleasing dreams, and lose myself in love,
When every moment Cato's life's at stake?
Cæsar comes arm'd with terror and revenge,
And aims his thunder at my father's head:
Should not the sad occasion swallow up
My other cares, and draw them all into it?

LUCIA.

Why have not I this constancy of mind,
Who have so many griefs to try its force?
Sure, nature form'd me of her softest mould,
Enfeebled all my soul with tender passions,
And sunk me ev'n below my own weak sex:
Pity and love, by turns, oppress my heart.

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MARCIA.

Lucia, disburthen all thy cares on me,
And let me share thy most retir'd distress;
Tell me who raises up this conflict in thee.

LUCIA.

I need not blush to name them, when I tell thee
They're Marcia's brothers, and the sons of Cato.

MARCIA.

They both behold thee with their sister's eyes;
And often have reveal'd their passion to me.
But tell me, whose address thou favour'st most?
I long to know, and yet I dread to hear it.

LUCIA.

Which is it Marcia wishes for?

MARCIA.

For neither —

And yet for both — The youths have equal share
In Marcia's wishes, and divide their sister:
But tell me which of them is Lucia's choice?

LUCIA.

Marcia, they both are high in my esteem,
But in my love — Why wilt thou make me name him?
Thou know'st, it is a blind and foolish passion,
Pleas'd and disgusted with it knows not what.

MARCIA.

O Lucia, I'm perplex'd: O tell me which
I must hereafter call my happy brother?

LUCIA.

Suppose 'twere Portius, could you blame my choice?
O Portius, thou hast stol'n away my soul!

With what a graceful tenderneſs he loves!
 And breathes the ſoſteſt, the ſincereſt vows!
 Complacency, and truth, and manly ſweetneſs,
 Dwell ever on his tongue, and ſmooth his thoughts.
 Marcus is over-warm, his fond complaints
 Have ſo much earneſtneſs and paſſion in them,
 I hear him with a ſecret kind of dread,
 And tremble at his vehemence of temper.

MARCIA.

Alas, poor youth! how can'ſt thou throw him from
 thee?

Lucia, thou know'ſt not half the love he bears thee;
 Whene'er he ſpeaks of thee, his heart's in flames,
 He ſends out all his ſoul in every word,
 And thinks, and talks, and looks like one tranſported.
 Unhappy youth! how will thy coldneſs raiſe
 Tempeſts and ſtorms in his afflicted boſom!
 I dread the conſequence—

LUCIA.

You ſeem to plead
 Againſt your brother Portius—

MARCIA.

Heaven forbid!
 Had Portius been the unſucceſſful lover,
 The ſame compaſſion would have fall'n on him.

LUCIA.

Was ever virgin love diſtreſt like mine!
 Portius himſelf oft falls in tears before me,
 As if he mourn'd his rival's ill ſucceſs,
 Then bids me hide the motions of my heart,

Nor show which way it turns. So much he fears
The sad effects that it would have on Marcus.

MARCIA.

He knows too well how easily he's fir'd,
And would not plunge his brother in despair,
But waits for happier times, and kinder moments.

LUCIA.

Alas! too late I find myself involv'd
In endless griefs and labyrinths of woe,
Born to afflict my Marcia's family,
And sow dissension in the hearts of brothers.
Tormenting thought! it cuts into my soul.

MARCIA.

Let us not, Lucia, aggravate our sorrows,
But to the gods permit th' event of things.
Our lives, discolour'd with our present woes,
May still grow bright, and smile with happier hours.

So the pure limpid stream, when foul with stains
Of rushing torrents, and descending rains,
Works itself clear, and, as it runs, refines;
Till, by degrees the floating mirror shines,
Reflects each flower that on the border grows,
And a new heaven in its fair bosom shows. [Exeunt.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The SENATE.

SEMPRONIUS.

Rome still survives in this assembled senate!
Let us remember we are Cato's friends,
And act like men who claim that glorious title.

LUCIUS.

Cato will soon be here, and open to us
Th' occasion of our meeting. Hark! he comes!
[*A sound of trumpets.*]
May all the guardian gods of Rome direct him!

Enter CATO.

CATO.

Fathers, we once again are met in council.
Cæsar's approach has summon'd us together,
And Rome attends her fate from our resolves:
How shall we treat this bold aspiring man?
Success still follows him, and backs his crimes:
Pharfalia gave him Rome; Egypt has since
Receiv'd his yoke, and the whole Nile is Cæsar's.
Why should I mention Juba's overthrow,
And Scipio's death? Numidia's burning sands
Still smother with blood. 'Tis time we should decree
What course to take. Our foe advances on us,
And envies us ev'n Libya's sultry deserts.
Fathers, pronounce your thoughts, are they still fixt

To hold it out, and fight it to the last?
Or are your hearts subdued at length, and wrought
By time and ill success to a submission?
Sempronius, speak.

SEMPRONIUS.

My voice is still for war.

Gods, can a Roman senate long debate
Which of the two to chuse, slavery or death!
No, let us rise at once, gird on our swords,
And, at the head of our remaining troops,
Attack the foe, break through the thick array
Of his throng'd legions, and charge home upon him;
Perhaps some arm, more lucky than the rest,
May reach his heart, and free the world from bondage.
Rise, fathers, rise; 'tis Rome demands your help;
Rise, and revenge her slaughter'd citizens,
Or share their fate: the corps of half her senate
Manure the fields of Theffaly, while we
Sit here, deliberating in cold debates,
If we should sacrifice our lives to honour,
Or wear them out in servitude and chains.
Rouse up for shame! our brothers of Pharfalia
Point at their wounds, and cry aloud—to battle!
Great Pompey's shade complains that we are slow,
And Scipio's ghost walks unreveng'd amongst us.

CATO.

Let not a torrent of impetuous zeal
Transport thee thus beyond the bounds of reason:
True fortitude is seen in great exploits,
That justice warrants, and that wisdom guides;

All else is towering phrensy and distraction.
Are not the lives of those, who draw the sword
In Rome's defence, entrusted to our care?
Should we thus lead them to a field of slaughter,
Might not th' impartial world with reason say,
We lavish'd at our deaths the blood of thousands,
To grace our fall, and make our ruin glorious?
Lucius, we next would know what's your opinion.

LUCIUS.

My thoughts, I must confess, are turn'd on peace.
Already have our quarrels fill'd the world
With widows and with orphans: Scythia mourns
Our guilty wars, and earth's remotest regions
Lie half unpeopled by the feuds of Rome:
'Tis time to sheath the sword, and spare mankind.
It is not Cæsar, but the gods, my fathers,
The gods declare against us, and repel
Our vain attempts. To urge the foe to battle,
(Prompted by blind revenge and wild despair)
Were to refuse th' awards of providence,
And not to rest in heaven's determination.
Already have we shown our love to Rome:
Now let us show submission to the gods.
We took up arms, not to revenge ourselves,
But free the commonwealth; when this end fails,
Arms have no further use; our country's cause,
That drew our swords, now wrests them from our hands,
And bids us not delight in Roman blood,
Unprofitably shed; what men could do
Is done already: heaven and earth will witness,
If Rome must fall, that we are innocent.

SEMPRONIUS.

This smooth discourse and mild behaviour oft
 Conceal a traitor—Something whispers me
 All is not right—Cato, beware of Lucius. [*Aside to Cato.*]

CATO.

Let us appear not rash nor diffident :
 Immoderate valour swells into a fault,
 And fear, admitted into public councils,
 Betrays like treason. Let us shun them both.
 Fathers, I cannot see that our affairs
 Are grown thus desperate. We have bulwarks round us;
 Within our walls are troops inur'd to toil
 In Afric's heats, and season'd to the sun ;
 Numidia's spacious kingdom lies behind us,
 Ready to rise at its young prince's call.
 Whilst there is hope, do not distrust the gods ;
 But wait at least till Cæsar's near approach
 Force us to yield. 'Twill never be too late
 To sue for chains, and own a conqueror.
 Why should Rome fall a moment ere her time ?
 No, let us draw her term of freedom out
 In its full length, and spin it to the last.
 So shall we gain still one day's liberty ;
 And let me perish, but in Cato's judgment,
 A day, an hour of virtuous liberty,
 Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.

Enter MARCUS.

MARCUS.

Fathers, this moment as I watch'd the gates,
 Lodg'd on my post, a herald is arriv'd

From Cæsar's camp, and with him comes old Decius,
The Roman knight; he carries in his looks
Impatience, and demands to speak with Cato.

CATO.

By your permission, fathers, bid him enter.

[*Exit Marcus.*]

Decius was once my friend; but other prospects
Have loos'd those ties, and bound him fast to Cæsar.
His message may determine our resolves.

Enter DECIUS.

DECIUS.

Cæsar sends health to Cato—

CATO.

Could he send it

To Cato's slaughter'd friends, it would be welcome.
Are not your orders to address the senate?

DECIUS.

My business is with Cato: Cæsar sees
The streights to which you're driven; and, as he knows
Cato's high worth, is anxious for his life.

CATO.

My life is grafted on the fate of Rome:
Would he save Cato? bid him spare his country.
Tell your dictator this; and tell him Cato
Disdains a life, which he has power to offer.

DECIUS.

Rome and her senators submit to Cæsar;
Her generals and her consuls are no more,

Who check'd his conquests, and deny'd his triumphs,
Why will not Cato be this Cæsar's friend?

CATO.

Those very reasons, thou hast urg'd, forbid it.

DECIUS.

Cato, I've orders to expostulate,
And reason with you as from friend to friend:
Think on the storm that gathers o'er your head,
And threatens every hour to burst upon it;
Still may you stand high in your country's honours,
Do but comply, and make your peace with Cæsar.
Rome will rejoice, and cast its eyes on Cato,
As on the second of mankind.

CATO.

No more!

I must not think of life on such conditions.

DECIUS.

Cæsar is well acquainted with your virtues,
And therefore sets this value on your life:
Let him but know the price of Cato's friendship,
And name your terms.

CATO.

Bid him disband his legions,
Restore the commonwealth to liberty,
Submit his actions to the public censure,
And stand the judgment of a Roman senate.
Bid him do this, and Cato is his friend.

DECIUS.

Cato, the world talks loudly of your wisdom—

C A T O.

Nay more, though Cato's voice was ne'er employ'd
To clear the guilty, and to varnish crimes,
Myself will mount the Rostrum in his favour,
And strive to gain his pardon from the people.

D E C I U S.

A file like this becomes a conqueror.

C A T O.

Decius, a file like this becomes a Roman.

D E C I U S.

What is a Roman, that is Cæsar's foe?

C A T O.

Greater than Cæsar, he's a friend to virtue.

D E C I U S.

Consider, Cato, you're in Utica;
And at the head of your own little senate;
You don't now thunder in the capitol,
With all the mouths of Rome to second you.

C A T O.

Let him consider that who drives us hither:
'Tis Cæsar's sword has made Rome's senate little,
And thinn'd its ranks. Alas! thy dazzled eye
Beholds this man in a false glaring light,
Which conquest and success have thrown upon him;
Didst thou but view him right, thou'dst see him black
With murder, treason, sacrilege, and crimes,
That strike my soul with horror but to name them.
I know thou look'st on me, as on a wretch
Beset with ills, and cover'd with misfortunes;

But, by the gods I swear, millions of worlds
Should never buy me to be like that Cæsar.

DECIUS.

Does Cato send this answer back to Cæsar,
For all his generous cares, and proffer'd friendship?

CATO.

His cares for me are insolent and vain :
Presumptuous man ! the gods take care of Cato.
Would Cæsar show the greatness of his soul,
Bid him employ his care for these my friends,
And make good use of his ill-gotten power
By sheltering men much better than himself.

DECIUS.

Your high unconquer'd heart makes you forget
That you're a man. You rush on your destruction.
But I have done. When I relate hereafter
The tale of this unhappy embassy,
All Rome will be in tears. [Exit.

SEMPRONIUS.

Cato, we thank thee.
The mighty genius of immortal Rome
Speaks in thy voice, thy soul breathes liberty :
Cæsar will shrink to hear the words thou utter'st,
And shudder in the midst of all his conquests.

LUCIUS.

The senate owns its gratitude to Cato,
Who with so great a soul consults its safety,
And guards our lives while he neglects his own.

SEMPRONIUS.

Sempronius gives no thanks on this account.

Lucius seems fond of life ; but what is life ?
'Tis not to stalk about, and draw fresh air
From time to time, or gaze upon the sun ;
'Tis to be free. When liberty is gone,
Life grows insipid, and has lost its relish.
O could my dying hand but lodge a sword
In Cæsar's bosom, and revenge my country,
By heavens I could enjoy the pangs of death,
And smile in agony.

LUCIUS.

Others perhaps
May serve their country with as warm a zeal,
Though 'tis not kindled into so much rage.

SEMPRONIUS.

This sober conduct is a mighty virtue
In luke-warm patriots.

CATO.

Come ! no more, Sempronius :
All here are friends to Rome, and to each other.
Let us not weaken still the weaker side,
By our divisions.

SEMPRONIUS.

Cato, my resentments
Are sacrific'd to Rome—I stand reprov'd.

CATO.

Fathers, 'tis time you come to a resolve.

LUCIUS.

Cato, we all go into your opinion.
Cæsar's behaviour has convinc'd the senate
We ought to hold it out till terms arrive.

SEMPRONIUS.

We ought to hold it out till death ; but, Cato,
My private voice is drown'd amid the senate's.

CATO.

Then let us rise, my friends, and strive to fill
This little interval, this pause of life,
(While yet our liberty and fates are doubtful)
With resolution, friendship, Roman bravery,
And all the virtues we can crowd into it ;
That heaven may say, it ought to be prolong'd.
Fathers, farewell—The young Numidian prince
Comes forward, and expects to know our councils.
[*Ex. Sen.*

Enter JUBA.

CATO.

Juba, the Roman senate has resolv'd,
Till time give better prospects, still to keep
The sword unsheath'd, and turn its edge on Cæsar.

JUBA.

The resolution fits a Roman senate.
But, Cato, lend me for a while thy patience,
And condescend to hear a young man speak.
My father, when some days before his death
He order'd me to march for Utica
(Alas ! I thought not then his death so near !)
Wept o'er me, press'd me in his aged arms,
And as his griefs gave way, My son, said he,
Whatever fortune shall befall thy father,
Be Cato's friend ; he'll train thee up to great

And virtuous deeds : do but observe him well,
Thou'lt shun misfortunes, or thou'lt learn to bear
them.

C A T O.

Juba, thy father was a worthy prince,
And merited, alas ! a better fate ;
But heaven thought otherwise.

J U B A.

My father's fate,
In spite of all the fortitude that shines
Before my face, in Cato's great example,
Subdues my soul, and fills my eyes with tears.

C A T O.

It is an honest sorrow, and becomes thee.

J U B A.

My father drew respect from foreign climes :
The kings of Afric sought him for their friend,
Kings far remote, that rule, as fame reports,
Behind the hidden sources of the Nile,
In distant worlds, on t' other side the sun :
Oft have their black ambassadors appear'd,
Loaden with gifts, and fill'd the courts of Zama.

C A T O.

I am no stranger to thy father's greatness.

J U B A.

I would not boast the greatness of my father,
But point out new alliances to Cato.
Had we not better leave this Utica,
To arm Numidia in our cause, and court

Th' assistance of my father's powerful friends?
Did they know Cato, our remotest kings
Would pour embattled multitudes about him;
Their swarthy hosts would darken all our plains,
Doubling the native horror of the war,
And making death more grim.

CATO.

And canst thou think

Cato will fly before the sword of Cæsar?
Reduc'd, like Hannibal, to seek relief
From court to court, and wander up and down,
A vagabond in Afric!

JUBA.

Cato, perhaps

I'm too officious; but my forward cares
Would fain preserve a life of so much value.
My heart is wounded, when I see such virtue
Afflicted by the weight of such misfortunes.

CATO.

Thy nobleness of soul obliges me.
But know, young prince, that valour soars above
What the world calls misfortune and affliction.
These are not ills; else would they never fall
On heaven's first favourites, and the best of men:
The gods, in bounty, work up storms about us,
That give mankind occasion to exert
Their hidden strength, and throw out into practice
Virtues, that shun the day, and lie conceal'd
In the smooth seasons, and the calms of life.

JUBA.

I'm charm'd whene'er thou talk'st! I pant for virtue!
And all my foul endeavours at perfection.

CATO.

Dost thou love watchings, abstinence, and toil,
Laborious virtues all? learn them from Cato:
Success and fortune must thou learn from Cæsar.

JUBA.

The best good-fortune that can fall on Juba,
The whole success at which my heart aspires,
Depends on Cato.

CATO.

What does Juba say?
Thy words confound me.

JUBA.

I would fain retract them.
Give them me back again. They aim'd at nothing.

CATO.

Tell me thy wish, young prince; make not my ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.

JUBA.

Oh, they're extravagant;
Still let me hide them.

CATO.

What can Juba ask
That Cato will refuse!

JUBA.

I fear to name it.
Marcia—inherits all her father's virtues.

CATO.

What wouldst thou say?

JUBA.

Cato, thou hast a daughter.

CATO.

Adieu, young prince : I would not hear a word
Should lessen thee in my esteem : remember
The hand of fate is over us, and heaven
Exacts severity from all our thoughts :
It is not now a time to talk of aught
But chains, or conquest ; liberty, or death. [*Exit.*

Enter SYPHAX.

SYPHAX.

How's this, my prince ! what, cover'd with confusion ?

You look as if yon stern philosopher
Had just now chid you.

JUBA.

Syphax, I'm undone !

SYPHAX.

I know it well.

JUBA.

Cato thinks meanly of me.

SYPHAX.

And so will all mankind.

JUBA.

I've open'd to him
The weakness of my soul—my love for Marcia.

SYPHAX.

Cato's a proper person to entrust
A love-tale with.

JUBA.

Oh, I could pierce my heart,
My foolish heart ! Was ever wretch like Juba ?

SYPHAX.

Alas ! my prince, how are you chang'd of late !
I've known young Juba rise before the sun,
To beat the thicket where the tiger slept,
Or seek the lion in his dreadful haunts :
How did the colour mount into your cheeks,
When first you rous'd him to the chace ! I've seen you
Ev'n in the Libyan dog-days hunt him down,
Then charge him close, provoke him to the rage
Of fangs and claws, and stooping from your horse
Rivet the panting savage to the ground.

JUBA.

Pr'ythee, no more !

SYPHAX.

How would the old king smile
To see you weigh the paws, when tipp'd with gold,
And throw the shaggy spoils about your shoulders !

JUBA.

Syphax, this old man's talk (though honey flow'd
In every word) would now lose all its sweetness.
Cato's displeas'd, and Marcia lost for ever !

SYPHAX.

Young prince, I yet could give you good advice.
Marcia might still be yours.

JUBA.

What say'st thou, Syphax?
By heavens, thou turn'st me all into attention.

SYPHAX.

Marcia might still be yours.

JUBA.

As how, dear Syphax?

SYPHAX.

Juba commands Numidia's hardy troops,
Mounted on steeds, unus'd to the restraint
Of curbs or bits, and fleetier than the winds:
Give but the word, we'll snatch this damsel up,
And bear her off.

JUBA.

Can such dishonest thoughts
Rise up in man! would'st thou seduce my youth
To do an act that would destroy my honour?

SYPHAX.

Gods, I could tear my beard to hear you talk!
Honour's a fine imaginary notion,
That draws in raw and unexperienced men
To real mischiefs, while they hunt a shadow.

JUBA.

Would'st thou degrade thy prince into a ruffian?

SYPHAX.

The boasted ancestors of these great men,
Whose virtues you admire, were all such ruffians.
This dread of nations, this almighty Rome,
That comprehends in her wide empire's bounds
All under heaven, was founded on a rape.

Your Scipio's, Cæsar's, Pompey's, and your Cato's
(These gods on earth) are all the spurious brood
Of violated maids, of ravish'd Sabines.

JUBA.

Syphax, I fear that hoary head of thine
Abounds too much in our Numidian wiles.

SYPHAX.

Indeed, my prince; you want to know the world,
You have not read mankind: your youth admires
The throes and swellings of a Roman soul,
Cato's bold flights, th' extravagance of virtue.

JUBA.

If knowledge of the world makes man perfidious,
May Juba ever live in ignorance!

SYPHAX.

Go, go, you're young.

JUBA.

Gods, must I tamely bear
This arrogance unanswer'd! thou'rt a traitor,
A false old traitor.

SYPHAX.

I have gone too far. [*Aside.*

JUBA.

Cato shall know the baseness of thy soul.

SYPHAX.

I must appease this storm, or perish in it. [*Aside.*
Young prince, behold these locks, that are grown white
Beneath a helmet in your father's battles.

JUBA.

Those locks shall ne'er protect thy insolence.

U

SYPHAX.

Must one rash word, th' infirmity of age,
 Throw down the merit of my better years?
 This the reward of a whole life of service!
 Curse on the boy! how steadily he hears me! [*Aside.*]

JUBA.

Is it because the throne of my fore-fathers
 Still stands unfill'd, and that Numidia's crown
 Hangs doubtful yet, whose head it shall enclose,
 Thou thus presum'st to treat thy prince with scorn?

SYPHAX.

Why will you rive my heart with such expressions?
 Does not old Syphax follow you to war?
 What are his arms? why does he load with darts
 His trembling hand, and crush beneath a casque
 His wrinkled brows? what is it he aspires to?
 Is it not this? to shed the flow remains,
 His last poor ebb of blood, in your defence?

JUBA.

Syphax, no more! I would not hear you talk.

SYPHAX.

Not hear me talk! what, when my faith to Juba,
 My royal master's son, is call'd in question?
 My prince may strike me dead, and I'll be dumb:
 But, whilst I live, I must not hold my tongue,
 And languish out old age in his displeasure.

JUBA.

Thou know'st the way too well into my heart;
 I do believe thee loyal to thy prince.

SYPHAX.

What greater instance can I give? I've offer'd

To do an action which my soul abhors,
And gain you whom you love at any price.

JUBA.

Was this thy motive? I have been too hasty.

SYPHAX.

And 'tis for this my prince has call'd me traitor.

JUBA.

Sure thou mistak'st; I did not call thee so.

SYPHAX.

You did indeed, my prince; you call'd me traitor:
Nay, further, threaten'd you'd complain to Cato.
Of what, my prince, would you complain to Cato?
That Syphax loves you, and would sacrifice
His life, nay more, his honour, in your service?

JUBA.

Syphax, I know thou lov'st me, but indeed
Thy zeal for Juba carried thee too far.
Honour's a sacred tie, the law of kings,
The noble mind's distinguishing perfection,
That aids and strengthens virtue, where it meets her,
And imitates her actions, where she is not:
It ought not to be sported with.

SYPHAX.

By heavens

I'm ravish'd when you talk thus, though you chide me.
Alas, I've hitherto been us'd to think
A blind officious zeal to serve my king
The ruling principle, that ought to burn
And quench all others in a subject's heart.

Happy the people who preserve their honour
By the same duties that oblige their prince !

JUBA.

Syphax, thou now beginn'st to speak thyself.
Numidia's grown a scorn among the nations
For breach of public vows. Our Punic faith
Is infamous, and branded to a proverb.

Syphax, we'll join our cares, to purge away
Our country's crimes, and clear her reputation.

SYPHAX.

Believe me, prince, you make old Syphax weep
To hear you talk—but 't is with tears of joy.
If e'er your father's crown adorn your brows,
Numidia will be blest by Cato's lectures.

JUBA.

Syphax, thy hand ! we'll mutually forget
The warmth of youth, and frowardness of age :
Thy prince esteems thy worth, and loves thy person.
If e'er the scepter comes into my hand,
Syphax shall stand the second in my kingdom.

SYPHAX.

Why will you overwhelm my age with kindness ?
My joy grows burthensome, I sha'n't support it.

JUBA.

Syphax, farewell. I'll hence, and try to find
Some blest occasion that may set me right
In Cato's thoughts. I'd rather have that man
Approve my deeds, than worlds for my admirers.

[Exit.

SYPHAX.

Young men soon give, and soon forget affronts ;
Old age is slow in both—a false old traitor !
Those words, rash boy, may chance to cost thee dear :
My heart had still some foolish fondness for thee :
But hence ! 't is gone : I give it to the winds :—
Cæsar, I'm wholly thine—

Enter SEMPRONIUS.

SYPHAX.

All hail, Sempronius !

Well, Cato's Senate is resolv'd to wait
The fury of a siege, before it yields.

SEMPRONIUS.

Syphax, we both were on the verge of fate :
Lucius declar'd for peace, and terms were offer'd
To Cato by a messenger from Cæsar.
Should they submit, ere our designs are ripe,
We both must perish in the common wreck,
Lost in a general undistinguish'd ruin.

SYPHAX.

But how stands Cato ?

SEMPRONIUS.

Thou hast seen Mount Atlas :

While storms and tempests thunder on its brows,
And oceans break their billows at its feet,
It stands unmov'd, and glories in its height.
Such is that haughty man ; his towering soul,
'Midst all the shocks and injuries of fortune,
Rises superior, and looks down on Cæsar.

SYPHAX.

But what's this messenger?

SEMPRONIUS.

I've practis'd with him,
And found a means to let the victor know
That Syphax and Sempronius are his friends.
But let me now examine in my turn :
Is Juba fix'd ?

SYPHAX.

Yes, but it is to Cato.

I've try'd the force of every reason on him,
Sooth'd and caress'd, been angry, sooth'd again,
Laid safety, life, and interest, in his fight ;
But all are vain, he scorns them all for Cato.

SEMPRONIUS.

Come, 'tis no matter, we shall do without him.
He'll make a pretty figure in a triumph,
And serve to trip before the victor's chariot.
Syphax, I now may hope thou hast forsook
Thy Juba's cause, and wishest Marcia mine.

SYPHAX.

May she be thine as fast as thou wouldst have her!

SEMPRONIUS.

Syphax, I love that woman ; though I curse
Her and myself, yet, spite of me, I love her.

SYPHAX.

Make Cato sure, and give up Utica :
Cæsar will ne'er refuse thee such a trifle.
But are thy troops prepar'd for a revolt ?
Does the sedition catch from man to man,
And run among their ranks ?

SEMPRONIUS.

All, all is ready.

The factious leaders are our friends, that spread
Murmurs and discontents among the soldiers.
They count their toilsome marches, long fatigues,
Unusual fastings; and will bear no more
This medley of philosophy and war.
Within an hour they'll storm the Senate-house.

SYPHAX.

Mean-while I'll draw up my Numidian troops
Within the square, to exercise their arms,
And, as I see occasion, favour thee.
I laugh to think how your unshaken Cato
Will look aghast, while unforeseen destruction
Pours in upon him thus from every side.
So, where our wide Numidian wastes extend,
Sudden th' impetuous hurricanes descend,
Wheel through the air, in circling eddies play,
Tear up the sands, and sweep whole plains away.
The helpless traveller, with wild surprize,
Sees the dry desert all around him rise,
And, smother'd in the dusty whirlwind, dies.

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ACT III. SCENE I.

MARCUS *and* PORTIUS.

MARCUS.

THANKS to my stars, I have not rang'd about
The wilds of life, ere I could find a friend;
Nature first pointed out my Portius to me,
And early taught me, by her secret force,
To love thy person, ere I knew thy merit;
Till, what was instinct, grew up into friendship.

PORTIUS.

Marcus, the friendships of the world are oft
Confederacies in vice, or leagues of pleasure;
Ours has severest virtue for its basis,
And such a friendship ends not but with life.

MARCUS.

Portius, thou know'st my soul in all its weakness;
Then pr'ythee spare me on its tender side,
Indulge me but in love, my other passions
Shall rise and fall by virtue's nicest rules.

PORTIUS.

When love's well-tim'd, 't is not a fault to love.
The strong, the brave, the virtuous, and the wise,
Sink in the soft captivity together.
I would not urge thee to dismiss thy passion,
(I know 'twere vain) but to suppress its force,
Till better times may make it look more graceful.

MARCUS.

Alas ! thou talk'st like one who never felt
Th' impatient throbs and longings of a soul,
That pants and reaches after distant good.
A lover does not live by vulgar time :
Believe me, Portius, in my Lucia's absence
Life hangs upon me, and becomes a burden ;
And yet when I behold the charming maid,
I'm ten-times more undone ; while hope, and fear,
And grief, and rage, and love, rise up at once,
And with variety of pain distract me.

PORTIUS.

What can thy Portius do to give thee help ?

MARCUS.

Portius, thou oft enjoy'st the fair-one's presence :
Then undertake my cause, and plead it to her
With all the strength and heat of eloquence
Fraternal love and friendship can inspire.
Tell her thy brother languishes to death,
And fades away, and withers in his bloom ;
That he forgets his sleep, and loaths his food,
That youth, and health, and war, are joyless to him :
Describe his anxious days and restless nights,
And all the torments that thou seest me suffer.

PORTIUS.

Marcus, I beg thee, give me not an office
That suits with me so ill. Thou know'st my temper.

MARCUS.

Wilt thou behold me sinking in my woes ?
And wilt thou not reach out a friendly arm,
To raise me from amidst this plunge of sorrows ?

PORTIUS.

Marcus, thou canst not ask what I'd refuse.
But here believe me I've a thousand reasons—

MARCUS.

I know thou'lt say, my passion's out of season,
That Cato's great example and misfortunes
Should both conspire to drive it from my thoughts,
But what's all this to one who loves like me?
Oh Portius, Portius, from my soul I wish
Thou didst but know thyself what 't is to love!
Then would'st thou pity and assist thy brother.

PORTIUS.

What should I do! If I disclose my passion,
Our friendship's at an end: if I conceal it,
The world will call me false to a friend and brother.

[*Aside.*]

MARCUS.

But see where Lucia, at her wonted hour,
Amid the cool of yon high marble arch,
Enjoys the noon-day breeze! observe her, Portius!
That face, that shape, those eyes, that heaven of
beauty!
Observe her well, and blame me if thou canst.

PORTIUS.

She sees us, and advances—

MARCUS.

I'll withdraw,
And leave you for a while. Remember, Portius,
Thy brother's life depends upon thy tongue. [*Exit.*]

Enter LUCIA.

LUCIA.

Did not I see your brother Marcus here?
Why did he fly the place, and shun my presence?

PORTIUS.

Oh, Lucia, language is too faint to show
His rage of love; it preys upon his life;
He pines, he sickens, he despairs, he dies:
His passions and his virtues lie confus'd,
And mix'd together in so wild a tumult,
That the whole man is quite disfigur'd in him.
Heavens! would one think 'twere possible for love
To make such ravage in a noble soul!
Oh, Lucia, I'm distress'd! my heart bleeds for him;
Ev'n now, while thus I stand blest in thy presence,
A secret damp of grief comes o'er my thoughts,
And I'm unhappy, though thou smil'st upon me.

LUCIA.

How wilt thou guard thy honour, in the shock
Of love and friendship? Think betimes, my Portius,
Think how the nuptial tie, that might ensure
Our mutual bliss, would raise to such a height
Thy brother's griefs, as might perhaps destroy him.

PORTIUS.

Alas, poor youth! what dost thou think, my Lucia?
His generous, open, undesigning heart
Has begg'd his rival to solicit for him.
Then do not strike him dead with a denial,
But hold him up in life, and cheer his soul

With the faint glimmering of a doubtful hope :
 Perhaps, when we have pass'd these gloomy hours,
 And weather'd out the storm that beats upon us—

LUCIA.

No, Portius, no! I see thy sister's tears,
 Thy father's anguish, and thy brother's death,
 In the pursuit of our ill-fated loves.
 And, Portius, here I swear, to heaven I swear,
 To heaven, and all the powers that judge mankind,
 Never to mix my plighted hands with thine,
 While such a cloud of mischiefs hangs about us :
 But to forget our loves, and drive thee out
 From all my thoughts, as far—as I am able.

PORTIUS.

What hast thou said! I'm thunder-struck!—Recall
 Those hasty words, or I am lost for ever.

LUCIA.

Has not the vow already pass'd my lips?
 The gods have heard it, and 'tis seal'd in heaven.
 May all the vengeance, that was ever pour'd
 On perjur'd heads, o'erwhelm me, if I break it!

PORTIUS. [*After a pause.*]

Fix'd in astonishment, I gaze upon thee;
 Like one just blasted by a stroke from heaven,
 Who pants for breath, and stiffens, yet alive,
 In dreadful looks : a monument of wrath!

LUCIA.

At length I've acted my severest part;
 I feel the woman breaking in upon me,

And melt about my heart! my tears will flow.
But oh, I'll think no more! the hand of fate
Has torn thee from me, and I must forget thee.

PORTIUS.

Hard-hearted, cruel maid!

LUCIA.

Oh, stop those sounds,
Those killing sounds! Why dost thou frown upon me?
My blood runs cold, my heart forgets to heave,
And life itself goes out at thy displeasure.
The gods forbid us to indulge our loves,
But, oh! I cannot bear thy hate, and live!

PORTIUS.

'Talk not of love, thou never knew'st its force.
I've been deluded, led into a dream
Of fancied bliss. O Lucia, cruel maid!
Thy dreadful vow, loaden with death, still sounds
In my stunn'd ears. What shall I say or do?
Quick, let us part! perdition's in thy presence,
And horror dwells about thee!—Ah, she faints!
Wretch that I am! what has my rashness done!
Lucia, thou injur'd innocence! thou best
And loveliest of thy sex! awake, my Lucia,
Or Portius rushes on his sword to join thee.
—Her imprecations reach not to the tomb,
They shut not out society in death.—
But, ah! she moves! life wanders up and down
Through all her face, and lights up every charm.

LUCIA.

O Portius, was this well!—to frown on her

That lives upon thy smiles! to call in doubt
The faith of one expiring at thy feet,
That loves thee more than ever woman lov'd!
—What do I say? My half-recover'd sense
Forgets the vow in which my soul is bound.
Destruction stands betwixt us! we must part.

PORTIUS.

Name not the word, my frightened thoughts run back,
And startle into madness at the sound.

LUCIA.

What would'st thou have me do? Consider well
The train of ills our love would draw behind it.
Think, Portius, think, thou seest thy dying brother
Stabb'd at his heart, and all besmear'd with blood,
Storming at heaven and thee! thy awful fire
Sternly demands the cause, th' accursed cause,
That robs him of his son! poor Marcia trembles,
Then tears her hair, and, frantic in her griefs,
Calls out on Lucia! What could Lucia answer?
Or how stand up in such a scene of sorrow?

PORTIUS.

To my confusion and eternal grief,
I must approve the sentence that destroys me.
The mist that hung about my mind clears up;
And now, athwart the terrors that thy vow
Has planted round thee, thou appear'st more fair,
More amiable, and risest in thy charms.
Loveliest of women! heaven is in thy soul,
Beauty and virtue shine for ever round thee,
Brightening each other! thou art all divine!

LUCIA.

Portius, no more ! thy words shoot through my heart,
Melt my resolves, and turn me all to love.
Why are those tears of fondness in thy eyes ?
Why heaves thy heart ? Why swells thy soul with sorrow ?
It softens me too much.—Farewell, my Portius ;
Farewell, though death is in the word, for-ever !

PORTIUS.

Stay, Lucia, stay ! What dost thou say ? For-ever !

LUCIA.

Have I not sworn ? If, Portius, thy success
Must throw thy brother on his fate, farewell,
Oh, how shall I repeat the word ! for-ever !

PORTIUS.

Thus o'er the dying lamp th' unsteady flame
Hangs quivering on a point, leaps off by fits,
And falls again, as loth to quit its hold.
—Thou must not go, my soul still hovers o'er thee,
And can't get loose.

LUCIA.

If the firm Portius shake
To hear of parting, think what Lucia suffers !

PORTIUS.

'Tis true ; unruffled and serene I've met
The common accidents of life : but here
Such an unlook'd-for storm of ills falls on me,
It beats down all my strength. I cannot bear it.
We must not part.

LUCIA.

What dost thou say ? Not part ?
Hast thou forgot the vow that I have made ?

Are there not heavens and gods and thunder o'er us?
—But see, thy brother Marcus bends this way!
I sicken at the sight. Once more, farewell;
Farewell, and know thou wrong'st me, if thou think'st
Ever was love, or ever grief, like mine. [*Exit.*]

Enter MARCUS.

MARCUS.

Portius, what hopes? How stands she? Am I doom'd
To life, or death?

PORTIUS.

What would'st thou have me say?

MARCUS.

What means this pensive posture? Thou appear'st
Like one amaz'd and terrify'd.

PORTIUS.

I've reason.

MARCUS.

Thy down-cast looks, and thy disorder'd thoughts,
Tell me my fate. I ask not the success
My cause has found.

PORTIUS.

I'm griev'd I undertook it.

MARCUS.

What? Does the barbarous maid insult my heart,
My aching heart! and triumph in my pains?
That I could cast her from my thoughts for ever!

PORTIUS.

Away! you're too suspicious in your griefs;

Lucia, though sworn never to think of love,
Compassionates your pains, and pities you.

MARCUS.

Compassionates my pains, and pities me!
What is compassion when 'tis void of love!
Fool that I was to choose so cold a friend
To urge my cause! compassionates my pains!
Pr'ythee, what art, what rhetoric, didst thou use
To gain this mighty boon? She pities me!
To one that asks the warm returns of love,
Compassion's cruelty, 'tis scorn, 'tis death—

PORTIUS.

Marcus, no more! have I deserv'd this treatment?

MARCUS.

What have I said! O Portius, O forgive me!
A soul exasperated in ill's falls out
With every thing, its friend, itself—But ha!
What means that shout, big with the sounds of war?
What new alarm?

PORTIUS.

A second, louder yet,
Swells in the winds, and comes more full upon us.

MARCUS.

Oh, for some glorious cause to fall in battle!
Lucia, thou hast undone me! thy disdain
Has broke my heart: 't is death must give me ease.

PORTIUS.

Quick, let us hence; who knows if Cato's life
Stand sure? O Marcus, I am warm'd, my heart
Leaps at the trumpet's voice, and burns for glory.

X 4

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter SEMPRONIUS, with the LEADERS of the Mutiny.

SEMPRONIUS.

At length the winds are rais'd, the storm blows high.
Be it your care, my friends, to keep it up
In its full fury, and direct it right,
Till it has spent itself on Cato's head.
Mean-while I'll herd among his friends, and seem
One of the number, that, whate'er arrive,
My friends and fellow-soldiers may be safe.

FIRST LEADER.

We all are safe, Sempronius is our friend.
Sempronius is as brave a man as Cato.
But hark! he enters. Bear up boldly to him;
Be sure you beat him down, and bind him fast:
This day will end our toils, and give us rest;
Fear nothing, for Sempronius is our friend.

*Enter CATO, SEMPRONIUS, LUCIUS, PORTIUS,
and MARCUS.*

CATO.

Where are these bold intrepid sons of war,
That greatly turn their backs upon the foe,
And to their general send a brave defiance?

SEMPRONIUS.

Curse on their dastard souls, they stand astonish'd!
[*Aside.*

CATO.

Perfidious men! and will you thus dishonour
Your past exploits, and sully all your wars?

Do you confess 'twas not a zeal for Rome,
Nor love of liberty, nor thirst of honour,
Drew you thus far; but hopes to share the spoil
Of conquer'd towns, and plunder'd provinces?
Fir'd with such motives you do well to join
With Cato's foes, and follow Cæsar's banners.
Why did I 'scape th' invenom'd asp's rage,
And all the fiery monsters of the desert,
To see this day? Why could not Cato fall
Without your guilt? Behold, ungrateful men,
Behold my bosom naked to your swords,
And let the man that's injur'd strike the blow.
Which of you all suspects that he is wrong'd,
Or thinks he suffers greater ills than Cato?
Am I distinguish'd from you but by toils,
Superior toils, and heavier weight of cares!
Painful pre-eminence!

SEMPRONIUS.

By heavens, they droop!
Confusion to the villains! all is lost. [Aside.

CATO.

Have you forgotten Libya's burning waste,
Its barren rocks, parch'd earth, and hills of sand,
Its tainted air, and all its broods of poison?
Who was the first t' explore th' untrodden path,
When life was hazarded in every step?
Or, fainting in the long-laborious march,
When on the banks of an unlook'd-for stream
You sunk the river with repeated draughts,
Who was the last in all your host that thirsted?

SEMPRONIUS.

If some penurious source by chance appear'd
Scanty of waters, when you scoop'd it dry,
And offer'd the full helmet up to Cato,
Did not he dash th' untasted moisture from him?
Did not he lead you through the mid-day sun,
And clouds of dust? Did not his temples glow
In the same fultry winds, and scorching heats?

CATO.

Hence, worthless men! hence! and complain to
Cæsar
You could not undergo the toils of war,
Nor bear the hardships that your leader bore.

LUCIUS.

See, Cato, see th' unhappy men! they weep!
Fear and remorse, and sorrow for their crime,
Appear in every look, and plead for mercy.

CATO.

Learn to be honest men; give up your leaders,
And pardon shall descend on all the rest.

SEMPRONIUS.

Cato, commit these wretches to my care.
First let them each be broken on the rack,
Then, with what life remains, impal'd, and left
To writhe at leisure round the bloody stake.
There let them hang, and taint the southern wind.
The partners of their crime will learn obedience,
When they look up and see their fellow-traitors
Stuck on a fork, and blackening in the sun.

LUCIUS.

Sempronius, why, why wilt thou urge the fate
Of wretched men?

SEMPRONIUS.

How! would'st thou clear rebellion!

Lucius (good man) pities the poor offenders
That would imbrue their hands in Cato's blood.

CATO.

Forbear, Sempronius!—See they suffer death,
But in their deaths remember they are men.
Strain not the laws to make their tortures grievous.
Lucius, the base degenerate age requires
Severity and justice in its rigour;
This awes an impious, bold, offending world,
Commands obedience, and gives force to laws.
When by just vengeance guilty mortals perish,
The gods behold their punishment with pleasure,
And lay th' uplifted thunder-bolt aside.

SEMPRONIUS.

Cato, I execute thy will with pleasure.

CATO.

Mean-while we'll sacrifice to liberty.
Remember, O my friends, the laws, the rights,
The generous plan of power deliver'd down,
From age to age, by your renown'd forefathers,
(So dearly bought, the price of so much blood)
O let it never perish in your hands!
But piously transmit it to your children.
Do thou, great Liberty, inspire our souls

And make our lives in thy possession happy,
Or our deaths glorious in thy just defence.

[*Exeunt* CATO, &c.

SEMPRONIUS *and the LEADERS of the Mutiny.*

FIRST LEADER.

Sempronius, you have acted like yourself,
One would have thought you had been half in earnest.

SEMPRONIUS.

Villain, stand off! base groveling worthless wretches,
Mongrels in faction, poor faint-hearted traitors!

SECOND LEADER.

Nay, now you carry it too far, Sempronius:
Throw off the mask, there are none here but friends.

SEMPRONIUS.

Know, villains, when such paltry slaves presume
To mix in treason, if the plot succeeds,
They're thrown neglected by: but if it fails,
They're sure to die like dogs, as you shall do.
Here, take these factious monsters, drag them forth
To sudden death.

Enter GUARDS.

FIRST LEADER.

Nay, since it comes to this—

SEMPRONIUS.

Dispatch them quick; but first pluck out their tongues,
Lest with their dying breath they sow sedition.

[*Exeunt* GUARDS *with the* LEADERS.

Enter SYPHAX.

SYPHAX.

Our first design, my friend, has prov'd abortive;
Still there remains an after-game to play:
My troops are mounted; their Numidian steeds
Snuff up the wind, and long to scower the desert:
Let but Sempronius head us in our flight,
We'll force the gate where Marcus keeps his guard,
And hew down all that would oppose our passage.
A day will bring us into Cæsar's camp.

SEMPRONIUS.

Confusion! I have fail'd of half my purpose.
Marcia, the charming Marcia, 's left behind!

SYPHAX.

How! will Sempronius turn a woman's slave!

SEMPRONIUS.

Think not thy friend can ever feel the soft
Unmanly warmth, and tenderness of love.
Syphax, I long to clasp that haughty maid,
And bend her stubborn virtue to my passion;
When I have gone thus far, I'd cast her off.

SYPHAX.

Well said! that's spoken like thyself, Sempronius.
What hinders then, but that thou find her out,
And hurry her away by manly force?

SEMPRONIUS.

But how to gain admission? For access
Is given to none but Juba, and her brothers.

SYPHAX.

Thou shalt have Juba's drefs, and Juba's guards;
The doors will open, when Numidia's Prince
Seems to appear before the slaves that watch them.

SEMPRONIUS.

Heavens, what a thought is there! Marcia's my own!
How will my bosom swell with anxious joy,
When I behold her struggling in my arms,
With glowing beauty, and disorder'd charms,
While fear and anger, with alternate grace,
Pant in her breast, and vary in her face!
So Pluto, seiz'd of Proserpine, convey'd
To hell's tremendous gloom th' affrighted maid,
There grimly smil'd, pleas'd with the beauteous prize,
Nor envy'd Jove his sun-shine and his skies.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

LUCIA *and* MARCIA.

LUCIA.

Now tell me, Marcia, tell me from thy soul;
If thou believ'st it possible for woman
To suffer greater ills than Lucia suffers?

MARCIA.

O Lucia, Lucia, might my big swollen heart
Vent all its griefs, and give a loose to sorrow:
Marcia could answer thee in sighs, keep pace
With all thy woes, and count out tear for tear.

LUCIA.

I know thou'rt doom'd alike to be belov'd
By Juba, and thy father's friend Sempronius;
But which of these has power to charm like Portius?

MARCIA.

Still must I beg thee not to name Sempronius?
Lucia, I like not that loud boisterous man:
Juba to all the bravery of a hero,
Adds softest love, and more than female sweetness;
Juba might make the proudest of our sex,
Any of woman-kind, but Marcia, happy.

LUCIA.

And why not Marcia? come, you strive in vain
To hide your thoughts from one, who knows too well
The inward glowings of a heart in love.

MARCIA.

While Cato lives, his daughter has no right
To love or hate, but as his choice directs.

LUCIA.

But should this father give you to Sempronius?

MARCIA.

I dare not think he will: but if he should—
Why wilt thou add to all the griefs I suffer
Imaginary ills, and fancy'd tortures?
I hear the sound of feet! they march this way!
Let us retire, and try if we can drown
Each softer thought in sense of present danger.
When love once pleads admission to our hearts
(In spite of all the virtue we can boast)
The woman that deliberates is lost. [Exeunt.

*Enter SEMPRONIUS, dress'd like JUBA, with
Numidian Guards.*

SEMPRONIUS.

The deer is lodg'd. I've track'd her to her covert.
Be sure you mind the word; and when I give it,
Rush in at once, and seize upon your prey.
Let not her cries or tears have force to move you.
—How will the young Numidian rave, to see
His mistress lost? If aught could glad my soul
Beyond th' enjoyment of so bright a prize,
'Twould be to torture that young, gay, barbarian.
—But hark, what noise! death to my hopes! 'tis he,
'Tis Juba's self! there is but one way left—

He must be murder'd, and a passage cut
Through those his guards. — Ha, dastards, do you
tremble!

Or act like men, or by yon azure heaven —

Enter JUBA.

JUBA.

What do I see? who's this that dares usurp
The guards and habits of Numidia's prince?

SEMPRONIUS.

One that was born to scourge thy arrogance,
Presumptuous youth!

JUBA.

What can this mean? Sempronius!

SEMPRONIUS.

My sword shall answer thee. Have at thy heart.

JUBA.

Nay, then beware thy own, proud, barbarous man!

[SEMP. *falls.* *His Guards surrender.*

SEMPRONIUS.

Curse on my stars! am I then doom'd to fall
By a boy's hand? disfigur'd in a vile
Numidian dress, and for a worthless woman?
Gods, I'm distracted! this my close of life!
O for a peal of thunder, that would make
Earth, sea, and air, and heaven, and Cato tremble!

[*Dies.*

JUBA.

With what a spring his furious soul broke loose,
And left the limbs still quivering on the ground!

Hence let us carry off those slaves to Cato,
That we may there at length unravel all
This dark design, this mystery of fate.

[*Exit JUBA, with prisoners, &c.*

Enter LUCIA and MARCIA.

LUCIA.

Sure 'twas the clash of swords; my troubled heart
Is so cast down, and sunk amidst its sorrows,
It throbs with fear, and akes at every sound.
O Marcia, should thy brothers for my sake!—
I die away with horror at the thought.

MARCIA.

See, Lucia, see! here's blood! here's blood and
murder!

Ha! a Numidian! heavens preserve the prince!
The face lies muffled up within the garment.
But ha! death to my sight! a diadem,
And purple robes! O gods! 'tis he, 'tis he,
Juba, the loveliest youth that ever warm'd
A virgin's heart, Juba lies dead before us!

LUCIA.

Now, Marcia, now call up to thy assistance
Thy wonted strength, and constancy of mind;
Thou canst not put it to a greater trial.

MARCIA.

Lucia, look there, and wonder at my patience.
Have I not cause to rave, and beat my breast,
To rend my heart with grief, and run distracted!

LUCIA.

What can I think or say, to give thee comfort?

MARCIA.

Talk not of comfort, 'tis for lighter ills:
Behold a sight, that strikes all comfort dead.

Enter JUBA listening.

I will indulge my sorrows, and give way
To all the pangs and fury of despair;
That man, that best of men, deserv'd it from me.

JUBA.

What do I hear? and was the false Sempronius
That best of men? O, had I fall'n like him,
And could have thus been mourn'd, I had been happy!

LUCIA.

Here will I stand, companion in thy woes,
And help thee with my tears; when I behold
A loss like thine, I half forget my own.

MARCIA.

'Tis not in fate to ease my tortur'd breast.
This empty world, to me a joyless desert,
Has nothing left to make poor Marcia happy.

JUBA.

I'm on the rack! was he so near her heart?

MARCIA.

Oh, he was all made up of love and charms,
Whatever maid could wish, or man admire:
Delight of every eye! when he appear'd,
A secret pleasure gladden'd all that saw him;

But when he talk'd, the proudest Roman blush'd
To hear his virtues, and old age grew wise.

JUBA.

I shall run mad —

MARCIA.

O Juba! Juba! Juba!

JUBA.

What means that voice? did she not call on Juba?

MARCIA.

Why do I think on what he was! he's dead!
He's dead, and never knew how much I lov'd him.
Lucia, who knows but his poor bleeding heart
Amidst its agonies, remember'd Marcia,
And the last words he utter'd call'd me cruel!
Alas! he knew not, hapless youth! he knew not
Marcia's whole soul was full of love and Juba!

JUBA.

Where am I! do I live! or am indeed
What Marcia thinks! All is Elysium round me!

MARCIA.

Ye dear remains of the most lov'd of men,
Nor modesty nor virtue here forbid
A last embrace, while thus —

JUBA.

See, Marcia, see,

The happy Juba lives! he lives to catch
That dear embrace, and to return it too
With mutual warmth and eagerness of love.

MARCIA.

With pleasure and amaze, I stand transported!
Sure 'tis a dream! dead and alive at once!
If thou art Juba, who lies there?

JUBA.

A wretch,

Disguis'd like Juba on a curs'd design.
The tale is long, nor have I heard it out.
Thy father knows it all. I could not bear
To leave thee in the neighbourhood of death,
But flew, in all the haste of love, to find thee.
I found thee weeping, and confess this once,
Am wrapt with joy to see my Marcia's tears.

MARCIA.

I've been surpriz'd in an unguarded hour,
But must not now go back: the love, that lay
Half-smother'd in my breast, has broke through all
Its weak restraints, and burns in its full lustre;
I cannot, if I would, conceal it from thee.

JUBA.

I'm lost in extasy! and dost thou love,
Thou charming maid?

MARCIA.

And dost thou live to ask it?

JUBA.

'This, this is life indeed! life worth preserving!
Such life as Juba never felt till now!

MARCIA.

Believe me, prince, before I thought thee dead,
I did not know myself how much I lov'd thee.

JUBA.

O fortunate mistake!

MARCIA.

O happy Marcia!

JUBA.

My joy! my best belov'd! my only wish!
How shall I speak the transport of my soul!

MARCIA.

Lucia, thy arm! oh let me rest upon it!—
The vital blood, that had forsook my heart,
Returns again in such tumultuous tides,
It quite o'ercomes me. Lead to my apartment.
O prince! I blush to think what I have said,
But fate has wrested the confession from me:
Go on, and prosper in the paths of honour,
Thy virtue will excuse my passion for thee,
And make the gods propitious to our love.

[*Ex. MARC. and LUC.*]

JUBA.

I am so blest'd, I fear 'tis all a dream.
Fortune, thou now hast made amends for all
Thy past unkindness. I absolve my stars.
What though Numidia add her conquer'd towns
And provinces to swell the victor's triumph?
Juba will never at his fate repine,
Let Cæsar have the world, if Marcia's mine. [*Exit.*]

A march at a distance.

Enter CATO and LUCIUS.

LUCIUS.

I stand astonish'd! what, the bold Sempronius!
That still broke foremost through the croud of patriots,
As with a hurricane of zeal transported,
And virtuous ev'n to madness —

CATO.

Trust me, Lucius,
Our civil discords have produced such crimes,
Such monstrous crimes, I am surpriz'd at nothing.
—O Lucius, I am sick of this bad world!
The day-light and the sun grow painful to me.

Enter PORTIUS.

But see where Portius comes! what means this haste?
Why are thy looks thus chang'd?

PORTIUS.

My heart is griev'd.
I bring such news as will afflict my father.

CATO.

Has Cæsar shed more Roman blood?

PORTIUS.

Not so.
The traitor Syphax, as within the square
He exerciz'd his troops, the signal given,
Flew off at once with his Numidian horse

To the south gate, where Marcus holds the watch,
I saw, and call'd to stop him, but in vain;
He tofs'd his arm aloft, and proudly told me,
He would not stay and perish like Sempronius.

CATO.

Perfidious men! but haste my son, and see
Thy brother Marcus acts a Roman's part.

[Exit PORTIUS.

—Lucius, the torrent bears too hard upon me:
Justice gives way to force: the conquer'd world
Is Cæsar's: Cato has no business in it.

LUCIUS.

While pride, oppression, and injustice reign,
The world will still demand her Cato's presence.
In pity to mankind, submit to Cæsar,
And reconcile thy mighty soul to life.

CATO.

Would Lucius have me live to swell the number
Of Cæsar's slaves, or by a base submission
Give up the cause of Rome, and own a tyrant?

LUCIUS.

The victor never will impose on Cato
Ungenerous terms. His enemies confess
The virtues of humanity are Cæsar's.

CATO.

Curse on his virtues! they've undone his country.
Such popular humanity is treason—
But see young Juba! the good youth appears
Full of the guilt of his perfidious subjects.

LUCIUS.

Alas, poor prince! his fate deserves compassion.

Enter JUBA.

JUBA.

I blush, and am confounded to appear
Before thy presence, Cato.

CATO.

What's thy crime?

JUBA.

I'm a Numidian.

CATO.

And a brave one too,
Thou hast a Roman foul.

JUBA.

Hast thou not heard
Of my false countrymen?

CATO.

Alas! young prince,
Falsehood and fraud shoot up in every soil,
The product of all climes.—Rome has its Cæsars.

JUBA.

'Tis generous thus to comfort the distress'd.

CATO.

'Tis just to give applause where 'tis deserv'd;
Thy virtue, prince, has stood the test of fortune,
Like purest gold, that, tortur'd in the furnace,
Comes out more bright, and brings forth all its weight.

JUBA.

What shall I answer thee? my ravish'd heart
O'erflows with secret joy : I'd rather gain
Thy praise, O Cato, than Numidia's empire.

Enter PORTIUS *hastily*.

PORTIUS.

Misfortune on misfortune ! grief on grief !
My brother Marcus——

CATO.

Ha ! what has he done ?
Has he forsook his post ? has he given way ?
Did he look tamely on, and let them pass ?

PORTIUS.

Scarce had I left my father, but I met him
Borne on the shields of his surviving foldiers,
Breathless and pale, and cover'd o'er with wounds.
Long, at the head of his few faithful friends,
He stood the shock of a whole host of foes,
Till, obstinately brave, and bent on death,
Opprest with multitudes, he greatly fell.

CATO.

I'm satisfy'd.

PORTIUS.

Nor did he fall before
His sword had pierc'd through the false heart of Syphax:
Yonder he lies. I saw the hoary traitor
Grin in the pangs of death, and bite the ground.

C A T O.

Thanks to the gods! my boy has done his duty.—
Portius, when I am dead, be sure thou place
His urn near mine.

P O R T I U S.

Long may they keep asunder!

L U C I U S.

O Cato, arm thy soul with all its patience;
See where the corpse of thy dead son approaches!
The citizens and senators, alarm'd,
Have gather'd round it, and attend it weeping.

CATO meeting the corpse.

C A T O.

Welcome, my son! here lay him down, my friends,
Full in my sight, that I may view at leisure
The bloody corpse, and count those glorious wounds.
How beautiful is death, when earn'd by virtue!
Who would not be that youth? what pity is it
That we can die but once to serve our country!
Why sits this sadness on your brows, my friends?
I should have blush'd if Cato's house had stood
Secure, and flourish'd in a civil war.—
Portius, behold thy brother, and remember
Thy life is not thy own, when Rome demands it.

J U B A.

Was ever man like this!

[Aside.]

C A T O.

Alas, my friends!
Why mourn you thus? let not a private loss

Afflict your hearts. 'Tis Rome requires our tears,
 The mistress of the world, the seat of empire,
 The nurse of heroes, the delight of gods,
 That humbled the proud tyrants of the earth,
 And set the nations free, Rome is no more.
 O liberty! O virtue! O my country!

JUBA.

Behold that upright man! Rome fills his eyes
 With tears, that flow'd not o'er his own dead son. [*Aside.*]

CATO.

Whate'er the Roman virtue has subdued,
 The sun's whole course, the day and year, are Cæsar's.
 For him the self-devoted Decii dy'd,
 The Fabii fell, and the great Scipio's conquer'd:
 Ev'n Pompey fought for Cæsar. Oh, my friends!
 How is the toil of fate, the work of ages,
 The Roman empire fall'n! O curst ambition!
 Fall'n into Cæsar's hands! Our great fore-fathers
 Had left him nought to conquer but his country.

JUBA.

While Cato lives, Cæsar will blush to see
 Mankind enslav'd, and be ashamed of empire.

CATO.

Cæsar ashamed! has not he seen Pharsalia!

LUCIUS.

Cato, 'tis time thou save thyself and us.

CATO.

Lose not a thought on me. I'm out of danger.
 Heaven will not leave me in the victor's hand.

Cæsar shall never say, I've conquer'd Cato.
But oh! my friends, your safety fills my heart
With anxious thoughts: a thousand secret terrors
Rise in my soul: how shall I save my friends?
'Tis now, O Cæsar, I begin to fear thee.

LUCIUS.

Cæsar has mercy, if we ask it of him.

CATO.

Then ask it, I conjure you! let him know
Whate'er was done against him, Cato did it.
Add, if you please, that I request it of him,
That I myself, with tears, request it of him,
The virtue of my friends may pass unpunish'd.
Juba, my heart is troubled for thy sake.
Should I advise thee to regain Numidia,
Or seek the conqueror?

JUBA.

If I forsake thee

Whilst I have life, may heaven abandon Juba!

CATO.

Thy virtues, prince, if I foresee aright,
Will one day make thee great; at Rome hereafter,
'Twill be no crime to have been Cato's friend.

Portius, draw near! my son, thou oft hast seen
Thy fire engag'd in a corrupted state,
Wrestling with vice and faction: now thou seest me
Spent, overpower'd, despairing of success;
Let me advise thee to retreat betimes
To thy paternal seat, the Sabine field,
Where the great Censor toil'd with his own hands,

And all our frugal ancestors were blest'd
In humble virtues, and a rural life.
There live retir'd; pray for the peace of Rome;
Content thyself to be obscurely good.
When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,
The post of honour is a private station.

PORTIUS.

I hope, my father does not recommend
A life to Portius, that he scorns himself.

CATO.

Farewell, my friends! if there be any of you
That dares not trust the victor's clemency,
Know there are ships prepar'd by my command,
(Their sails already opening to the winds)
That shall convey you to the wish'd-for port.
Is there aught else, my friends, I can do for you?
The conqueror draws near. Once more farewell!
If e'er we meet hereafter, we shall meet
In happier climes and on a safer shore,
Where Cæsar never shall approach us more.
There the brave youth, with love of virtue fir'd,
[*Pointing to the body of his dead son.*]
Who greatly in his country's cause expir'd,
Shall know he conquer'd. The firm patriot there
(Who made the welfare of mankind his care)
Though still, by faction, vice, and fortune, cross'd,
Shall find the generous labour was not lost.

ACT V. SCENE I.

CATO *solus*,

Sitting in a thoughtful posture: In his hand Plato's book on the immortality of the soul. A drawn sword on the table by him.

I T must be so—Plato, thou reason'st well! —
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis heaven itself, that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.
Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
Through what variety of untry'd being,
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass!
The wide, th' unbounded prospect, lies before me;
But shadows, clouds, and darkness, rest upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a power above us,
(And that there is all nature cries aloud
Through all her works) he must delight in virtue;
And that which he delights in must be happy.
But when! or where!—This world was made for Cæsar.
I'm weary of conjectures—This must end them.

[*Laying his hand upon his sword.*]

Thus am I doubly arm'd : my death and life,
My bane and antidote, are both before me :
This in a moment brings me to an end,
But this informs me I shall never die.
The soul, secur'd in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years ;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wrecks of matter, and the crush of worlds.

What means this heaviness that hangs upon me ?
This lethargy that creeps through all my senses ?
Nature oppress'd, and harass'd out with care,
Sinks down to rest. This once I'll favour her,
That my awaken'd soul may take her flight,
Renew'd in all her strength, and fresh with life,
An offering fit for heaven. Let guilt or fear
Disturb man's rest : Cato knows neither of them,
Indifferent in his choice, to sleep or die.

Enter PORTIUS.

But ha ! how's this, my son ? why this intrusion ?
Were not my orders that I would be private ?
Why am I disobey'd ?

PORTIUS.

Alas, my father !
What means this sword ? this instrument of death ?
Let me convey it hence !

CATO.

Rash youth, forbear !

PORTIUS.

O let the prayers, th' entreaties of your friends,
Their tears, their common danger, wrest it from you.

CATO.

Wouldst thou betray me ? wouldst thou give me up
A slave, a captive, into Cæsar's hands ?
Retire, and learn obedience to a father,
Or know, young man !——

PORTIUS.

Look not thus sternly on me ;
You know I'd rather die than disobey you.

CATO.

'Tis well ! again I'm master of myself.
Now, Cæsar, let thy troops beset our gates,
And bar each avenue, thy gathering fleets
O'erspread the sea, and stop up every port ;
Cato shall open to himself a passage,
And mock thy hopes——

PORTIUS.

O Sir, forgive your son,
Whose grief hangs heavy on him ! O my father !
How am I sure it is not the last time
I e'er shall call you so ! Be not displeas'd,
O be not angry with me whilst I weep,
And, in the anguish of my heart, beseech you
To quit the dreadful purpose of your soul.

CATO.

Thou hast been ever good and dutiful.

[Embracing him.]

Weep not, my son. All will be well again.
The righteous gods, whom I have fought to please,
Will succour Cato, and preserve his children.

PORTIUS.

Your words give comfort to my drooping heart.

CATO.

Portius, thou may'st rely upon my conduct.
Thy father will not act what misbecomes him.
But go, my son, and see if aught be wanting
Among thy father's friends: see them embark'd;
And tell me if the winds and seas befriend them.
My soul is quite weigh'd down with care, and asks
The soft refreshment of a moment's sleep. [*Exit.*]

PORTIUS.

My thoughts are more at ease, my heart revives.

Enter MARCIA.

O Marcia, O my sister, still there's hope!
Our father will not cast away a life
So needful to us all, and to his country.
He is retir'd to rest, and seems to cherish
Thoughts full of peace. He has dispatch'd me hence
With orders, that bespeak a mind compos'd,
And studious for the safety of his friends.
Marcia, take care that none disturb his slumbers. [*Exit.*]

MARCIA.

O ye immortal powers, that guard the just,
Watch round his couch, and soften his repose,
Banish his sorrows, and becalm his soul
With easy dreams; remember all his virtues;
And show mankind that goodness is your care.

Enter LUCIA.

LUCIA.

Where is your father, Marcia, where is Cato?

MARCIA.

Lucia, speak low; he is retir'd to rest.
Lucia, I feel a gently-dawning hope
Rise in my soul. We shall be happy still.

LUCIA.

Alas, I tremble when I think on Cato.
In every view, in every thought, I tremble!
Cato is stern, and awful as a god;
He knows not how to wink at human frailty,
Or pardon weakness, that he never felt.

MARCIA.

Though stern and awful to the foes of Rome,
He is all goodness, Lucia, always mild,
Compassionate, and gentle, to his friends.
Fill'd with domestic tenderness, the best,
The kindest father! I have ever found him
Easy and good, and bounteous to my wishes.

LUCIA.

'Tis his consent alone can make us blest'd.
Marcia, we both are equally involv'd
In the same intricate, perplex'd, distress.
The cruel hand of fate, that has destroy'd
Thy brother Marcus, whom we both lament—

MARCIA.

And ever shall lament, unhappy youth!

LUCIA.

Has set my soul at large, and now I stand
Loose of my vow. But who knows Cato's thoughts?
Who knows how yet he may dispose of Portius,
Or how he has determin'd of thyself?

MARCIA.

Let him but live! commit the rest to heaven.

Enter LUCIUS.

LUCIUS.

Sweet are the slumbers of the virtuous man!
O Marcia, I have seen thy godlike father:
Some power invisible supports his soul,
And bears it up in all its wonted greatness.
A kind refreshing sleep is fall'n upon him:
I saw him stretch'd at ease, his fancy lost
In pleasing dreams; as I drew near his couch,
He smil'd, and cry'd—Cæsar, thou canst not hurt me!

MARCIA.

His mind still labours with some dreadful thought.

LUCIUS.

Lucia, why all this grief, these floods of sorrow?
Dry up thy tears, my child; we all are safe
While Cato lives—his presence will protect us.

Enter JUBA.

JUBA.

Lucius, the horsemen are return'd from viewing
The number, strength, and posture of our foes,
Who now encamp within a short hour's march.

On the high point of yon bright western tower
We ken them from afar; the setting sun
Plays on their shining arms and burnish'd helmets,
And covers all the field with gleams of fire.

LUCIUS.

Marcia, 't is time we should awake thy father.
Cæsar is still dispos'd to give us terms,
And waits at distance till he hears from Cato.

Enter PORTIUS.

Portius, thy looks speak somewhat of importance.
What tidings dost thou bring? Methinks I see
Unusual gladness sparkling in thy eyes.

PORTIUS.

As I was hasting to the port, where now
My father's friends, impatient for a passage,
Accuse the lingering winds, a sail arriv'd
From Pompey's son, who through the realms of Spain
Calls out for vengeance on his father's death,
And rouzes the whole nation up to arms.
Were Cato at their head, once more might Rome
Assert her rights, and claim her liberty.
But hark! what means that groan? O give me way,
And let me fly into my father's presence.

LUCIUS.

Cato, amidst his slumbers, thinks on Rome,
And in the wild disorder of his soul
Mourns o'er his country; ha! a second groan!—
Heaven guard us all!—

MARCIA.

Alas! 't is not the voice
Of one who sleeps! 't is agonizing pain,
'T is death is in that sound—

Re-enter PORTIUS.

PORTIUS.

O fight of woe!
O Marcia, what we fear'd is come to pass!
Cato is fall'n upon his sword—

LUCIUS.

O Portius,
Hide all the horrors of thy mournful tale,
And let us guess the rest.

PORTIUS.

I've rais'd him up,
And plac'd him in his chair, where, pale and faint,
He gasps for breath, and, as his life flows from him,
Demands to see his friends. His weeping servants,
Obsequious to his orders, bear him hither.

[The back Scene opens, and discovers CATO.]

MARCIA.

O heaven, assist me in this dreadful hour
To pay the last sad duties to my father!

JUBA.

These are thy triumphs, thy exploits, O Cæsar!

LUCIUS.

Now is Rome fall'n indeed!—

[CATO brought forward in his chair.]

CATO.

Here set me down—

Portius, come near me—are my friends embark'd?

Can any thing be thought of for their service?

Whilst I yet live, let me not live in vain.

—O Lucius, art thou here?—Thou art too good!—

Let this our friendship live between our children;

Make Portius happy in thy daughter Lucia.

Alas poor man, he weeps!—Marcia, my daughter—

—O bend me forward!—Juba loves thee, Marcia.

A Senator of Rome, while Rome surviv'd,

Would not have match'd his daughter with a king,

But Cæsar's arms have thrown down all distinction;

Whoe'er is brave and virtuous, is a Roman—

—I'm sick to death—O when shall I get loose

From this vain world, th' abode of guilt and sorrow!—

—And yet methinks a beam of light breaks in

On my departing soul. Alas, I fear

I've been too hasty. O ye powers, that search

The heart of man, and weigh his inmost thoughts,

If I have done amiss, impute it not!—

The best may err, but you are good, and—oh! [*Dies.*

LUCIUS.

There fled the greatest soul that ever warm'd

A Roman breast. O Cato! O my friend!

Thy will shall be religiously observ'd.

But let us bear this awful corpse to Cæsar,

And lay it in his sight, that it may stand

A fence betwixt us and the victor's wrath;

Cato, though dead, shall still protect his friends.

From hence, let fierce contending nations know
What dire effects from civil discord flow.

'Tis this that shakes our country with alarms,
And gives up Rome a prey to Roman arms,
Produces fraud, and cruelty, and strife,
And robs the guilty world of Cato's life.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

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END OF THE THIRTIETH VOLUME.

